

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Featuring **Lin**

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Dec. 26, '31



Yule



Chrysler



To the
family
from
Dad—

Dear Family:

This year I am saying "Merry Christmas" with a new automobile. Better than anything else we could have, I am sure a new car will make us all happier. And in making up my mind to get a new car I made up my mind to get a Chrysler—and I know perfectly well you all want a Chrysler. — When I took a demonstration ride in this Chrysler the other day I certainly got a thrill out of its pick-up, its speed, its delightful smoothness and its ease of handling. I can see now that there will be a family argument about who is going to drive it every time we go out in it. — I don't know when I've been so enthusiastic about a car. The more I look around, the more cars I drive, the more I talk with other people about automobiles, the more I am convinced that Chrysler is the one car that will completely satisfy our whole family. — So let's celebrate—we've got something to be happy about.

Dad



66 **MY HAT'S OFF to**
the pause that refreshes"

Old Santa, busiest man in the world, takes time out for *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. He even knows how to be good to himself. And so he always comes up smiling. So can you. Wherever you go shopping, you

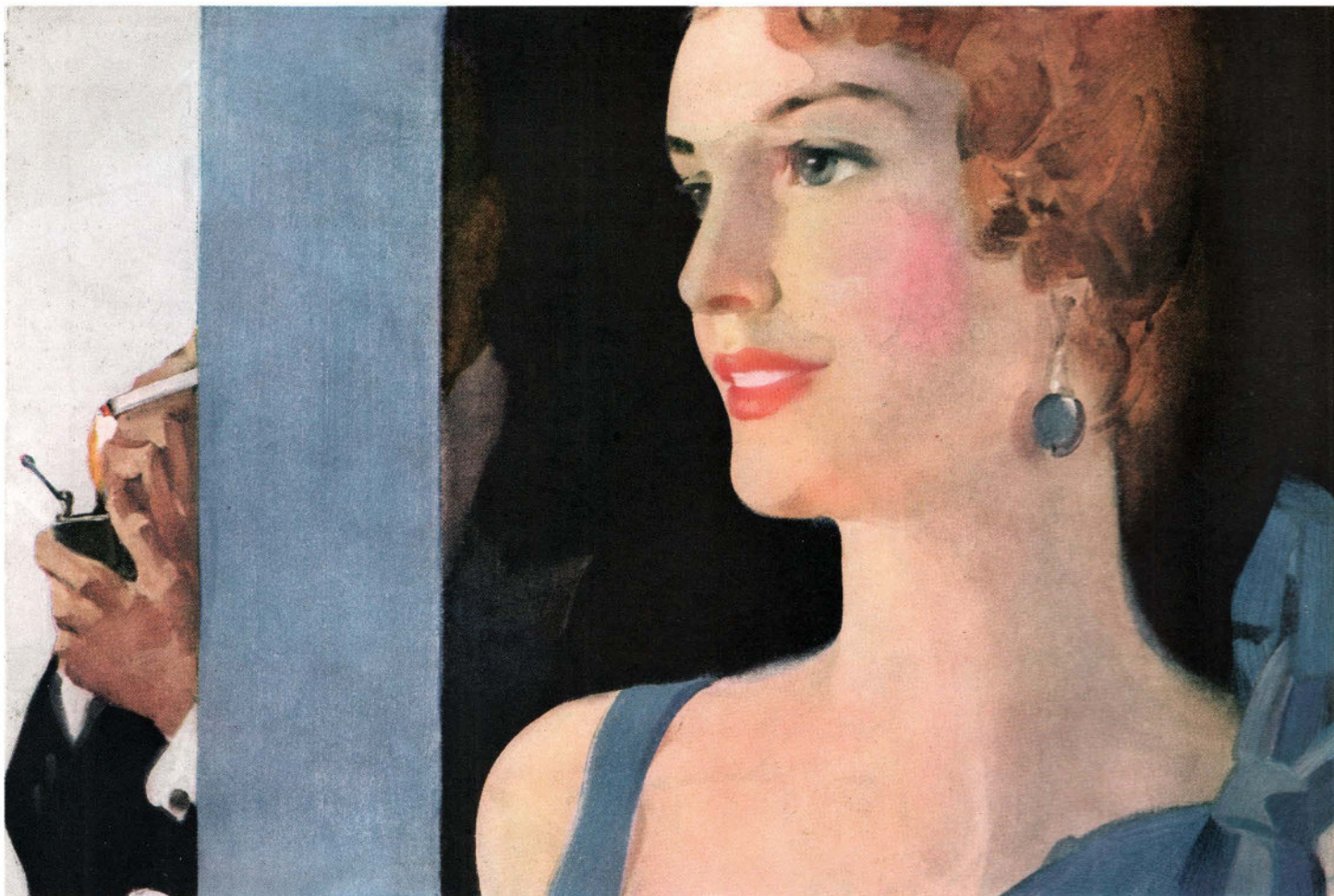
find a cheerful soda fountain with ice-cold Coca-Cola ready. You relax and enjoy that tingling, delicious taste and its wholesome, cool after-sense of refreshment. That rests you. Thus shopping does not tire you out. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

•
 LISTEN IN
 Grantland Rice Famous Sports Champions
 Coca-Cola Orchestra.
 Every Wed. 10:30 p. m.
 Eastern Standard Time.
 Coast-to-Coast
 NBC Network.
 •

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY . . . IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

DO 94 MEN

want to **M**arry the same **G**irl?



CERTAINLY not! It would be pretty hard on the rest of us if that were the case. Just the same when I asked 100 attractive and unmarried young men to describe the girls they'd like to marry, I did get a surprise.

94 of them agreed! 94 out of 100 said, "My ideal girl must look and be *natural*."

Had you realized how much men admire *natural* beauty? I hadn't before those interviews.

By being natural they didn't mean being plain. No man would like that. As one young newspaper reporter expressed it—"she needn't be beautiful but she must look fresh and attractive and alive."

What 73 Doctors say about your skin

Since fresh, natural charm is what men want, let's give it to them! Let's use a recipe for it that really has medical approval—Camay cleansing.

Dermatologists, you know, are doctors who

specialize in the care of the skin. They are the only real authorities on what complexions need for health and beauty. Here's what they say: "Every normal complexion needs regular cleansing with water and a gentle soap."

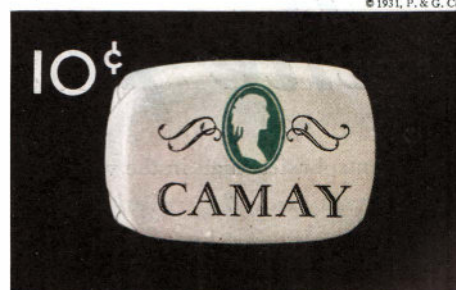
73 of these famous specialists enthusiastically approve Camay as an ideally gentle soap for even the most delicate skins. Many of them prescribe Camay for the extra sensitive complexions of their own patients.

No other soap has won such medical approval.

On their advice and mine—and also because of those 94 attractive young men—do try Camay. You'll find it the loveliest soap you ever used—a cake of creamy whiteness that lathers to fragrant, petal-soft suds, and leaves your skin fresh and glowing with that clear natural beauty men admire so much.

Helen Chase

When I asked a *handsome young doctor* whether the girl he'd marry would have to be beautiful, he said, "Beauty? When a girl is healthy and happy, and looks natural and unaffected, she *is* beautiful!"



For the fresh NATURAL skin men admire

CAMAY

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Number 26

AMBASSADOR FOR A DAY

An Intimate Letter by President Roosevelt

SAGAMORE HILL, October 5, 1911.

DEAR GRAY: Here goes for a painfully inadequate effort to meet the request which you so solemnly made "in the name of the Gods of Mirth and Truth." I send you a copy of the letter I wrote Trevelyan, and I shall take up the story where I therein left it off, and tell you my experiences in England.

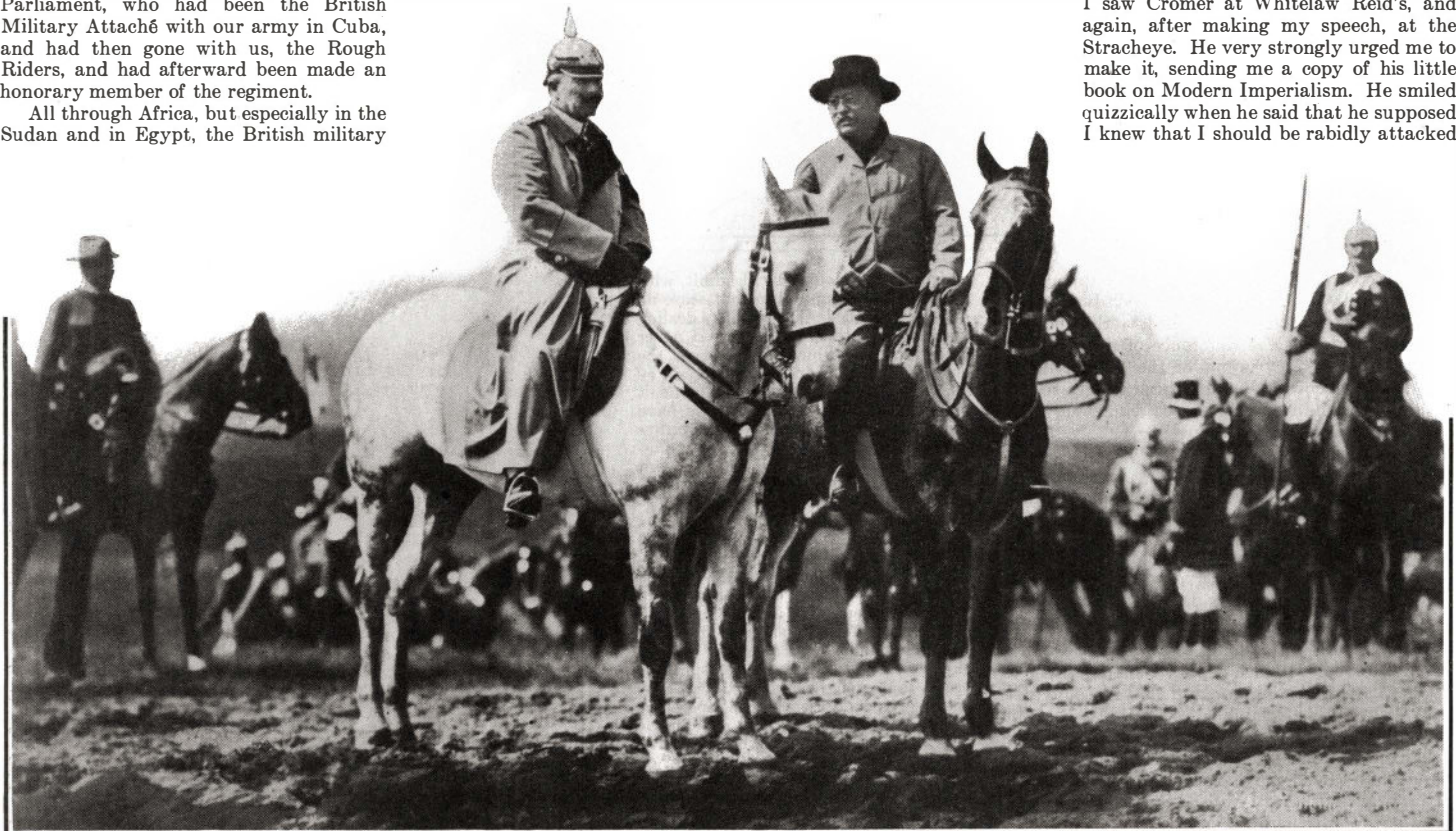
Having been wired that I was appointed Special Ambassador, I felt, of course, that I must serve. Knowing the sweet reasonableness, not merely of Congress but of the general public, in such matters, I never accepted a dollar either directly or indirectly for my services, and declined to take advantage of the privilege proffered me of taking in my belongings free of duty. This did not make any difference, however, so far as Congress and the public were concerned; for at intervals since then Congress has at times proposed to investigate me to find out how much of the public money I spent, and to this day I am occasionally reproached with having taken my belongings in free—you doubtless remember Lounsbury's remark, of which I am so fond, about "the infinite capacity of the human brain to withstand the introduction of knowledge."

While I was special ambassador—that is, until after the king's funeral—I stayed at the Embassy, putting off until later my visit to a very old and valued friend, Arthur Lee, now a member of Parliament, who had been the British Military Attaché with our army in Cuba, and had then gone with us, the Rough Riders, and had afterward been made an honorary member of the regiment.

All through Africa, but especially in the Sudan and in Egypt, the British military

and civil officers had been pathetically anxious that I should say something for them in London because they felt that the situation in Africa was not understood at home, and that somebody who was not afraid of criticism and other consequences ought to speak for them. I felt a very sincere desire to help them out, to lend a helping hand to Great Britain in its really admirable work in Africa; but I wanted to be sure that I would do good and not harm before I spoke. Accordingly, I wished to find out just what the attitude of the responsible people in England would be if I made the kind of plea the officials and responsible people in Africa wished me to make. On my first interview with the king, he himself broached the subject by thanking me for what I had said at Khartoum, and especially at Cairo, saying how earnestly he wished something of the same kind, but stronger, could be said in London. I told him that I had thought of speaking in such vein when I made my Guildhall address, but that I intended first of all to speak to Lord Cromer, the best authority on Egypt, and to Sir Edward Grey, the Cabinet Minister under whom Egypt was, so as to be sure that what I said would do good and not harm. The king strongly acquiesced in this proposal, and grew so interested in the subject that, although he had started to talk of my African hunt, he being himself a great sportsman, he dropped this and for nearly an hour discussed the situation as I had seen it from the governmental and economic standpoints in the different British protectorates and possessions in Africa.

I saw Cromer at Whitelaw Reid's, and again, after making my speech, at the Stracheye. He very strongly urged me to make it, sending me a copy of his little book on Modern Imperialism. He smiled quizzically when he said that he supposed I knew that I should be rabidly attacked



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. & C.

Theodore Roosevelt Was the First Private Citizen for Whom the Might of the Kaiser's Armies Was Ever Turned Out on Review. Returning From His African Hunting Trip, He Sat at His Horse Beside the Kaiser and Watched the German Troops Goose-Step By



Theodore Roosevelt in London, 1910, to Represent the U. S. Government at King Edward's Funeral

Below at Right—King George V Marching in His Father's Funeral Cortège. With Him are Two Sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York



PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

for making it, but also supposed that I was hardened to such attacks; and I told him that I was. He then said very seriously that he thought it almost imperative that England should be told the truth by someone to whom England would listen, and at the moment England would listen to no other person as readily as to me, because the people of his way of thinking could only say what they had already often said, and the people of the other way of thinking simply refused to face the facts; and that what was needed was to have these facts brought to the attention of the public in some way that would force them to realize what was happening. I took the ambassador with me to see Edward Grey, for at that time I did not know the latter, and did not wish to run any risk of difference of memory as to what occurred—Grey is one of the finest fellows I ever met, and now I should unhesitatingly see him and talk with him on any subject, knowing that I could trust his memory absolutely.

I found that Grey was not merely acquiescent in my delivering the speech but very anxious that I should deliver it. Asquith and Morley would, I know, and as Grey showed that he knew, disapprove, but this was evidently in Grey's mind merely another reason why I should make it. He was obviously very uneasy at the course his party was taking about Egypt. He was in the unpleasant position of finding his party associates tending as a whole to refuse to allow him to do what was necessary; and he wanted his hand forced. I told him that I should never tell anyone that I had seen him, and that he could absolutely disavow responsibility for all that I said; but he answered at once that if any debate arose upon it in the House of Commons he would state that he had seen me and talked the matter over, and that he not only approved of what I intended to say but believed that I was rendering a real service to Great Britain by saying it, and that I was strengthening his hands. I also spoke to Balfour, the leader of the Opposition;

but I was sure in advance that Balfour would approve of my attitude. The speech itself I went carefully over word by word with Arthur Lee and Cecil Spring-Rice. When I was attacked in the House of Commons for having made the speech, Edward Grey stood straight to his guns, and so did Balfour, and they spoke as follows: [I quote parts of the official report.]

MR. A. J. BALFOUR: The honorable gentleman the Member from Tyneside Division—Mr. J. M. Robertson—talked as if the recent speech of Mr. Roosevelt was an insult to the policy of this country, and in particular to the policy of the party of which the honorable gentleman is himself a member. I was an auditor of that speech, and I hope I am not less sensitive than others, but I hope, though a party politician, I can put myself in the position of those who differ from me and look at myself with their eyes. Certainly I never heard a speech

with which we have had long to deal and of which America in her turn is now feeling the pinch.

Mr. Roosevelt said nothing, in my judgment, at all events, to which the most sensitive Briton could take the smallest objection. He realized what I do not think the member for the Tyneside Division or the member for Darlington realized: that you cannot treat the problems with which we have to deal in Egypt or elsewhere as if they were problems affecting the Isle of Wight, or the West Riding of Yorkshire.

SIR EDWARD GREY: I pass to the question of the government of Egypt; I must deal with one or two points of criticism that have been made upon the speech of Mr. Roosevelt. The honorable member for Rugby—Mr. Baird—placed an aspect upon the criticism in Mr. Roosevelt's speech which, until he spoke, had not occurred to me. He said he could not have believed that that speech would have been made unless there had been some previous communication of Mr. Roosevelt's views to His Majesty's Government, and that if there had been any such communication it would be unfair to the public to withhold the knowledge of it, from which I infer that the impression produced on him was this: That in his mind and in the mind of others if Mr. Roosevelt had made that speech without some previous communication of his views to His Majesty's Government, he would have been guilty of an act of grave discourtesy to a country offering him hospitality. If that is the view, based upon the criticism in Mr. Roosevelt's speech, I say frankly he communicated to me his views and his experience during his travels through British territory in Africa. He communicated to me his views with regard to what he had seen in East Africa, Uganda, the Sudan, and in Egypt. I seldom listen to anything with greater pleasure. If I had said that a public statement of his experience, which I knew he wished to make, was in any degree likely to be embarrassing to me, I am quite certain he would have withheld them, but I did not think them in the least likely to be embarrassing to me. I made no suggestion to him whatever that he should make them public. I heard them repeated at the Guildhall substantially as they were repeated to me, and I listened to that speech with the greatest enjoyment.

First of all, I should have thought that to everybody the friendly intention of that speech would be obvious. In the next place, I should have thought that everybody would have felt that it was, taken as a whole, the greatest compliment to the work of one country in the world ever paid by a citizen of another. Of East Africa, Uganda, and the Sudan there had been no mention tonight, though there was mention of them in the speech. Why that part should have been omitted I cannot understand. I knew, when I heard the speech, there would be some attempts to make use of some of the parts of it for party purposes; I did not think that mattered, provided that the substance of the speech was true. And in regard to Egypt itself, what was the substance of the speech? First of all, a statement that we have

which dealt undoubtedly, I admit, with a British problem, and in that sense no doubt compelled the speaker dealing with it to skate over thin ice—I never heard a speech which less deserved the charge of being an insult to the country whose hospitality he was for the moment enjoying. Sir, we do not always have justice done to us by foreign critics or by critics belonging to other nations. I do not like to use the word "foreign" in this connection. We do not always have justice from critics belonging to other nations, we do not always have our actions looked upon with a sympathetic eye and with a true knowledge of the problems that have to be faced by the officials of a country like our own when they are dealing with races very differently situated from our own. That knowledge and that sympathy so often wanting in the spirit of critics that come from abroad, was conspicuous by its presence in the speech of Mr. Roosevelt, and no man acquainted with the difficulties with which we have got to deal, whether it be in Egypt, or other parts of Africa, or whether it be in India, no man acquainted with those difficulties could ask from anybody, not himself a member of our own nation, a kinder, more appreciative and more sympathetic treatment of the problem

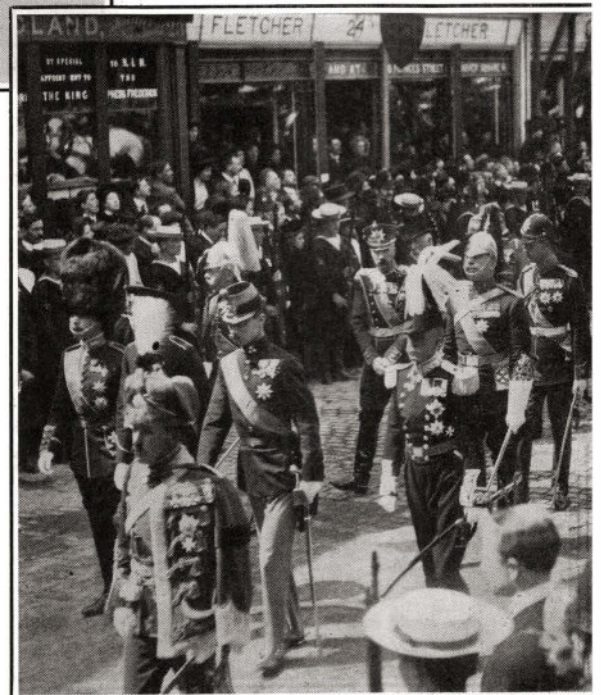


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Ex-President Roosevelt in King Edward's Funeral Procession

done the best work which has been done in Egypt in historical memory. In the next place, the opinion expressed that excessive complacency or weakness toward those opposing British occupation in Egypt had endangered that work. In the third place, the statement that we were in Egypt as trustees both for the Egyptian people and for foreign countries who had an interest in Egypt, and that, as trustees, the duty upon us lay of preserving order, and it would be futile for us to remain if we did not do so. In the fourth place, the statement that Egypt would fall into a welter of chaos if not governed from outside, and that we were the people Mr. Roosevelt hoped and believed would undertake that duty. With the exception, I should say, of excessive complacency, there is not a single one of those statements which I am not prepared to indorse.

Curzon, Kitchener, Roberts, Beresford, Wingate, Rudyard Kipling and many others wrote me enthusiastic letters of thanks after I had made the speech. I think I showed you Kipling's and Lord Roberts' letters when you were out here last fall.

Most of the time we were in England we were guests of Arthur Lee, sometimes at his London house, and sometimes at his country place, Chequers Court—a delightful place. I am exceedingly fond of Arthur Lee, almost as fond as I am of Spring-Rice, who was my best man when I was married, and I am equally fond of the wives of both of them. Arthur Lee had the most delightful parties imaginable at Chequers to meet us: just the right people—Balfour, Alfred Lyttleton, Oliver—who wrote *The Life of Hamilton*—Kitchener, Roberts and Lady Roberts, and a number of others. The only man I did not like was Kitchener. He is a strong man, but exceedingly bumptious, and everlastingly posing as a strong man, whereas Roberts is a particularly gentle, modest and considerate little fellow. Kitchener is a very powerful fellow, just about as powerful as Leonard Wood, but nothing like as attractive personally, and nothing like as modest. He suddenly attacked me on the subject of the Panama Canal, saying that it was a great mistake not to have made it a sea-level canal. I at first answered in a noncommittal way, but he kept on the subject and in a very loud voice repeated that it was a great mistake, that it was very foolish on our part, not to have had it a sea-level canal, and he could not understand why we did not build one. I said that our engineers on the ground reported that there were altogether too many difficulties and too few advantages in a sea-level canal, to which he responded: "I never regard difficulties, or pay heed to protests like that; all I would do in such a case would be to say,

"I order that a sea-level canal be dug, and I wish to hear nothing more about it." I answered, "If you say so, I have no doubt you would have given such an order; but I wonder if you remember the conversation between Glendower and Hotspur, when Glendower says, 'I can call spirits from the vasty deep,' and Hotspur answers, 'So can I, and so can any man; but will they come?'" I think he did not entirely understand the quotation, and he reiterated that he would have ordered it to be a sea-level canal, and would have listened to no protests from engineers.

By this time I thought I might as well end the conversation, and I told him that Colonel Goethals, who was actually digging the canal, was in my judgment the very best man in the world for the job, and the man whose opinion was best worth taking; that Goethals had never seen the Sudan, just as he,

Colonel Roosevelt Returns to New York From the Jungles of South America, Where He Discovered and Named the "River of Doubt"



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Below at Left—King Edward's Coffin Lies in State in Westminster Hall While a Nation Sorrow



PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.



(at Right, Wearing a Silk Hat, With His Coat Over His Arm)

Kitchener, had never seen Panama, and that I would trust the opinion of Goethals rather than Kitchener as to Goethals' job in Panama, just as I would trust the opinion of Kitchener rather than Goethals if Goethals should criticize Kitchener's job in the Sudan.

Balfour, Lyttleton and Oliver were three of the most charming men whom I ever met. At first Balfour talked merely on general subjects, but I happened to make the remark that I had "never demanded of knowledge anything except that it should be valueless," which for some reason or another proved the key to unlock his intimate thoughts, and from that time he spoke of everything of the closest possible nature.

I dislike Winston Churchill and would not meet him, but I was anxious to meet both Lloyd George and John Burns, and I took a real fancy to both. John Burns struck me as having a saner judgment, Lloyd George being very emotional; but of course Lloyd George was the most powerful

received. It was an interesting ceremony, and Curzon, who made the address of welcome and introduction, performed a feat of some interest therein because he actually made his Latin speech light and amusing. Moreover, being himself "in the profession," as it were, he, to my considerable amusement, thoroughly understood that in making the speech I had sacrificed my audience of the moment to my larger audience. At its close he said to me with a grin that he had wondered whether I would have the self-denial to do this, because the temptation always is to excite the applause and amusement of the moment in the audience, which in this case could only be done by sacrificing everything that would make the address of real weight and real consequence in the future. But the pageant was interesting. Moreover, in Oxford, as in Cambridge, I had taken advantage of my position by having all kinds of people asked to meet me—Kenneth Grahame, the author of *Golden Days*, for instance, who proved simply charming; Oman, the Art of War man; Andrew Lang, and a number of other men whom I was anxious to see for some reason, literary or scientific. In Oxford I, of course, enjoyed visiting four or five of the colleges. The whole life was charming, with an Old-World flavor very attractive to me as an onlooker—I cannot understand any American failing to find it

(Continued on Page 62)

GRANDFATHER POUND

WHEN Ludmilla dipped forward and flattened her hands on the floor both braids touched the wood and singularly flashed. It was true that she had beautiful hair, although the man who did the miniature of her last winter made the braids rather reddish. When she was old enough for real dances she was going to twist her hair in big wreaths around her ears, even if Jake didn't like it. And there was going to be a black lace dress. And there was no reason why mother shouldn't let her wear one of the round diamond pins rather high on the shoulder of the black dress. Or the square pin with the single ruby in its middle. Ludmilla stopped between the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth dips to think about that ruby glowing close to her white shoulder, and panted a little.

"Lud!"

"Oh, don't come in, Jake! I haven't anything on!"

Jacob said, south of the long window, "Wasn't coming in. Listen! Grandmother and Uncle Hal are here. Get dressed. We've got to see mother through!"

Ludmilla grabbed a Chinese coat from the foot of her bed and ran to the window. Jake was looking very beautiful this morning, in a white jersey with pink stripes, stamping his brown feet on the balcony and scowling at the pines.

"Think you look lovely in that, Jake?"

"No! I'm all out of clean shirts. And this is my last pair of pants. If Eric doesn't catch us a laundress pretty quick, I'm sunk. You get dressed," Jake hissed. "They came up from the station in a jitney and they're havin' breakfast. Veronica came and told me. She says the old devil's brought her maid. Means she'll camp a while."

"You look dreadfully like that tintype of Grandfather Pound when he was a miner," Ludmilla said.

"What's that got to do with anything? Can't you ever learn to keep on one subject, kid? I'm telling you that grandmother and Uncle Hal are here, and that means trouble."

"I know, but I don't see any use getting excited about it. You're so like mother. You do take things hard. It's probably just this thing in The Mirliton this week. Grandmother's probably upset about it."

"What thing in The Mirliton?"

"Oh, about grandmother marrying for money and trying to civilize Grandfather Pound, and his taking mother around in his private car out West and teaching her to play poker. It's pretty funny. Elsie Vine showed it to me when I was there at lunch on Tuesday. She wanted to embarrass me. She does hate me," said Ludmilla. . . . "I wish you wouldn't let them cut your hair so close, Jake. A man with curly black hair ought to take advantage of it. You —"



"Was Grandfather Pound So Eccentric, Jake?" "No, He Was Just Informal, Like Mother"

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"You're *impayable*," her brother groaned.

"What's that mean?"

"Look here! You're supposed to know plain French, Lud!"

"Don't think I ever shall, Jake. Eric says it's shortened his life trying to teach me some plain German. . . . I wish your jerseys had more sleeve. If the sleeves came down to the elbow —"

Jacob Pound Hoffmann rasped his toenails on a plank and then stamped. Grandmother Pound always upset him. His toes and fingers began to convulse as soon as she came near him, and his eyes got blacker.

"Go on about The Mirliton!"

"Don't be so rude," said Ludmilla. "You mustn't domineer, even if you are eighteen. Eric says I'm much more mature than you are in lots of ways. He —"

"What else was in The Mirliton, kid?"

"Well, it said that Uncle Hal and Uncle Cec are a pair of conventional boobs and take after the Ellertons, and that grandfather used to like to upset them.

It says that he and grandmother finally compromised, and she stayed in New York and he lived up here, or went out West in his car and visited people he used to know when he was a miner. It said he died in the car, in mother's arms. It calls her Mat all the way through. Then it goes on about grandfather leaving her a whole third of the money and this house—says it's the log palace at the north end of Thimble Lake—and the ranches in California. I didn't know she'll have the house at Newport when grandmother dies."

"I didn't, either," said Jacob. "Go on."

"Well, then, it said that all the men in New York tried to rush mother, and about how she married Mr. Hoffmann, and then about —"

"What's it say about father?"

"Nothing. It just says he was the son of a bar-keeper from Cheyenne, and that mother married him in New Rochelle 'cause he was a soldier in a fort there —"

"Fort Slocum," said Jacob, nodding. "Then what?"

"Oh, it — I've got the last page in my memory book," Ludmilla yawned. "You can read it, if you think it's so interesting. I mean, I'll read it to you. 'Cause I pasted it in across from Sue Bell's letter about her appendicitis, and that's pretty private. I'll get it."

She yawned and went in to dig out the flat album from a drawer in her

painted desk. Jake came and breathed on her neck. He said, "Gosh, what a mess you keep your things in!"

"But I can find anything I want by just looking."

"You ought to have told me about this, Lud!"

"Why?"

"It's about mother, isn't it?"

"That doesn't make any sense. You and mother have secrets and don't tell me things."

"What secrets?"

"I don't know. Only you and mother talk, out riding or something, and I come up and you stop."

Jacob put his hand on her shoulder. "I'm eighteen, kid, and I'm in college and all that kind of thing, and there's—there's a lot of business—lots of things—"

"Bosh," said Ludmilla. "Eric runs all mother's business for her. He's got her big cheek book down at his house. He makes out all the checks, and she just signs them. He runs everything. Don't be silly. Here. Listen." She propped the book on the desk and began to read:

"— buried the copper king with every possible splendor. Bishop Ellerton intoned the service for the random brother-in-law who had so annoyed him while he lived. Mrs. Pound retired to her cousin Chester Ellerton's country house near New Rochelle for the first weeks of

her mourning, and Matilda Pound, naturally, accompanied her mother. The publication of Jacob Pound's will was really a rather startling event of August, 1911. One-third of the invested fortune, the log palace at the northern end of Thimble Lake, the property in California and the reversion of the Newport villa on her mother's death came to Mat Pound. Among the smaller items of the will was a gift of five thousand dollars to a certain Jacob Pound Hoffmann, described as the son of the testator's warm friend, Karl Hoffmann. Nobody paid much attention to that, except, perhaps, Jacob Pound Hoffmann, a twenty-one-year-old enlisted man on duty at Fort Slocum. This big blond namesake of the dead eccentric —

"Was Grandfather Pound so eccentric, Jake?"

"No, he was just informal, like mother. Go on."

— had known Mat Pound for years. His father, once a bartender in Cheyenne, was an old buddy of Jake Pound, and the millionaire had promoted his friend to the managership of the California ranch in 1907. Young Jake and young Matilda had ridden together when his restlessness brought Pound and his favorite child to California. And on October 10, 1911, Mrs. Sabina Ellerton Pound curtly announced that Matilda had married Mr. Jacob Pound Hoffmann on October fifth, by civil ceremony, in New Rochelle. Just how Private Hoffmann and the lithe, black-eyed heiress persuaded a suburban justice to unite them is not known. Hoffmann had taken furlough for a week and the curtailed honeymoon was spent at Coney Island."

"Mother always was crazy about roller coasters," said Jake.

"Mrs. Pound's Ellerton blood now boiled. She refused to see or to recognize her son-in-law, after discovering that the marriage could not be annulled. Matilda Pound Hoffmann was presented with an allowance from her income. Her son, Jacob Pound Hoffmann, Jr., was born at New Rochelle in the summer of 1912—it is said that he was born on his mother's eighteenth birthday, but this gentleman is not yet sufficiently conspicuous for precise biographical data. Miss Ludmilla Hoffmann appeared in 1915 at San Antonio, where her father was then on duty. And then, in December of 1916, Mrs. Matilda Pound Hoffmann took up residence in Reno, Nevada."

"Yah!" said Jake. "Go on."

"Mrs. Pound made a state progress to visit her child in Nevada, and was known to have told an intimate friend or so that Mat had come back to her senses at last. Sergeant Hoffmann was commissioned a second lieutenant in the spring of 1917 and his name appears on a list of French military honors in the autumn of 1918. He resigned from the Army in 1919, and nothing more is known of him. One of his brothers still manages Mrs. Hoffmann's place in California, and seems to be on the best of terms with the lady when she arrives there in spring.

"Is he nice, Jake?"

"Silent as Eric," Jacob said. "Yes, he's nice. Went to Leland Stanford. He's about thirty."

"Why won't mother take me out there?"

"Indians, fatty."

"Don't be silly!" She continued reading:

"Mrs. Hoffmann was in no hurry to return to New York. In 1920 it was known that she had a house near Tours where her pretty children were picking up French. In 1922 she opened the house at Thimble Lake and has never closed it. A Mr. Eric supervises the estate, with its terraced vegetable gardens,

dairy and chicken yards. This functionary seems to possess almost paternal rights over the young Hoffmanns. He dines and lunches with the family, dances with his employer at the simple hops of the Thimble Lake Boating Club, and escorts her on her trips to California. Her children call him Eric, and annually gossip of the colony at Thimble intimates that Mr. Eric is about to become a stepfather. But in August of 1930 he still retains his bachelor status, living in a cottage at the gates of Mrs. Hoffmann's enormous property and bossing her corps of gardeners with military directness."

"I bet this is one of those lice that were staying with Mrs. Vine, end of July," said Jacob. "Yes. This'd haul grandmother up!"

"As for Jake Pound's widow, she is a fixture of the Newport season. Her entertainments are not quite so lavish as of old, and rumor, always subject to correction, hints that neither she nor Cecil Pound have managed to maintain their shares of Pound's vast fortune intact —"

"Wasn't any vast fortune," Jake grunted. "Grandfather Pound was just rich, for before the war. Wasn't any billionaire. If the place in California and this one didn't make money, mother couldn't keep 'em up. She told me. Go on."

"Oh, then it just says that Uncle Hal's a pretty good lawyer and that his wife's nice. It says:

"Sabina Ellerton Pound is plainly not a favorite guest at Thimble Lake. She is said to disapprove the model dairy, the pigs ensconced in a glade beyond the gardens —"

"I'd like to see anybody ensconce a pig," said Jake. "This fellow's an idiot. . . . Go on."

— or the free-and-easy costumes of her grandchildren. Her emotions on the subject of Mr. Eric are, naturally, not known. But —"

"Of course," Mrs. Hoffmann said, "you would get hold of that, Lud! You always sat on fly paper when you were a baby! Of course you'd get hold of that thing!"

Ludmilla slapped the book shut. "Good morning, mother. I dipped fifty-five times, and I'd have done a hundred, only Jake came in. . . . I wish you'd wear blue oftener. I do think it's one of your colors. Don't you, Jake?"

The tall woman in the window said, "I will say for you, precious, that you can change a subject as rapidly as anybody I know." She put her brown hands in pockets of a blue linen jacket and strolled into the room. "So now you've read all about it?"

"I think it's very interesting, mother. Mother, where was it we lived before we were at Tours? There was a white dog, and Jake sat down on a nail in a bench and his sailor pants got all pink, and Eric took snapshots of you on some rocks. Where was that?"

Her mother stared. Two squirrels bounced from a cedar to the rail of the balcony and sat fighting each other. Mrs. Hoffmann didn't turn her black curls, although she was keen on squirrel fights as a rule.

"You can't possibly remember Geneva, Lud!"

"I do, though."

"Yes, that was Geneva. Eric was on duty at Coblenz. He came down for Sunday a couple of times. . . . Jake, old hoss, go in to breakfast. You'll draw the first fire. Tell her I'll be there directly. She'll jump on you about your feet or something. That'll keep her comfortable a while."

Jake was really fine. He shoved his fists into his white trousers so that the pockets made bunches,

(Continued on Page 32)

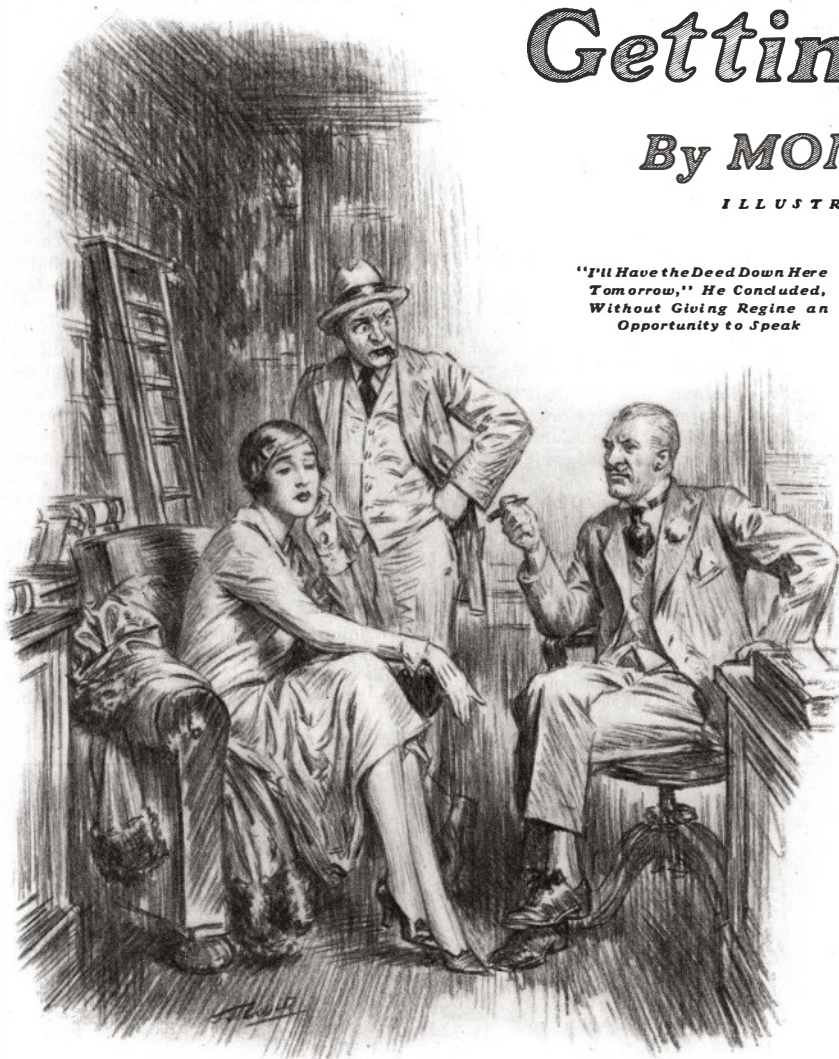


"Hoffmann Had Taken Furlough for a Week and the Curtailed Honeymoon Was Spent at Coney Island"

Getting Together

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"I'll Have the Deed Down Here Tomorrow," He Concluded, Without Giving Regine an Opportunity to Speak

YES, Hildersheimer," Jacob Kleeman exclaimed as he sat opposite Mr. Charles Hildersheimer in the Café Krasnopolsky on East Houston Street, with a chessboard between them, "a nice trick your son Sam done to me. Out of pure friendship, y' understand, I give him a couple cases in the magistrate's court, and now he takes away my cashier, Miss Bennett, and ruins my business yet."

"Yow! Ruins your business!" Charles Hildersheimer said, shrugging his shoulders. "And besides, Kleeman, what have I got to do with it? I've got as much control over my son as Krasnopolsky has over his waiters here. They do what they please and laugh him in his face yet! Which you ordered coffee and *Mohnkuchen* for me twenty minutes ago, and did I get it yet?"

"You are mining under your health with coffee," Jacob Kleeman commented bitterly. He was not concerned about Hildersheimer's health, but during that evening alone, he had paid for three portions of *Mohnkuchen* and coffee, and had been mated by Hildersheimer in fourteen moves, sixteen moves and twenty moves, respectively. He also owed Hildersheimer two ten-cent Regalia de Mishkind cigars. "You are smoking and drinking yourself to death," Kleeman declared.

"Can I help it if I learned chess under Podolnik, the big chess master in Lemberg?" Hildersheimer asked.

"That ain't the question," Kleeman said. "But of the goodness of my heart, simply because he is a son of yours, I am giving Sam a couple cases to try, and he takes from me my best-looking cashier."

"This is the first I hear about it," Charles remarked as he dipped a piece of *Mohnkuchen* in the coffee, which had by this time arrived. If there were

anything which could detract from Charles Hildersheimer's personal appearance, it was the act of eating dipped *Mohnkuchen*, but he was entirely unaware of it. Nor was he conscious of his clothes, which had not been pressed since he had almost mated Pillsbury in 1898 at the Manhattan Chess Club, whereas Jacob Kleeman probably never wore the same suit twice in four weeks. He was a short, stoutish man, clean-shaven and slightly bald. His features were pale and regular, and the upward turning of his lips gave his face an expression of good nature, which was slightly tempered by rather too intelligent eyes, which had so keenly overseen his business of running a picture-palace chain that, at the age of thirty-five, he was one of the most successful of the independent exhibitors. He had never married, and it was a Japanese valet who pressed his ties as soon as he changed a collar. Samuel Butler once overheard a man saying on a bus: "I went to live in Hendon when beer was tuppence a pint. That'll give you some idea of when I moved there." Well, Jacob Kleeman paid four dollars apiece for his ties, buying them by the dozen from a Fifth Avenue maker, and that ought to give you an idea of how well he dressed.

"Miss Bennett was practically the best-looking cashier I had," he declared. "I'll bet she brought at least two hundred dollars a week into my Second Avenue house from young fellers in the house who wanted to know her home telephone number alone. And did she ever give it to them? She's a good girl, Hildersheimer, and now your son gets her engaged to be married on me."

Hildersheimer shrugged again. "I heard the whole story from him," he said. "A man by the name Spivack comes into his office and wants him to bust up a match between Spivack's daughter and a young millionaire, and when a man acts that way simply

because the young millionaire don't belong to our people, the least he could hope is that his daughter with an expensive college education could be thrown over for an ignorant cashier of the movies."

Kleeman rose from his seat with such indignation that he upset the chessboard.

"Be careful what you say, Hildersheimer," he said. "Miss Bennett is a lovely girl, and was never so much as ten cents short in her week's takings."

Hildersheimer was astonished to notice that tears stood in Kleeman's eyes and slightly softened their keenness.

"Sit down, Kleeman, and don't disturb yourself," he said. "There are just as good fish in the sea as they sell by fish markets, and besides, you would never be happy with a girl like Miss Bennett, if she's so good-looking as all that."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Kleeman retorted, but his voice was husky nevertheless.

"Maybe I don't know neither," Hildersheimer admitted, "but my boy Sam has plenty of gumption. If he busted up one match, he could always bust up another."

"And do you think I would try to bust up a match between Miss Bennett and a young millionaire just because she brings two hundred dollars every week into my Second Avenue house?" Kleeman demanded indignantly.

"Then what are you kicking?" Hildersheimer asked in return. "Sit down again, and I'll give you a bishop, a rook and three pawns. What more do you want from my life?"

He was more than old enough to be Kleeman's father, and felt so grieved by what he conceived to be blighted young love that he took the only method which presented itself for showing his sympathy. That is to say, after rearranging the chessmen, he skillfully but deliberately made one false move and thereby permitted himself to be mated in two hours and twenty minutes flat. This occurred at midnight, and Kleeman became so elated at his success that not only had he forgotten his combined business and love affairs but would have continued to have forgotten them, had not the Café Krasnopolsky been invaded by Mr. Louis Spivack, who, after consulting with a waiter, walked up to Charles Hildersheimer.

"Wie geht's, Mr. Hildersheimer," he said, holding out a limp hand, which Hildersheimer shook mechanically.

"I ain't got the pleasure," he remarked.

"I never said you did," Spivack said, "but I would know you anywhere, because except for your big mustache, if your son Sam wouldn't take care of himself, in two years at the most he would be the spitting image of you."

"Worse things could happen to him," Kleeman commented. He was beginning to regard Hildersheimer as a much misunderstood man, particularly as Hildersheimer had just given an order for *Mohnkuchen* and coffee—the fruits of Kleeman's victory. "Dress him up in a good thirty-five-dollar suit and he wouldn't look unlike Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist," Kleeman concluded, and Hildersheimer raised his heavy eyebrows.

"When you are both through, might you would tell me for what I have got all of a sudden such compliments," he said.

"The fact is," Louis Spivack said, as though admitting a highly incriminating fact, "my name is Louis Spivack, which a few days ago I come to your son for an advice, y'understand, and did that feller put me in bad!"

Mr. Spivack shook his head from side to side and made incoherent noises through his nostrils, indicating a great secret sorrow. He had already seated himself, uninvited, at Hildersheimer's table, and he therefore included Jacob Kleeman in his confidences.

"My daughter was engaged to be married to a feller by the name of Tatton, and while I don't complain that Sam Hilder busted up the match, y'understand, now comes a couple Tenement House Department violations on my houses, which I've got to clear off, otherwise the mortgagees would foreclose on me, and do you suppose for one moment that my daughter Regine would go down to see Tatton & Tatton and ask them they should give me two weeks' time?" Spivack asked.

Kleeman shrugged his shoulders. "Tell your troubles to a lawyer, Mr. Spivack," he said.

"I did tell them to a lawyer," Spivack continued. "I told them to your son Sam, Mr. Hildersheimer, and he couldn't do nothing, neither. He said that his conscience is worrying him like anything because he busted up the match in the first place, and that he don't want to have nothing more to do with me in the second place, as he couldn't face either my daughter or them two Tattons again, after what he done."

Kleeman looked slightly puzzled. "What have the two Tattons got to do with it?" he asked.

"They're the lawyers for the mortgagees," Spivack explained, "and Sam Hilder says he ain't got the nerve to ask favors of a father whose son was engaged with a Barnard gradgewate, and except that Sam butted in, he would still be engaged with her, instead of getting mixed up with moving-picture cashiers."

"Who is getting mixed up—who?" Kleeman roared.

"Take it easy and dunk your *Mohnkuchen*, Kleeman," Hildersheimer advised, for by this time the *Mohnkuchen* and coffee had arrived. "If nobody has got the nerve to ask favors, I would ask them."

"And who asked you to ask them?" Spivack inquired.

Hildersheimer shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Nobody asks me," he replied, "but since my boy told me the whole story, Mr. Spivack, I've got a big curiosity to see what sort of a man this young Tatton is, because, according to my boy, your daughter is such a wonderful looker and has such a marvelous brain that he can't understand not only how she should be engaged to a Yale gradgewate like Tatton but also how she could be the daughter of a herring like you."

"Me a herring?" Spivack cried.

"Certainly you are," Kleeman observed. "What do you expect people to call you, with whiskers like you've got it?"

"But at the same time," Hildersheimer added, by way of pouring oil on troubled waters, "to do you a favor, if you want me to ask my son, as a favor to me, that he should go to Tatton & Tatton and get an extension for you, I would do so. Otherwise, there's plenty other tables in this café and the evening is still young."

As a matter of fact, it was a quarter past midnight, but for the Café Krásnopolsky closing time was as far off as the rising sun, and Spivack stroked the whiskers which, according to Kleeman, had justified the epithet of herring.

"If he would do so," Spivack said at last, "and they give me the extension, I would pay your boy ten dollars, or anyhow eight-fifty!"

"The boy wouldn't overcharge you," Hildersheimer assured him. "My son is honest like the day, and no matter what time I come home, he says: 'Is that you, popper?' And asks me what kind of a loafer I am, staying out till all hours of the night—so much he loves his father."

But when Charles Hildersheimer arrived home that night, or perhaps to be more accurate, that morning, at three o'clock, and sat on the edge of his son's bed, Sam refused point-blank to call on the Tattons with respect to Louis Spivack's houses.

"Those houses are on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street way over near the river, pop," he said, "and the sooner they're torn down on Louis Spivack, the better for a whole lot of poor Italians who live there. The only thing that holds those houses together are a bunch of Tenement House Department violations which are plastered on them every week, and I'm going to keep out of it. Furthermore, the reason why Miss Spivack wouldn't go down to see Tatton is that she's against bad housing conditions,

and not because she's afraid of Tatton. She ain't afraid of anybody."

"How do you know that, Sam?" Charles asked.

"Because I rang her up, if you must find out," Sam replied, "and if you want to get any sleep at all between chess games, I'd advise you to go to bed and leave me alone."

Thus at eleven o'clock the following morning, having failed to borrow fifty cents from Mrs. Hildersheimer for the purpose of having his suit pressed and sponged, Charles Hildersheimer resigned himself to the wearing of his working, or chess-playing, clothes, and half an hour later he presented himself at the offices of Tatton & Tatton, who, for nearly sixty years, beginning with the great-grandfather of Robert Withingshaw Tatton, Jr., had conducted a law practice in a red brick building on Nassau Street.

"I would like to see Mr. Tatton—the younger one," Charles said to the boy in the outer office. There was no reception and telephone clerk of the feminine gender in that law office, for not only was it against the conservative principles of the elder Tatton, but he was running no chances of his son's making any entangling alliances with stenographers in his own office.

"Is he liable to be in soon?" Charles asked, and the youth, before replying, surveyed Charles' unpressed clothes. The young man was no judge of character and, therefore, made no account of Charles' fine head of hair, his large mustache and firm, fleshy chin. To this office boy, clothes were the man, and he, therefore, felt that he need not pick and choose his words in replying.

"You can't tell nothing about that bird," he said. "He's liable to be here any moment, and then again, he's liable not to show up at all. It depends on what time he got to bed last night."

"Then I'd like to see his father," Charles announced, but the young man shook his head. He had seen personal applications made many times before by such people as Charles Hildersheimer, and he had been instructed not to let them pass, as the late war slogan put it.

"But that wouldn't get you nowhere," he declared. "All our mortgages has got a ninety days' interest clause and a sixty days' tax and assessment clause, so if your ninety days is up, you're in bad, that's all."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Charles said.

"And also if you're a tenant of any of them houses we took over under foreclosure, you'd better pay your rent or move," the boy continued, "because you wouldn't get no satisfaction from Mr. Tatton. That ain't the way we do business."

"No?" Charles said, with a firmness matching his chin. "Then what is the use bandying words with you?"

The young man, who weighed approximately eighty-five pounds, of which sixty were pimples, tried to stop Charles from passing into the inner offices, but as Charles was actuated by curiosity and not by any real desire to have a favor granted, he brushed past the office boy, and by instinct he picked out a gentleman with a ruddy complexion, a military mustache and clothing, spats and shoes of the sort which go with advertisements of expensive watches or of illustrations showing successful men of affairs.

"You are Mr. Tatton, ain't it?" Charles asked, and Mr. Tatton's complexion grew a trifle ruddier.

"Who let you in here?" he demanded. He had just finished calling the attention of a scrivener who had worked for the firm of Tatton & Tatton since Rutherford B. Hayes' Administration to the fact that the word "whereas" had been disgracefully engrossed in an extension agreement, and he had thereby sublimated his indignation at Robert W. Tatton, Jr.'s, being delayed uptown by what the younger man had said, by telephone, was important business.

"I let myself in," Charles said. "I want to see you about a couple of houses on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street owned by Louis Spivack. He has a daughter that turned down your son, but that ought not to make any difference."

(Continued on Page 36)



"My Idea is That if You Want My Law Business, Tatton, You Should Ought to Go Into Partnership With Sam Hilder"

THE LIMITS OF GOVERNMENT

By *Albert W. Atwood*

DECORATIONS BY WYNIE KING

ONE of the most seductive fallacies of the moment is that economic ills can be cured by vast and lavish expenditure of Federal funds. No matter what the financial condition of the people who support it, the curious illusion persists that somehow the central Government is at all times a fountain of exhaustless wealth. This strange idea is always prevalent, especially when Congress is in session, but it bulges out to extraordinary proportions when need and unemployment press their claims upon us all. This theory of salvation by Government outlay has too many angles to describe in a single magazine article. But my purpose is quite specific—namely, to ask whether Congress should provide for the unemployed either by means of vast programs of public works or through direct aid.

Certainly the idea of relieving distress through Government loans is both appealing and plausible. As Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, was quoted as saying last summer, why "raise money in dribbles from innumerable sources, when the Government can obtain it in a week by a single loan"?

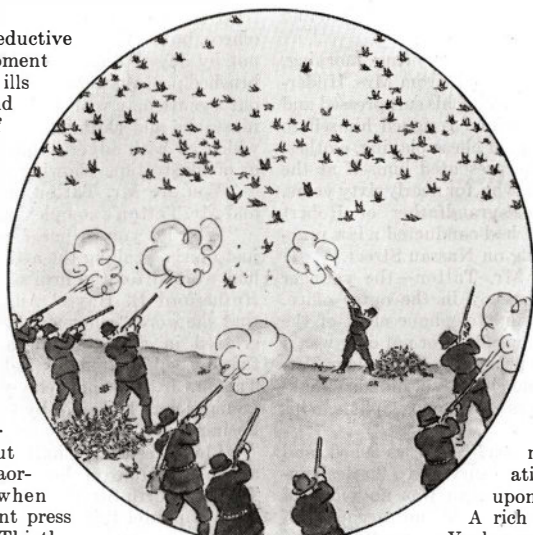
The mere suggestion of a Federal dole is instinctively rejected as un-American by many people. But plenty of others believe that an imperative and pressing obligation exists for just such appropriations and, what is more, they insist that when the suffering of millions of men, women and children is involved, no fine-spun distinction between tax dollars of city, state and Federal money should stand in the way of success.

This is not an issue which can be dismissed lightly. It strikes deep, raising the possibility of endless precedents. But the question is a fair one and deserves a fair and careful answer. What, then, is so terrible in the Federal Government relieving distress? Perhaps only an outworn tradition or an unreasoning prejudice is what opposes such help and leads to the argument that relief is the exclusive responsibility of local agencies. If unemployment is a great disaster, like war, why should it not be treated as such? The nation wages war through the Federal Government. Why not attack unemployment in the same way?

Why Not Let Uncle Sam Do It?

BUT even if unemployment is not regarded as a catastrophe like war, there are telling arguments in favor of actual Government aid. No other agency, public or private, has such splendid credit or is able to raise large, round sums so quickly. As Governor Pinchot indicates, it is a slow, piecemeal, painful process to gather equal amounts through local agencies. Many billions of dollars of Liberty bonds were floated during the war. Why not sell relief or prosperity bonds now in the same way?

Many localities are already deeply in debt and have prohibitive tax rates. One of the largest cities in the country could not pay its school-teachers for months. There are places where constitutional debt and tax limits make it extremely difficult for states and cities to go much farther. Besides, local revenues are raised largely by taxes on real estate, which is already overburdened. The small householder who owns his own home and is just able to make ends meet, and those who rent the cheapest apartments, suffer from increases in municipal taxes.



The "Unlimited" Passenger Pigeon Has Disappeared

On the contrary, the Federal Government, in raising money, relies largely upon the income tax, which reaches rich and powerful corporations and individuals with large incomes, wherever these persons reside or from whatever source their funds proceed. In this way, concentrated wealth not reached by local taxation of real estate is called upon to care for local needs. A rich man may live in New York upon the interest of bonds of a steel company whose mills are in Pittsburgh. If the Federal Government aids the needy in Pittsburgh, then this man is forced by the income tax to do his share. This is an effective argument, but it can be pushed only so far. It has the great advantage of calling attention to defects in local taxation, but, on the other hand, the Federal Government has marvelous credit only because and so long as it does not abuse that credit. Probably it cannot raise so much money now as it could a few years ago, but no doubt it can still gather in a great deal at this writing. But it will have a deuce of a time raising money in the future if it once starts upon a course like that of England in guaranteeing everybody a living. There is a limit to the United States Treasury, just as there has proved to be to the British Treasury.

Already the Government is committed to a great variety of subsidy schemes, and a dozen others are knocking loudly at the door. The recipients of these Federal grants in aid invariably persuade themselves that they have a vested right not only to their continuance but to regular increases. For reasons to be explained in a moment, it is almost impossible to stop these subsidy schemes, once they get started. In all probability anything like an acute degree of unemployment is a temporary condition, an emergency. Therefore it should be handled in a way which does not form the base for setting up an extensive, cumbersome and permanent organization or machinery in which great numbers of people with political influence have a vested interest. If the Federal Government undertakes the actual relief of individual privation, it is no more than a sober statement of fact to say that we face a sort of mushroom expansion of its functions. The history of pensions following the Civil War and of veterans' legislation furnishes sufficient cases in point.

The reasons for this are very simple. The disbursement of Federal funds, either through subsidies to the states or by direct expenditure, is remote from the average taxpayer and still more remote from the average citizen. He may know theoretically that in

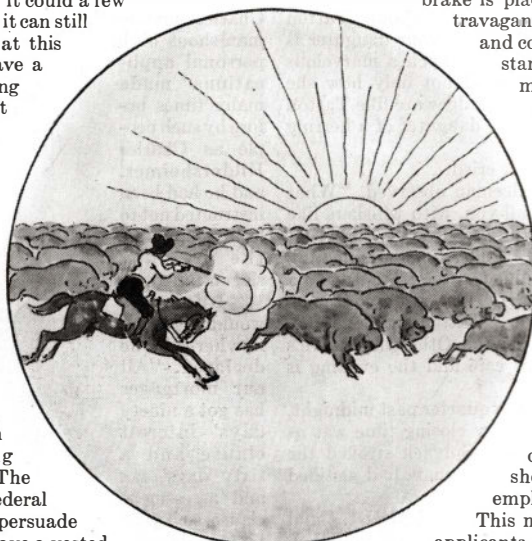
the last analysis he helps to pay, but there is no apparent burden upon him. Only a relative few of the wealthier individuals and corporations feel a direct, immediate cost. The bulk of the people seem to be getting something for nothing out of a remote, impersonal and seemingly free pot of gold. The real costs and the real limitations of this sort of thing are not brought home to them.

This being the case, the tendency of local communities and otherwise generous donors is to lie down on the job, once they feel certain that the Federal Government is likely to do it for them. We all of us enjoy passing the buck, especially to a large and amorphous agency. If Congress is willing to take care of the unemployed, why should local town councils incur the wrath of the property holders by raising the tax rate, or why should busy men give up their time for weeks and months to community chests and similar organizations?

Putting a Brake on Extravagance

CONGRESS gets its money from all over the country, from no one section, state or city. If this money is made available for unemployment relief, why should we here in Four Corners work our heads off, either to raise funds or to spend them with scrupulous care? Hurrah, here comes money from the outside; let's dip in! Thus the obvious advantage of local responsibility is that an effective brake is placed upon waste and extravagance. Higher local tax rates and community-chest budgets stare people in the face. The more nearly relief is administered where the money is raised, the more careful and wise are the measures likely to be.

Last winter a small city registered 5200 unemployed and gave them all food enough for several days. But also they were given cards to five employers apiece and told that they would receive no more relief unless they came back with the cards showing that none of the employers had jobs for them. This measure eliminated 2400 applicants. Would the authorities have been quite so careful had they received a large grant from the distant central Government? Last winter certain groups in Congress desired to appropriate \$25,000,000 to the Red Cross for drought relief, with the result that the organization had the utmost difficulty, unprecedented in its case, in raising by voluntary gift such money as it had planned to secure. John Barton Payne, chairman of the American National Red Cross, testified before a Senate committee that chairmen of chapters in several cities had announced publicly that if the Government appropriation was accepted all voluntary contributions would be returned. Judge Payne further testified that the Red Cross would not only be unable to collect funds by voluntary subscription successfully if it accepted appropriations from Congress but that it would speedily cease to be an effective organization because, barring always a certain percentage, the volunteer groups would not work, and the Red Cross "would find itself, as the Government finds itself, forced to hire people to do things."



The "Unlimited" Herds of Bison Have Disappeared

"I want to state one instance," said Judge Payne. "I went on a little visit to the town of — in — county in —. I had been told there was going to be distress there. The local people asked me what to do. I said, 'Have you a Red Cross chapter?' They said, 'No.' I said, 'Organize one quickly.' They did so, and they have some well-to-do people who raised two or three thousand dollars.

"There was a county in — where we had a very good chapter, and an ex-judge was at the head of it—a fine man. Well, he sent us a most appealing request, and we sent one of our expert men right straight down there, and they sat and talked, and the judge told him what they needed.

"The man from headquarters said, 'Yes, but what have you done locally? What have you tried to do?' 'Well,' said the judge, 'we have not done much.' 'Do you not realize that this is a local matter?' our representative replied. 'You know these people. They are your friends and neighbors. We are expecting you to deal with this situation to the extent of your resources.'

"The result of the conversation was that they raised \$3700 in that county, and the judge himself said that perhaps he had been remiss, that he had intended giving \$100 and had not given anything. He shelled out his \$100. And that is what is happening."

Problems of Distributing Aid

BUT in addition to the manifest advantages in holding to the principle of local responsibility, there is the perplexing difficulty of apportioning Federal money. It is a nerve-racking problem to allot or divide the funds which are raised in a single city, whether public or private, among the different welfare agencies. The busiest men in hundreds of cities give days of their time to community-chest budget committees, trying to decide as to the respective needs of Associated charities, Hebrew charities, Catholic charities, Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A., hospitals, and so on.

But on what basis of need is the Federal Government to apportion money to the states for relief? It cannot play favorites, and thus the tendency would be to apportion on the basis of population. But it would be preposterous for the rich states to receive as much for the relief of poverty as the poor states. Going a step farther, how could the states apportion the money fairly among their own communities on a population basis, considering the tremendous differences in wealth from town to town and from city to city? Yet the wealthier communities will demand their share of Federal money and will make out a good case as to why they should have it.

The needs, together with plans, methods, effort, interest and capacity to meet them, all differ so among different sections and localities that it is a sheer impossibility to handle the

problem on a general per capita or population basis. The degree of unemployment varies according to type of occupation or industry. In some cases a single-industry town may be well off for a while. Picturesque instances of this kind last summer were Gardner, Massachusetts, where two of the chair factories had enormous orders from a large city school system, and Danbury, Connecticut, with its Eugénie hat boom. But generally a locality with diversified production is better off. If it has only machine shops, it can employ no women and only men within rather restricted age limits, neither very young nor very old. On the other hand, if there is a textile mill as well, the very young women or girls in the family can find jobs. Everyone knows how one great city has suffered because of the concentration of automobile factories.

But why can't Federal aid be distributed or apportioned on the basis not of population but of actual unemployment, according to census or other reliable figures? One difficulty is that employment and unemployment form a constantly shifting picture. A single plant in a single community may take on or let out hundreds of, or even a thousand, people at a time without attracting any particular attention and quite as a matter of course. Hundreds of thousands are going out and in all the time.

Besides, mere figures of unemployment do not measure need. A family may be in dire need now because of unemployment, and yet able to get along next week when one of its members secures a job. On the other hand, sudden or chronic illness may throw the family back upon charity, even though one of its members is working regularly. Then, too, one man may be worse off, although out of work only a few weeks, than another who has not worked for months. It depends upon his reserves, whether other members of the family are working, what the nature of his work is and where he lives.

Last summer I visited a New England village which, despite its remoteness from large centers, has two or three machine shops which are almost closed down now but were very active in 1929. At the height of the boom more than 300 mechanics drove into this village each day from neighboring communities, in some cases from as far as fifty miles away.

Nearly all these men are out now, but a large proportion of them live on small farms and have been forced back upon them for a living. One man who worked for day

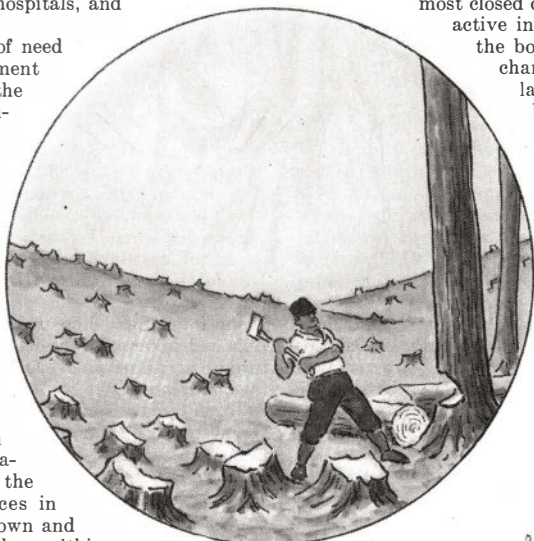
wages in the machine shop during the boom is not likely to starve, since he owns forty dairy cows and now shares with his wife their care, formerly her task alone. Yet I suppose this man is numbered among the unemployed.

Then, too, the standard of living varies enormously from place to place. The Red Cross long ago discovered that families requiring help in one county might be considered well-to-do in another, and that case consideration by local people is needed rather than the application of a general, fixed or arbitrary ration. Geographical, climatic, seasonal, social and racial differences are important. The family of a Negro tenant farmer living in a Southern state and temporarily in distress would need less help to maintain its relative standard of subsistence than the family of a white mechanic in Boston or Rochester.

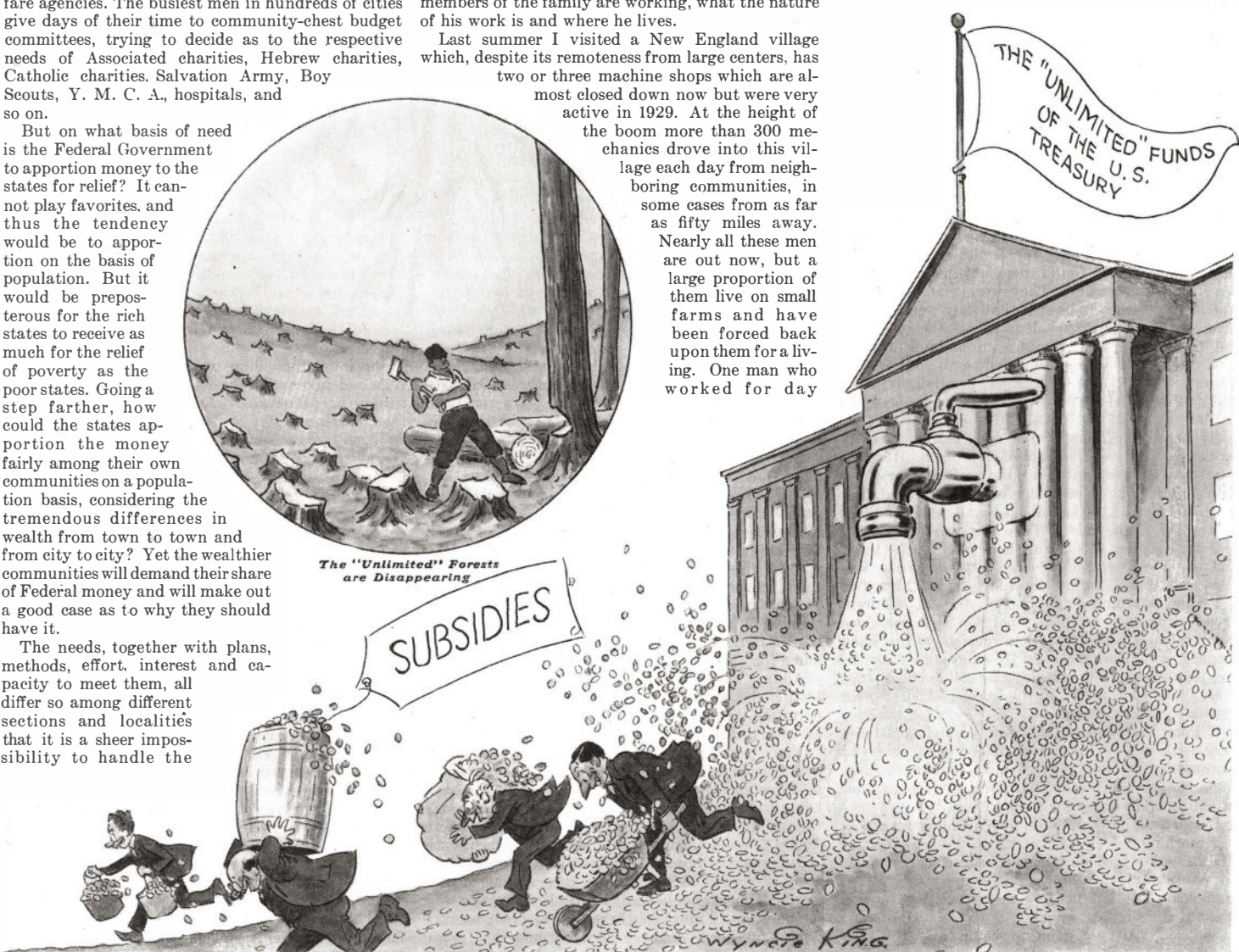
Local Agencies for Local Problems

UNEMPLOYMENT distress is a personal problem in any given case, requiring great delicacy and knowledge of local conditions to handle. People do not stay put in localities and neighborhoods the way they used to. Yet it still remains true that local authorities and social workers know when relief is needed or not needed more accurately than some distant official. To a very large extent, in the same way, finding a man a job is a local problem. Thus both employment and relief can be handled effectively by a great variety and number of agencies and communities. It is not like war, which must, from the very nature of the case, be conducted by one central organization. How a vast, remote, impersonal Federal welfare agency

(Continued on Page 57)



The "Unlimited" Forests are Disappearing



SUBSIDIES

WYNNE KING

THE WAY TO GO HOME

By James Gould Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MEADE PONS allowed always half an hour to drive himself from Calle H in Vedado to downtown Havana, to the offices and showrooms of the agency on Calle San Ignacio. It took him so long because the car he drove was, as a matter of advertisement, invariably brand-new. Resplendent in scratchless light enamel and glittering glass and metal, it passed, impressive and unhurried, along the Malecon, turned out of its way, up the Prado, around the Park, and through the difficult press of Obispo Street. Meade Pons did it as nearly as possible at the same hour every morning. It was a method of taking space more arresting to the contemplative Latin consciousness than any sold in newspapers. Meade Pons knew this business; and, indeed, he ought to, for he had been sixteen years in it. The general agency for Cuba was worth having, even in times of ruinous sugar prices and depression very widespread.

The latest, and surely the showiest, car of a long, distinguished line stood in the drive now, and Meade Pons was fifteen minutes late, still at the breakfast table, listening. It seemed to him that Luis took an inordinate time leaving. Ten minutes of nine. He thought, irritated, that Richard and Judith would, must, be late for school. Confirming him, he heard Judith's voice, penetrating, passing up the steps, through the shadowed, marble-floored hall, informing Luis of the fact. Meade was startled, as he always was, to hear her speak Spanish so naturally, like a native. She was eleven years old, and Spanish seemed something of an accomplishment. Richard, who was nine, shared it, but that never surprised Meade so much. Even at nine, Richard showed traits of reasonableness; Richard was earnest, thorough, somewhat conservative. Richard was, in truth, boring, Meade admitted; without thereby declaring any preference for Judith. He found them always, as he found them now, a mild annoyance—unnecessary. They were making him wait, for he wished to be sure that they were gone before he went up to speak to Alice. Alice could use their presence, without compunction, as a kind of club. They were entitled to an endless consideration and homage; because, presumably, they had neither the sense nor the strength to get on without it.

He heard the rising sound of a motor, then its fading, and the needless hoot of Luis' horn. He arose immediately, went out and upstairs. The door of his wife's room was open. She was still in bed, her breakfast tray on her lap; opened mail making a litter to one side. She said, "Take this away, Meade." Her appearance, considering her position, the hour, and the dominant fact of her forty-one years, was adequate. She did what she called "tidy" herself to say good morning and good-by to the children. Meade supposed that it was a point in her favor, since many women, especially when relaxed by this alien climate, would not bother. He came and took the tray, putting it on her dressing table. "No, not there," she objected; "on the bureau. And ring for Pepita to take it away."

If Pepita were to be rung for, it surely mattered very little where he put it in the brief interval. Automatically he made the change, almost rang, when he remembered that Pepita's appearance would be undesirable for the moment.

He turned and said, "Johnny Cowden is getting in this morning."

He saw her face shutting up instantly; there was no pause for reflection. Her memory was often inefficient, but not here. She jumped eight years without the slightest effort.

She said, "Are you going to see him?"



She said, "Oh, I Didn't Expect You." She Looked at Him Again. "What's the Trouble?"

"Naturally," said Meade. "I'm having luncheon with him." His voice was sufficiently casual. He looked at her directly and steadily. He meant to wait, perfectly calm, for her to say whatever she might have to say. Consequently, it was a sort of defeat when he added mildly, "Why? Do you mind?"

The question was idiotic. Alice had an infinite capacity for "minding," in that sense. You didn't catch her napping. Her elaborate and far-flung watch and ward missed nothing. The remotest threat to the state of things as she wanted them brought her to arms. Since no defense compares in effectiveness with an attack, she said at once, her eyes narrowing, the line of her chin aging instantly in its new tautness, "I suppose that means I needn't expect you home for a week."

Aiming at some cold irony of disinterested contempt, she went wide. She achieved a venomous irritation, but for the moment she saw herself, ludicrously, in the rôle of her intention—cold, superior. "I hope you'll try to keep out of jail," she said. It was terrible, Meade Pons recognized, for two people to know each other so well. Even were Alice suddenly to face a mirror, she could survive, cherish still the illusion of freezing dignity—a great lady. There are no defenses when two people know each other; the other imagines himself to be. He thought, deliberately removing his mind from the meaning of her words: "She wants her way; so do I. Only, her way includes me. I must suit her. On the other hand, I don't want her to do, or not do, anything."

She interrupted him, reaching for the club that Luis had taken off to school. "And don't you dare turn up here until you're fit to be seen. I won't have the children —"

"Aren't you getting rather worked up?" he asked. He meant to be calm, but his anger jumped through. Before he could catch it, shut it up again, he had added: "Or are you trying to give me ideas? Honestly, Alice —" he said, speaking quick, intent on covering it; but that was too late. He had no right to irony; irony was hers. He would be punished for attempting it, and submission would be better than evoking the clamor of contradicted righteousness. Not yet angered beyond thinking himself, he was resigned; but he was aghast, too, as no man in his simplicity can ever help being, to see the claws, the sharp-toothed worm in every woman's heart.

"Do you expect me," she said, "to be pleased to hear that you're planning a week's debauch with that drunken bum?"

"You seem to be planning for me," he protested. "I merely said I was having luncheon with him."

"Do you think I don't know what that means?"

"That's exactly what I think," agreed Meade. "I don't say I won't go out with him. I certainly intend to. But —" It was, after all, impossible to appeal to reason. Reason was the faculty which assured her that what she wanted could not help being right. It had, for the feminine mind, no other uses. If he were to say, "There's a difference between going on a party, and going on what you call a week's debauch," she would consider it irrelevant. Either went against



her wishes, was equally damned. He might just as well turn and go now, but he wasn't angry enough. He was still looking at her with his incurable male incredulity, unable to believe that he couldn't still explain, make her understand. Understand what?

He was at an additional disadvantage, for he saw that he didn't know. He said, instead, "Johnny's pretty far from a drunken bum. He likes a good time, but that doesn't mean he's a fool. He's a pretty important man, as a matter of fact." He was, he realized, still laboring to be reasonable, judicial.

Alice, naturally, understood nothing but superlatives. "Nonsense!" she answered flatly. "You just think he is. He never was any good. I'm sure he's no good now. And what's more, Meade"—she paused, not because she was conscious of striking at a tangent, but for emphasis, her eyes deadly—"this time it may be pretty serious. I'm about through. I advise you to be careful. I'm not dependent on you."

She always produced that fact as though it were something new, something he didn't know about. She had, as it happened, a comfortable income of her own. She could perfectly well take the children and do what she pleased. The difficulty, he saw at once, was that she didn't want to. She was, he thought suddenly, like the monkey in the fable who thrust his paw into the nut jar. When he had grabbed all he could, he found that his paw wouldn't come out. Neither could he bring himself to drop anything he held. Distressed, the monkey would sit there a long while. Struck by the image, he laughed, incautious. At once he saw the worm's face in hers, contorted like a mask, and white; heard the sound of her intaken breath. That did it. He could have killed it; he wouldn't have it around.

"Johnny Cowden is the best friend I ever had," he said, "and to hell with you!"

He was tingling a little with hard, warm rage as he got into the car, started it. "This," he said, "is a

hot way to live." He almost rammed Luis, bringing home the other car, and made a few appropriate remarks in Spanish. "Just for that," he said, turning along the road in from Marianao, "we will have a party! We'll take the roof off!" It amazed him to think how much Alice did get her way. As long as Johnny Cowden had been in Havana, things had broken somewhat more evenly. That is, he had occasionally done what he pleased. Johnny had actually been an object lesson. Johnny was living proof that it was possible to do what you pleased, that you did not have to go home, that revelry was within your reach. Johnny had lived in a small hotel which he as good as owned; nobody would question his right to song and laughter at dawn. People went out on incredible errands; people came in humorously woebegone with hang-overs. You could hear cocktails being shaken at almost any hour. Scattered through Johnny's whole floor of connecting rooms, everyone you ever knew could probably be found. There were two China boys who tried to clear up, broke ice, eased people incapable of movement philosophically onto beds. They never, apparently, slept themselves. Alice, of course, knew about it. She had never been there on several occasions, tried consciously to be what she called a good sport. Those were afternoon cocktail parties, and perfectly orderly, but she sensed, as one did, an atmosphere. Her expression, at once interested and resentful, betrayed her conviction that evening parties were not so orderly, but she never made any comment. Johnny was too well established an evil. She said nothing against him until he was gone.

The car went fast by the prone guns ruined by sea water, the looped chains and the white shaft of the Maine Memorial. Meade Pons couldn't, he must confess, blame Alice. He attempted, intent on his driving, to calculate, to

compute the sum. What it meant to her. Of course it annoyed her. The ordinary routine could not go on. She was legitimately offended when he didn't arrive as expected. He was, too, her husband. Rumors of behavior, outrageous, irresponsible, drifting quickly over Vedado, could sting her pride. It reflected at once on her attractiveness—since he did not come when she called—and on her good judgment—why had she ever married such a creature? Around him the Latins ordered such things better—not, he insisted, merely better for the men. Well, that was aside from the point. The point, he decided—he was so late that he went past the end of the Prado, past the Palace of Justice, along the Avenida de Las Palmas—was that he didn't want to be sober, responsible, privileged to please Alice and be an example to what the Times of Cuba had just last month photographed and titled "her two charming children"—both of them stared, self-engrossed and petulant, at the camera; while Alice, her face considerably retouched with no protest from her, looked on them in a way Meade supposed was loving. He wished, in fact, that it was eight, ten, twelve years ago instead of now, in his forty-fifth year; that none of it—Alice, children, the place on Calle H, even the general agency for Cuba—had ever happened.

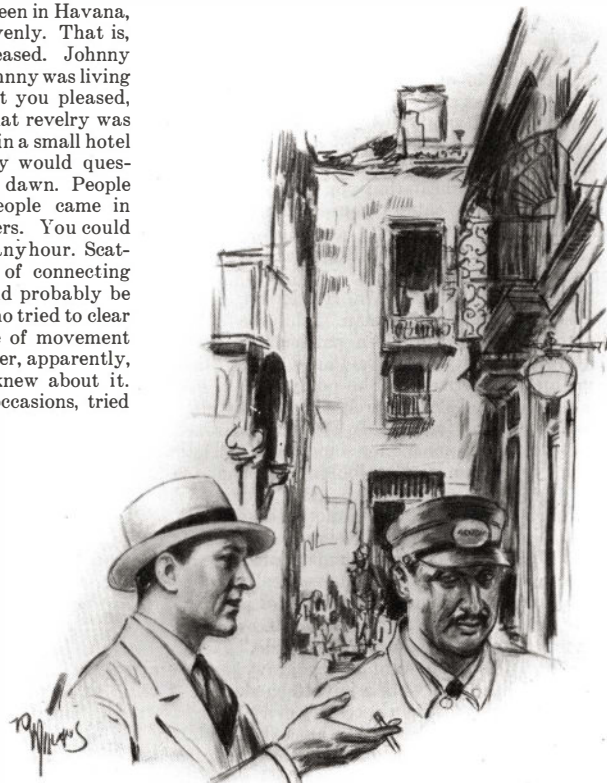
A policeman's raised glove halted him. He kept his foot on the clutch, remembering not to change gears—this year's model picked up in high from a halt, according to its literature. He was at the corner where he could see, cool across the heat of the green square, the façade of what had been Johnny's place. It would never be exactly like that again, perhaps, but Johnny was back, at least—must this minute be ashore. The hand fell, the motor picked up as advertised, and Meade swept around the double corner, his horn throwing out a musical note. He twisted expertly into San Ignacio. He ran the car with gingerly precision across the pavement into the cool cavern of the service garage.

"Lino!" he called through the door, open into the offices. "Get the Granada and ask if Mr. Cowden is registered yet."

As he came in, Lino, putting his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone on his desk, said, "No, Mr. Pons. Not there."

"Ask when he's expected," said Meade. His secretary had stacked opened mail on his desk. He could

(Continued on Page 59)



He Had Made the Customs Brokers Play Ball

Gladwin is Willing to Accept

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, sales and service manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company, was sitting in his office in Earthworm City, Illinois. The telephone rang.

"Hello," said a voice. "Is this Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mr. Gladwin Piper speaking."

"I didn't quite catch the name."

"Piper—Mr. Gladwin Piper. You ought to remember me. I used to be out at the Arlington Arms Hotel, near Blakesville."

"Let me see. Oh, yes. You worked for Mr. Arlington, the owner of the hotel. And you had all that trouble last winter with his tractor—bumped it into a pillar and knocked down the whole porch, and finally ran the machine into the swimming pool. That's right, isn't it?"

"Well, it's true that I did have a little trouble, Mr. Henderson. But you should remember that I also plowed the snow off the road to town that day, so the fire engine could come out and save the hotel from burning down."

"Yes, I remember. But what's the matter now? Not having more trouble with the tractor, are you?"

"No, Mr. Henderson; the situation is entirely changed. I'm not out at the hotel at all. I have quit working for Mr. Arlington, and Pansy and I are here in Blakesville. Pansy is my wife, you know. I think you had some telephone talks with her last winter, as well as with me."

"Yes, I remember that Mrs. Piper called me up. But just what is it that you want, Mr. Piper? You're not operating a tractor for somebody else?"

"No, Mr. Henderson. As a matter of fact, I'm not working at all at present."

"Did Mr. Arlington finally fire you?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Henderson. I could have stayed with him as long as I wanted to. The trouble was that I couldn't stand his crabby disposition. He was always criticizing my work. And finally, one day, for no reason at all, he told me that if I pulled any more boners—which is what he called it when I did something too intelligent for him to understand—he would fire me. So I just called his bluff, Mr. Henderson, and it served him right. I just said, 'All right, Mr. Arlington, I'm going to quit right now.' And I did. I bet he was sorry later that he spoke that way. But I won't go back—not if he was to ask me on his bended knees. What I say is that just because you're working for a man doesn't mean that you got to let him insult you. Wouldn't you say I was right, Mr. Henderson?"

"I imagine so, Mr. Piper. But what is it you want from me?"

"I'm coming to that, Mr. Henderson. You see, I'm a married man. I have a wife to support. And it's a particularly great responsibility, because Pansy is so young and inexperienced. She's only nineteen years old and she's entirely dependent on me. So I can't fail her, Mr. Henderson. I've got to make some money somewhere."

"Oh, you mean you're looking for a job?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it in exactly those words. You've had a lot of business experience, Mr. Henderson, so you must realize that no man with any brains is ever really looking for a job. What he's looking for is a salary, and maybe an expense account, or a chance to make a little profit on the side."

"I see. What you want is the gravy, and if there happened to be a job attached, you would accept that as a necessary evil?"

"Exactly, Mr. Henderson. I want to be absolutely fair and reasonable. I got to make some money, so, if I have to, I am willing to work for it. I would take any sort of good job that is offered. And I thought I would let you know, so that you could have the

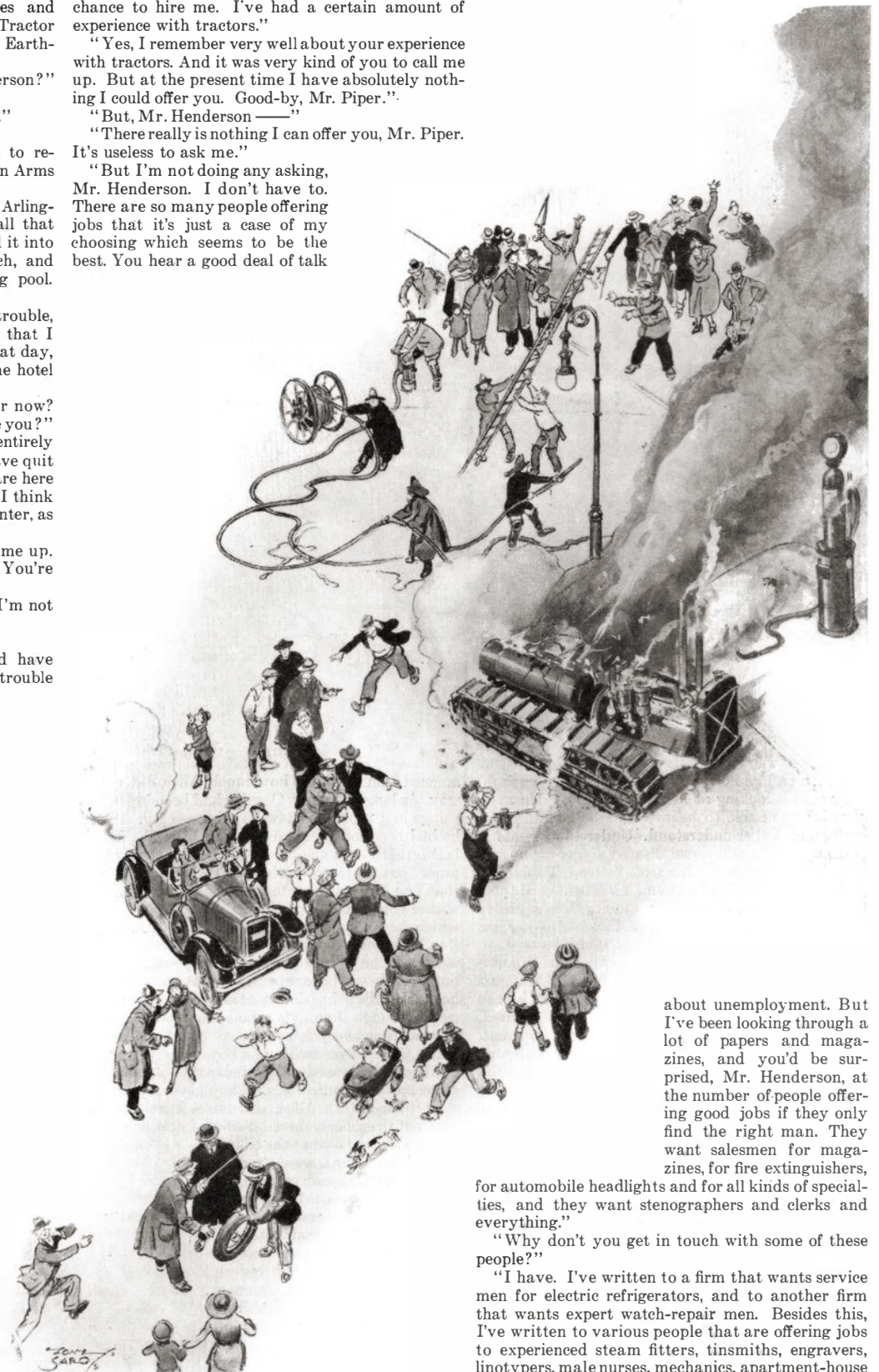
chance to hire me. I've had a certain amount of experience with tractors."

"Yes, I remember very well about your experience with tractors. And it was very kind of you to call me up. But at the present time I have absolutely nothing I could offer you. Good-by, Mr. Piper."

"But, Mr. Henderson —"

"There really is nothing I can offer you, Mr. Piper. It's useless to ask me."

"But I'm not doing any asking, Mr. Henderson. I don't have to. There are so many people offering jobs that it's just a case of my choosing which seems to be the best. You hear a good deal of talk



about unemployment. But I've been looking through a lot of papers and magazines, and you'd be surprised, Mr. Henderson, at the number of people offering good jobs if they only find the right man. They want salesmen for magazines, for fire extinguishers,

for automobile headlights and for all kinds of specialties, and they want stenographers and clerks and everything."

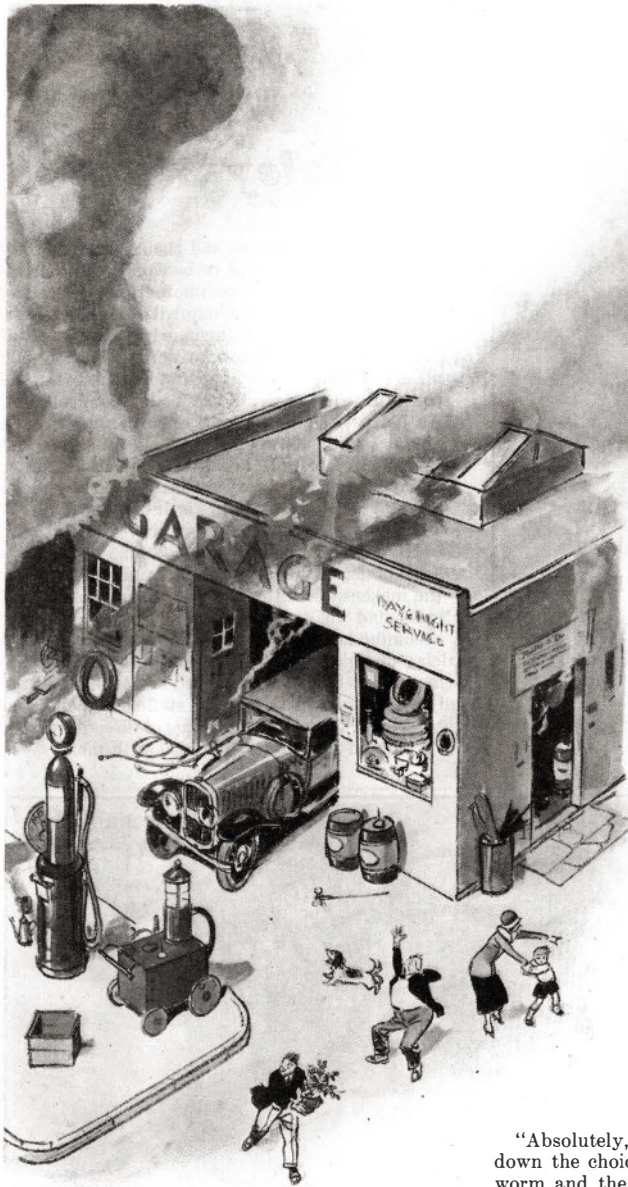
"Why don't you get in touch with some of these people?"

"I have. I've written to a firm that wants service men for electric refrigerators, and to another firm that wants expert watch-repair men. Besides this, I've written to various people that are offering jobs to experienced steam fitters, tinsmiths, engravers, linotypers, male nurses, mechanics, apartment-house superintendents, and men who can run Babcock butter-fat tests. That last one interested me particularly. I wonder what a Babcock butter-fat test is. So you see, Mr. Henderson, I have let all these people know that I'm available for a position, and pretty soon the offers will come pouring in. But before I

"Before I started, I drained out almost all the gasoline. I put a blow torch on it, and the first thing I knew, it blew up. I never was so surprised in my life, and I couldn't figure out the reason for the explosion!"

a Position *By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON*

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



accept any of these other positions I wanted to give you a chance. In some ways I would rather work for you than for anybody else."

"Oh, you would, would you?"

"Yes, it would be less work. If I took one of these other jobs, as, for instance, an expert steam fitter, I wouldn't know anything about it to start with, so it would take a lot of extra exertion learning and picking up information as I went along. But I already know a little about tractors, so I could take it easy right from the start, if you know what I mean, Mr. Henderson."

"Yes, I understand exactly, Mr. Piper. You have conveyed your meaning to me with unusual, not to say startling, clearness. And as I said before, I have absolutely nothing to offer you at the present time. I trust that my meaning is clear. Good-by."

Mr. Henderson slammed the receiver on the hook. Almost at once the telephone bell rang, and Henderson wearily put the receiver back to his ear.

"Earthworm Tractor Company," he said. "Sales and service department. Gilbert Henderson speaking."

"This is John Dugan," said a voice; "one of the road commissioners for Kerr County. I'm here at

Kerrstown. And I was wondering if you could demonstrate your Earthworm tractor for us this afternoon," Mr. Henderson.

"That's rather short notice, Mr. Dugan. I understood from our man down there that you wouldn't be ready for us until next week."

"That's right, but we've changed our plans. I've just discovered that several of the other commissioners will have to leave town tomorrow on business trips that will last two or three weeks. This afternoon is the only time we can all be here together. The representative of the Leviathan Tractor Company is here with his machine, and he's all ready to go."

"So you're still insisting on a competitive demonstration?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Henderson. We've narrowed down the choice to these two tractors—the Earthworm and the Leviathan. And we figure that the only way we can make up our minds is to see them both working side by side. Then the one we like the best we'll buy. You're not afraid of a competitive demonstration, are you?"

"Absolutely not, Mr. Dugan. But you've given us rather short notice of your change in plans. I'm not sure that we can get ready in time."

"Your machine is right here in the county garage, and it's all ready to go. I was here day before yesterday when your service man, Mr. Mullin, unloaded it. He spent half a day going over it and tuning it up, and he told me that it was in perfect shape."

"Yes, we sent the machine down ahead of time so as to be sure of having it on hand when we wanted it. But when you told me you wouldn't be ready for us till next week, I sent Mr. Mullin to Wisconsin to handle a job up there. He won't be back until day after tomorrow."

"Send somebody else then. It's only thirty miles from Earthworm City down here to Kerrstown. It's now ten o'clock in the morning. We won't hold the demonstration until three this afternoon. Your man would have all the time in the world to get here."

"Yes, but I haven't got anybody to send. All my service men are out. A couple of them will be back in the morning, though. Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Henderson. But I should think with a whole factory full of workmen you could find somebody."

"Well, maybe I can, Mr. Dugan. But I can't promise."

"All right, Mr. Henderson. We'll go ahead and let the Leviathan tractor man show us what he can do. If his machine is unsatisfactory, we'll wait and let you demonstrate for us. But I'd much prefer to have you on hand this afternoon. And it would be to your advantage, because if we find we like the Leviathan tractor we may buy it right away, without waiting to see the Earthworm tractor demonstrated."

"I hope you wouldn't actually do anything like that, Mr. Dugan."

"We're very likely to, Mr. Henderson. You'd better send a man down, and send him this afternoon."

"Well, I'll see what I can do."

"All right, Mr. Henderson. Good-by."

There was a click as he hung up the receiver. Almost immediately another call came through.

"Hello," said a feminine voice. "Is this Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Oh, hello, Mr. Henderson! Guess who this is!"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Oh, but just try to guess."

"I told you I have no idea who you are. Furthermore, I don't care."

"Why, Mr. Henderson! It isn't like you to be so rude. And if you try real hard I'm sure you will recognize who I am. My husband and I both talked to you over the telephone from the Arlington Arms Hotel near Blakesville one cold, snowy day last winter."

"Are you that Piper woman?"

"Not that Piper woman. I am Pansy Piper, or, more formally, Mrs. Gladwin Piper."

"I see. What do you want?"

"I just wanted to talk to you a little about Gladwin."

"If you're going to ask me to give him a job, Mrs. Piper, all I can say is that I'm not interested."

"But you will be interested, Mr. Henderson, when you find out what a wonderful man he is, and how well suited to work in your tractor company. The only trouble with him is that he is too modest. He doesn't blow his own horn enough. I was right here when he talked to you a little while ago. I heard everything he said. And he didn't half do justice to himself. When you get to know him better you will realize, just as I do, that he has one of the brightest minds in the country. All the time he keeps getting such bright, original ideas. And he has so much energy and initiative. He's always doing something and doing it different from the way anybody else would."

"Yes, that's just the trouble, Mrs. Piper. If he was a little more conventional he would get along better."

"But you'll find him such a stimulating person to have around, Mr. Henderson. And he's so brave and optimistic. Nothing ever discourages him; nothing ever stops him. Besides which, he's awfully dependable. In spite of the fact that he's only twenty-two, he's just as steady and reliable as an old man twice that age. I'm not telling you all this because Gladwin really needs this job. He has dozens of other good jobs in sight. I'm just letting you know, for your own good, so that you won't miss the chance of getting a real first-class man."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Piper, but I have absolutely nothing I could offer your husband."

"You are perfectly sure, Mr. Henderson?"

"I am."

"Now, tell me frankly, Mr. Henderson—is it really true that you have as many men working for you as you can use, or are you still making the mistake of thinking that Gladwin is not good enough?"

(Continued on Page 66)

FORCED IDLENESS

By
Jack P. Morrissey
 With
Wesley Stout



PHOTO, FROM ACME NEWSPICTURES, INC. COPYRIGHT UNIONBILD, BERLIN
 Young Mine Workers at a State-Theater Performance in Moscow

THE Amtorg sent me to Russia last year to show the Reds how to weld locomotives and parts, as we do it. I showed them. They said, with enthusiasm, "Da! Da! Da!" which means "Yes! Yes! Yes!" They also said "Splendid!" and "Why didn't we think of that?" but they did nothing that I showed them. So I came back. Now when I hear about how Russia is going to remake the world, I laugh.

There were many reasons why I only wasted my energies and the Soviet's money, but principally it was because the Russian dreads responsibility. Ivan ever has been the world's shiftest buck passer. In any Russian shop, the buck flies around like the puck in a big-time hockey game. Where, in the old days, responsibility was a nuisance, now, under Communism, it has become as dangerous as a third rail.

They were afraid to adopt any change in method because they could not trust their own technical knowledge, and if the innovation should not work, or some ignorant and suspicious communist should decide that it did not work, Moscow might make an example of someone. The example goes home to a supper of cabbage soup and black bread some night and is not seen again. I don't know what happens to him.

I was Philadelphia branch manager for a Chicago welding-wire and equipment firm, and a welding enthusiast. Here, the Interstate Commerce Commission permits the welding of all locomotive parts except the barrel, distrusting the safety of welding there. I thought welding superior to riveting in the barrel as elsewhere, and saw an opportunity to pioneer in 100 per cent welded engines in Russia. The Amtorg assured me that the Soviet wanted the last word in welding practice for their railroads, and promised a free hand. Here was a chance to carry the new gospel to an open-minded people.

A Private Car for the Yankee

REPORTING at the Moscow headquarters of N. K. P. S., the transportation and communications trust, I was welcomed cordially to tea by eight engineers, among them the chief welding engineer. He had some theory of welding, but no practical experience; the others had neither. Politics is pretty much the same the world over; party jobs go to good party men. In Philadelphia, however, a man may be an organization Republican and a competent engineer at the same time. In Russia, politics is a religion, self-sufficient and exclusive. The director of the Stalingrad tractor, chemical, lumber and shipbuilding center, the most ambitious project in the U. S. S. R.,

Midon S. Khvesin, is a former barber, who fought so boldly for the revolution that he won the decoration of the Order of the Red Flag.

I tried to talk about my job. They turned the subject. "Isn't Russia wonderful? Aren't you astonished, comrade? Breathe deep of our free Russian air. When do you look for the revolution in America? Is it actually true that nearly everyone in the United States has an automobile? Amazing!"

So far, my experience in Russia had been limited to a trip from the Polish border in a railway coach so filthy that I cannot describe it here, and a ride from the station in a horse-drawn droshky, but I made allowances for revolutionary conditions, and answered politely. We drank much tea and talked of everything but my job, and I went away with an appointment to lunch with the N. K. P. S. chief engineer the next day.

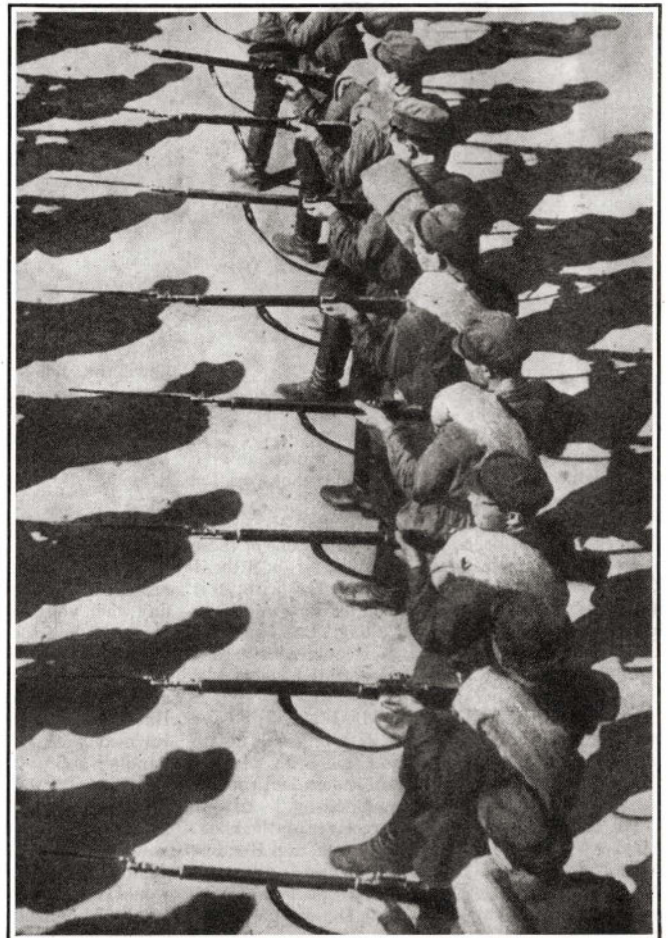
We were four hours at lunch and quit then only because the chief engineer suddenly recalled an appointment, now three hours overdue, with a Japanese engineer. He cross-examined me about the United States. Repeatedly, I tried to steer the talk back to welding, and failed as often.

Paradoxically, the Reds hiss the capitalist name of America, yet glorify the machine production and technique which this capitalism has fostered. Peasants who can neither read nor write Russian are trying to study English because it is the language of America, and everything American, except its politics, is wonderful. The Yankee technician is a big shot there. Because he is a Yankee, he is

a wonder worker per se, and though his field may be shoes, he is expected to be equally authoritative, in an emergency, on photographic lenses.

Three days after lunching with the chief engineer, he told me I was assigned to the largest of the Russian railroad shops at Voronezh, about 500 miles south of Moscow, but first he took me to the party director of N. K. P. S. for confirmation. Authority is supposed to be shared jointly in each Soviet section between a practical executive and a party director. The latter can overrule any order of the former. If the veto turns out to have been a mistake, the responsibility is the technical chief's. The party director is never wrong.

His office symbolized this power; I never have seen its elegant like. Noting this and remembering the inexcusable filth of the only Russian railroad car I had yet traveled in, I insisted upon better accommodations to Voronezh. This demand caused a delay of eight days; then a luxurious coach of the former Czar's train was produced and hooked on the end of the regular train. It was staffed by a chef and a porter; and the official in charge of foreign experts, and a woman interpreter, traveled with me.



An Official Soviet Photograph of the Red Infantry Engaged in Bayonet Drill

I have no grievance against the Soviet. Whenever I demanded my rights, I got them, with few minor exceptions; in this instance I got more than my rights. They lived up to their contract with me, not always willingly, but still they kept it if I showed fight.

Their pretense that the paper ruble is worth nearly fifty cents is preposterous, but that was in the contract I signed. I lost many pounds on the miserable food, and lived in discomfort, but my fare and quarters were sumptuous compared with what the Russians themselves exist upon.

Food for Export Only

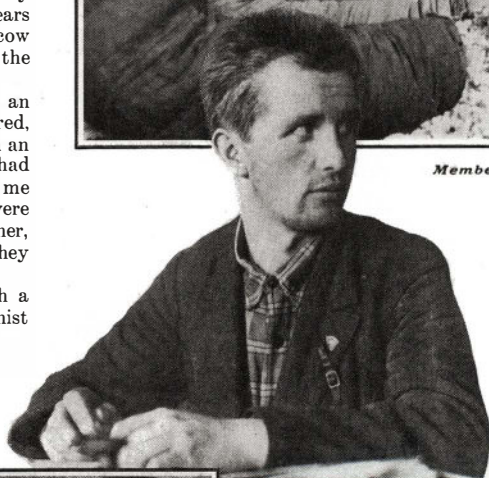
THEY tried to give me the best they had; they merely had nothing. At this point some tourist is likely to rise and point to the American store in Moscow. It is impressive. It contains everything one might wish, at prices that are high, though not excessive, under the circumstances. I took my interpreter there and she literally burst into tears at the sight of such plenty. But it is a Moscow stage set. There is nothing else like it from the Baltic to Vladivostok.

The woman interpreter was succeeded by an amiable Jew, Sol Levin, but before Sol appeared, I had tried and rejected four girls drafted from an English class in Voronezh. The little they had was book English; they could not understand me nor I them. The Communist Party officials were on the point of conscripting the English teacher, which would have canceled her classes, when they found Sol working in the building trades.

Before he took office, Sol was put through a course of training in how to be a communist chaperon. He was drilled in propaganda, which he was to transmit to me, and in how, tactfully, to prevent me from wandering about Voronezh as I pleased or talking with any English-speaking person except in his



PHOTOS BY ACME NEWSPICTURES, INC.
Members of an Usbekistan Farming Union Examining State-Donated Cottonseed



The Clerk of a Russian Trial Court, Elected by His Fellow Workmen



Order of "The Laughing Camel," Awarded the Stalingrad Tractor Plant for Producing Only 3000 Tractors of a 50,000 Quota

was genuinely astonished. "But you get meat twice a day," he chided me.

The hotel menu never varied. An omelet, tea and black bread for breakfast. At luncheon came horse-meat fried in deep fat, watery mashed potatoes over which a vegetable fat had been poured, and tea. Dinner was the same as luncheon, with the addition of cabbage soup. If soup remained from dinner, it was served the next noon with chopped dill pickles added. And this, I am convinced, was the best fare in Voronezh. The traveling communist bureaucrats, who filled the hotel, shared it with me. The high local officials probably had as good, though I do not know. The commonalty had only soup, black bread and a meager ration of potatoes.

The first job was a cracked cylinder, a routine task. The chief engineer asked me to join him and the master welder in an inspection. How would I weld it electrically? I said that I wouldn't. Mild steel and the metal used in the electric process, and steel and cast iron do not fuse properly. Instead I should use the oxyacetylene method whereby cast iron is welded with cast iron.

"But that is not our method," objected the chief. "But I am here to improve your methods," I pointed out.

No, I would please weld it electrically myself, he insisted. I virtually refused. It would be a waste of time; it would leak. He switched his ground. I might be right, but he wished to see for himself. At the time, I concluded that he suspected that I did not know my job, and wished to test me. But after more experience in Russia, I concluded that nothing fascinates the Slav so much as disputation. That and ignorance of their job were the explanation.

Repairing a Repair Job

WHILE we disputed, I became conscious of a crowd. Turning, I counted thirty-eight workmen who had dropped their tools and gathered admiringly. I gave in. It took one man a day and a half to chip out the cylinder, another a day to drill and stud it, and I was the better part of a day in welding it. When the test was put on it leaked, as I had known it would. Rather than repair it properly, they sewed a copper plate tightly across the defective weld and sent the engine out.

A cracked tractor cylinder head happened to come into the shop about then. Uncertain of what to do with it, they passed it to me, as always. Here, I told them, was an ideal job on which to demonstrate the special advantages of the oxyacetylene process in welding cast iron.

The master welder went into a huddle with his assistants and decided that it could not be done.

(Continued on Page 46)

presence. I, in turn, had to drill him each night on whatever I proposed to take up at the shop the next day, for he had had no mechanical training.

I was, they said, the only American ever seen in Voronezh and the only foreigner then there, and was welcomed accordingly. First an inspection of the shops, then a banquet at the hotel. I seldom have seen more or better food, and there was champagne, vodka, beer and a very good black-currant wine. Each of my hosts welcomed me in a long and fulsome speech. To each I responded in English. The Russian was interpreted to me and my English interpreted back. If you think banquet oratory tedious, try it with two-way interpretation sometime. From the banquet to the opera—a light opera and a native product and, of course, propaganda.

The show was over and everyday Russia began at breakfast. Voronezh is capital of the Black Earth area, a farming country roughly comparable to the Dakotas. Here, there should at least be food. I have seen 5000 to 8000 crates of dressed poultry stacked on the station platform for export, yet I ate horsemeat daily and was a pampered foreigner to get it. When I complained to Sol, he

FLAME

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VII

NOT that I'm superstitious—not about Tuesdays, anyway. It happened to be Tuesday that Douglas Frade came to see us and then vanished, leaving a sense of things more stirring than the things I knew. It was a Tuesday, two weeks later, that we sailed, and that was somewhat earlier than we'd intended. But the thing that made me hire John Howard happened on a Saturday.

An accident? The Gertrude—so renamed, of course, for Bill—hadn't been in commission when I bought her. She was promised for the middle of December. She was being overhauled under the careful eye of old Cap Donalson, the skipper I'd inherited. A careful man—too careful, I imagine. On November twenty-second he was picked up in the street, with a fractured skull. Oh, yes, it seemed an accident! People get hit by automobiles every day, and that was four whole days after we'd been refused admittance to that Spanish place. I wonder now how many times they'd missed him.

So I hired another skipper—Capt. John Howard, an ex-Navy man. A bit of luck, that seemed. He knew the tropics; he'd been stationed at Guantánamo, he said; and he seemed rather enthusiastic about going back. That was more like. That was in line with what I'd heard about the charm of the hot countries—that it always brought men back. He was a handsome, weather-beaten fellow, younger and brisker than Cap Donalson. He took one look at the Gertrude and reported that he'd have her ready in a week.

What is luck, anyway? The dictionary calls it "that which happens seemingly by chance; an event, good or ill . . . which is deemed casual." It seemed. I deemed. I liked John Howard. He was more entertaining than old Donalson, and had more patience with my greenness as a yachtsman. Bill was delighted with him. He could do what she had vainly ordered Douglas Frade to do—tell me about the tropics, pep me up.

She asked him if he'd ever heard of Angel Island, but he said he hadn't.

"Why, Miss Grant?"

"Oh, nothing," said the kid; feeling, you know, that there was something not for publication in Frade's business. But John Howard didn't seem to notice.

"There's a slew of islands in the Caribbean. It looks empty on the map; it's bigger than you might imagine—the old Spanish Main."

He had brown eyes, John Howard did, that narrowed without hiding anything, as if they gazed into the wind, into far distances; his brown hands conjured up the sweep of sea and sky.

"You see them drift along on the horizon sometimes. Just a spray of palm trees and a bit of land that doesn't seem to touch the water; they don't seem quite real. But people live there—the descendants of the buccaneers." He felt the flavor of the word. He grinned; his teeth gleamed boyishly in his brown face. "He men, those fellows must have been. Cruising for weeks and months in little sailing ships, fetching these tiny bits of land to rest and dry the beef they'd taken from their prizes.

That's how they got the name of buccaneers. Beef dryers. Did you know that? The word didn't mean pirate then. A buccan was a wooden frame they used for smoking meat and fish. They didn't have electric refrigerators in those days! Haven't yet, for that matter. There are people in those islands yet who never saw an automobile or a telephone."

That was more like. That was the sort of thing I'd dreamed about the tropics once, before I got too

mighty buildings reeling, swirling, spinning in mad symbolism. Whoopee!

You may imagine that it had no charm for me, dreaming of islands in remote and timeless seas. Bill was regretful; but John Howard clinched the matter.

"Now's the best time," he said. "The tourist mobs get started after Christmas. Now, while the season's just beginning, you'll get better attention everywhere."



tired to be much interested in anything. John Howard didn't speak indulgently, as Frade had done; he felt the charm of it—the dreaming skies, the blue and boundless water and the world far off. Islands remote and sweet, where days might flow uncounted and a man might rest.

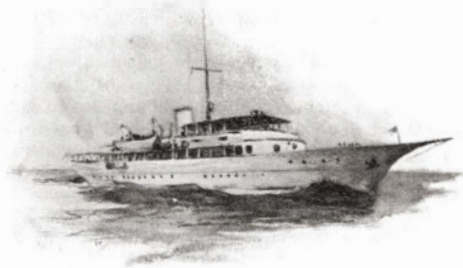
Bill rather wanted to defer our sailing until after New Year's; she had never seen a New Year's celebration in New York. Neither had I. But I had heard of them, and I'd seen moving pictures of them—with sound. An orgy of seven million whoopee maniacs all cutting loose at once, raking their jaded nerves with the synthetic power of a mass delirium. The movies showed it with a fine impressionism. Flashes of squirming mobs whose bodies were abandoned to one vast contact, flashes of faces drunk with unrestraint, flashes of blazing signs, flashes of

"But we're not going tourist places," argued my sister. "Are we, Bob?"

"You'll want to see Havana," said John Howard lightly, "and Jamaica, and Santa Luz—places like that. If only to say you've been there. They're worth while, except in the thick of the tourist season."

Santa Luz. I'd never heard of it, but I assumed I had—just as I'd heard of Havana and Jamaica. Gay Havana. Beautiful Jamaica. Wonderful Santa Luz! Now, looking back, I see how easily John Howard slipped it over.

"Oh, of course," said Bill, who always wanted to do everything that everybody did. Crowds didn't



bother her, but she had learned that "tourist" was a word of scorn; and she did like attention. Eager, uncritical.

She would have filled the Gertrude with the crowd who paid attention to her in New York—the whoopee hounds, the sort who always pay attention to a pretty girl and a lot of nice, fresh money. But I put my foot down flat. Frank Feeney would be whoopee hound enough, and her adored Mrs. Van Arsdale would be female company enough. Bill was regretful, I admit. She liked Frank Feeney, but he was no novelty; she'd known him all her life—this ruddy, freckled, unsophisticated cub from Oklahoma.

Well, John Howard was a novelty. Attentive too. Now, looking back, I realize how he deferred to her, fed her enthusiasm, led it into channels that would

lax to notice, or too green to realize, that we drove southward at expensive and unreasonable speed.

VIII

HAVANA, gateway to the tropics! A low, purple land rose slowly from the sparkling sea, swinging as if it might slip by us. A low, ancient fortress slumbered on a hill, and the still finger of old Morro Castle beckoned to the hidden harbor where the Maine went down. A curving esplanade swept seaward, lined with gleaming white and pastel-colored buildings. Foreign lands! The long, slow wash of ocean lifted through a narrow passage, the great sea wall seemingly so close that you could almost touch it, lined with quaint, foreign faces.

Yes, we got attention. An official craft put off at once, bringing quaint, gorgeous little men who greeted us in quaint and careful English. Quaint, shabby little boats swarmed at us. Rich Americans! John Howard grinned.

"Watch this," he said, and threw a handful of small silver

money! We were beset by touts. I'd thought New York was brazen, but this place was brass. New York was organized for whoopee, but Havana must have been where they invented it. The city's beautiful, I guess, but the amusements weren't. And it never once occurred to me to blame John Howard.

"It's too close to the United States," he said. "It's spoiled. But everybody has to see Havana once."

"Once," I said, "is enough. Let's go—as far as possible from the United States!"

I wonder now what he'd have done if I had liked it, as young Feeney did. But he had steered us skillfully, I guess; even my modern and uncritical kid sister didn't think Havana was so hot. Jamaica either. More and more, I realize, we thought of Santa Luz as our real destination. That was still unspoiled by tourists, so he said. And so it is; I'll grant him that much honesty.

The good Lord never built that country for the tourist trade. The hard-shells the old-timers, say that when He made the world He had a lot of land left over, and just dumped it there. Oh, quite a lot of land; it doesn't spread out much, but it sticks up out of the water pretty high. Deepwater too. The islands on that coast are the small tips of mountains drowned a million years ago, rising so sheer that you can sail close to the cliffs with half a mile of water under you. The coastal range offers no harbor anywhere, and only one place where the slope is gradual enough to gather sand, a beach where you can drop your anchor.

Tourists are tolerated. You may drop your anchor, but you must not go ashore until the port officials come to see what for. They take their time. Nothing is hurried there. A tourist with a crowded schedule would go mad with waiting in that country. The officials are not cordial; they are courteous, but grave, unhurried, occupied apparently with things more weighty than your chance arrival.

Tourists wouldn't like that, would they? Tourists, I understand, like to imagine that a place is organized if not created for their special benefit. You get no such impression there. Those grave officials merely want to know if you are smuggling opium or firearms or perfume. When they are satisfied that you are harmless, you may land. They speak no English. Oddly, too, John Howard's Spanish seemed less fluent here than it had been in Cuba. Maybe they spoke another dialect.

They took their time. Before we came to land, we saw a tiny train go puffing up along the mountainside, the only one that day for Santa Luz. Frank Feeney swore. The port, San Pedro, scorched on a narrow shelf between the mountain and the sea; its whitewashed walls were blinding and its doors were closed. There was nowhere to go but to a narrow, silent inn. There was no ice. It was too hot for Bill and Mrs. Van, though the Lord knows they wore less clothing than I did. John Howard took them back aboard; Frank Feeney, too, true to the slogan of his generation: "Where do we go from here?"

But I was satisfied to sit and feel a thing far off and different from anything I knew. The sun was incandescent, and the ardent air soaked you with perspiration even in the shade, but lassitude flowed over you and taught you to be still. Maybe I can't explain. People were quiet here. They had no energy to waste in senseless noise and movement. They were in the grip of something powerful and real.

The islands, the small tips of mountains drowned a million years ago, showed you the vastness of the sea.

(Continued on Page 41)



We Had to See Santa Luz. If Anybody Followed Us, He Had a Weary Chase

serve his purpose. Oh, he kept his place! He never thrust himself on us; he had the self-contained and easy dignity of Navy men. But I remember now how often Bill was with him, pacing the smooth and narrow deck, often with young Frank Feeney at her other elbow—pacing, the three of them, into the wind of bright December seas, their eyes far off on things John Howard showed them.

And I may as well be honest: I was grateful for a man who could relieve me of responsibility, guide my lax mind with easy and acceptable suggestions. I was glad to sit on deck with Mrs. Van in the warming sunshine, talking a little, dreaming a little, purposeless. I wasn't going anywhere especially. I was too

broadcast into the dirty water. Instantly the air was full of leaping bodies diving after it. They got it too. Bill was enchanted, and threw more. A small policeman on a wharf ran out, gesticulating, scolding as we came to land. It was forbidden to encourage diving in the harbor. But John Howard grinned and slipped a greenback into the official hand, and the policeman tactfully went blind. The beggars didn't.

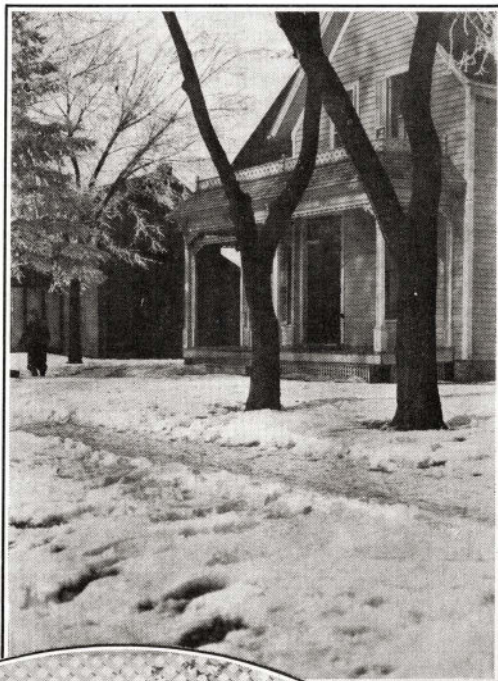
Yes, we got attention. Maybe John Howard didn't tell the hotel people we were millionaires, but they behaved as if he had. We got so much attention that we had no peace. And on the street we couldn't stir without a swarm of ragamuffins at us. It tickled Bill at first, but even she got tired of it. Money, money,

Sinclair Lewis vs. His Education

By CHRISTIAN GAUSS

THE story of Sinclair Lewis' education is the story of a young man in search of an environment, who, after having worn out three of them, in desperation finally killed a poet and with a feeling of relief made himself our foremost satirical novelist and America's first winner of the Nobel Prize for literature.

Sinclair Lewis is forever having brilliant ideas. Just now he is meditating making a fortune by starting The Candy-of-the-Week Club. With him, the habit started early. He remembers having had one of these brilliant ideas out in Minnesota, way back in his childhood. Life was humdrum. It would improve things decidedly to have a Robin Hood Club and he, Sinclair Lewis, would be



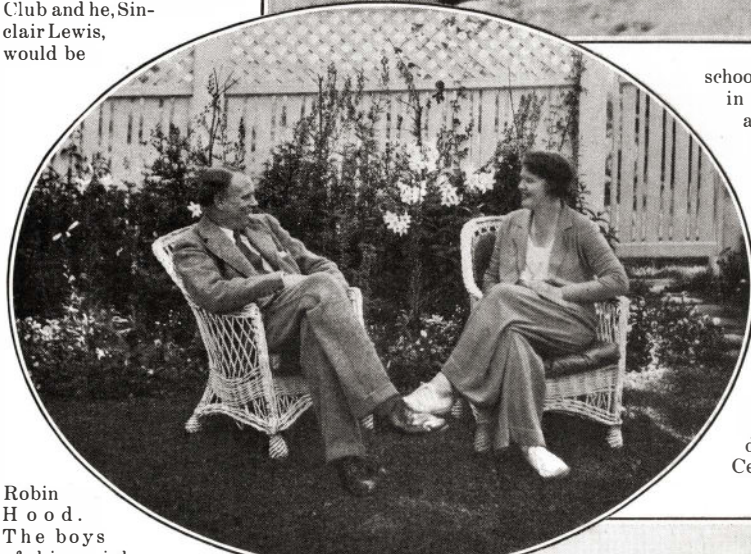
happiest cases, this heat is begotten by enthusiasms. But the educational result is often equally satisfactory if the heat is the result of friction. Lewis' case was to be of the latter sort. There would be a good deal of wear and tear. American life and institutions would provide the wear. Lewis was to do the tearing himself. Some lads, equally imaginative, would have taken this process of being frozen out of their own club lying down. Not so, Lewis. In varying forms such experiences were to be repeated in childhood, in school, in college and in later life. His hurt but ever-aggressive spirit resented them fiercely, but he is one of those geniuses who have the gift of turning evil into good. Out of such disheartening episodes he was to draw a part of his education, and the dynamic resentments they engendered would provide momentum for his successful career as a satirist. Through a long, painful succession of defeats and revolts, he was to learn the value of the realistic attitude toward life.

Something to Say and Ability to Say It

YOU cannot educate all creative artists in the same way. As Lewis himself will tell you, the education that made Jack London would have ruined James Branch Cabell. It was good for Shelley, the poet, to have been dismissed from Oxford; equally good for that other poet, Matthew Arnold, to have finished there. To be really successful, however, there are two things which the education of any man of letters must somehow provide. It must give him first something of his own to say; and second, a mastery of language to make it possible for him to say it in his own way. Painful as it was, Lewis' education in this respect was almost ideal; for it would provide him amply with both these requirements.

He came of thoroughly Yankee stock and his father, Dr. E. J. Lewis, had once been a school-teacher and had never quite rid himself of schoolmasterly habits. He always continued to insist upon precision and accuracy in the use of language. He never used a word without knowing what it meant and exactly how it was spelled and pronounced. If he was in any doubt, he looked it up, and insisted that his son should do the same. This helped to lay the foundation for that accurate and extensive vocabulary which the novelist was later to command.

Everybody knows that Harry Sinclair Lewis, whose intimates still call him Hal, was born in 1885 in Sauk Center, Minnesota. There was, of course, much that was normal, ordinary and simply American in his life as a boy. He shoveled snow, split the wood and did the chores generally, as did all the other boys of his town. This was good for him and helped give him that self-reliance of which he was to need a double portion. When he was sent to the village grade and high school—all in the same gaunt brick building—he hated it. The protests which some of his presentations of American life have aroused in many quarters have obscured the fact that he was born a romantic and adventurous soul. He began by disliking his birthplace and vowed to get even, as he eventually did in Main Street. What, in the first instance, he disliked about Sauk Center was simply this: There were no ruined castles in the neighborhood.



Robin Hood.

The boys of his neighborhood would be his robbers and his men. He must have been a persuasive verbalist even then, for he presented the advantages of founding this society for the promulgation of romance in such glowing fashion that all of them joined. So far, so good. Lewis took his responsibilities as Robin Hood seriously. He would. He planned more and more exciting and complicated exploits for his gang.

The Overthrow of Robin Hood

HE MUST have kept them everlastingly on the jump, for it is his notion that if you are going to do anything well, even be a good robber, you have got to put your soul into it. After a little, their enthusiasm flagged and they refused to stand further for his imaginative exactions. They decided he was queer and threw him out, elected a duller boy as Robin Hood, but kept the club and ran it for themselves. *Sic semper tyrannis!* The irony of the situation was that it ran far more smoothly after than under the Lewis régime.

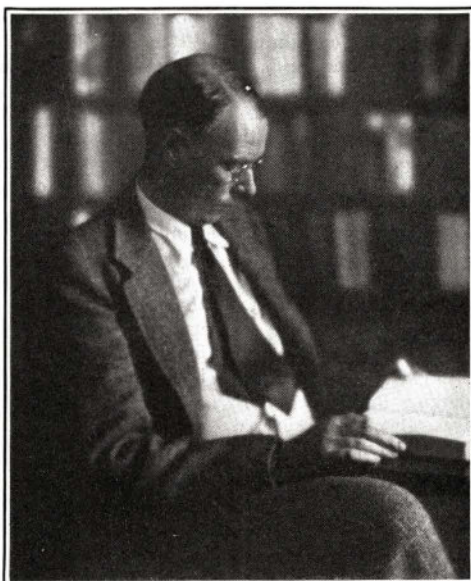
In any successful education, a certain amount of vital heat must somewhere be generated. In the

©IRA FRANK LINDSEY, RUTLAND, VERMONT
Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Lewis at
Barnard, Vermont. Above—
House of Dr. E. J. Lewis,
the Father of Sinclair Lewis



Stearns County Fair, Sauk Center, Minnesota

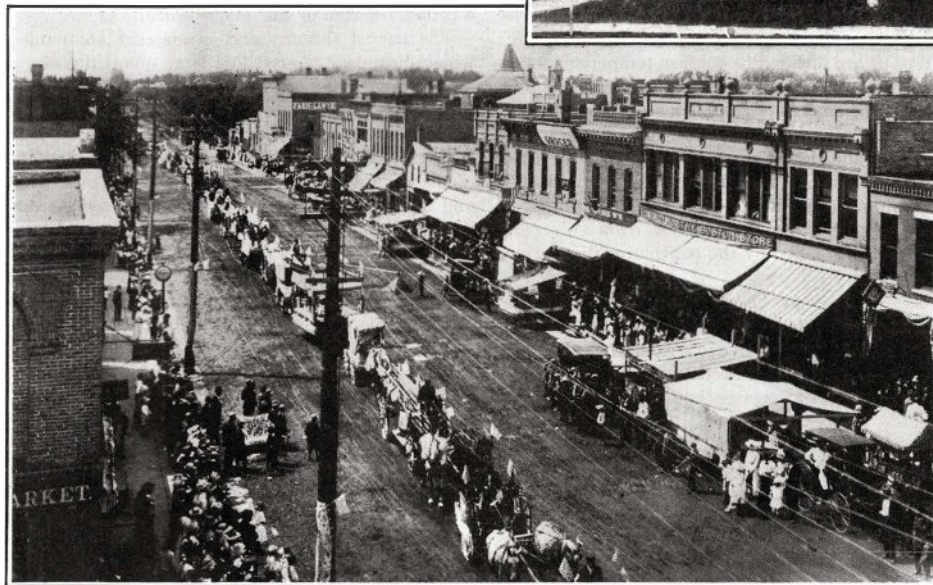
This sense for the absent is peculiarly American; for a boy born in France or Spain or Germany can take the presence or absence of castles in his neighborhood for granted. This is not so true of many an American. Where he becomes wealthy enough to realize his ambition he will build himself a chateau on the best European model, whereas no European Cræsus has yet dreamed of building himself a penthouse or a skyscraper. America's derivative taste was far more responsible for this than Lewis himself, for it is often forgotten that the best-selling novels in the days of his youth were books like *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* and *The Helmet of Navarre*. Life in Minnesota offered nothing like that, and as soon as he could read, Sinclair Lewis compensated for this drabness in his environment by making *Scott's Ivanhoe*, with its venturings forth, its knights, its ladies, its tournaments and its adventure, his favorite book.



BY IRA FRANK LINDSEY, RUTLAND, VERMONT
Mr. Lewis, From a Recent Photograph

Going Gunning for Daydreams

THERE is, however, one important difference which must be noted between Lewis' attitude and that of the millionaire who transplants the French chateau. The mature Lewis will never want anything adventitious or transplanted. Those who have read his recent story, *Ring Around a Rosy*, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will recognize that to please him it must be real and it must be honest.



PHOTO, BY JOHNSON & OLSON, ALEXANDRIA, MINNESOTA

Fourth of July Parade, Sauk Center, Minnesota

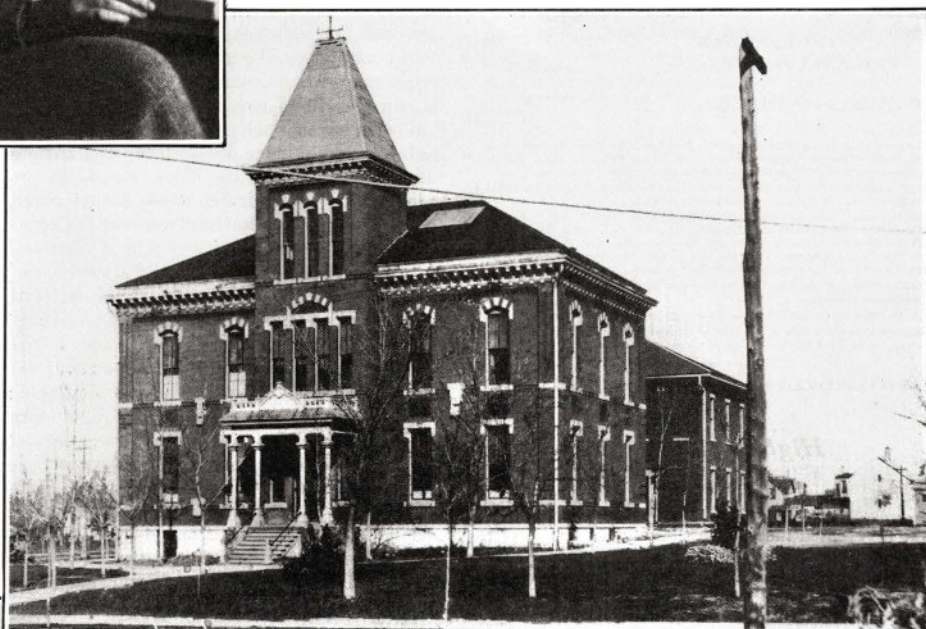
He hankered for beauty, romance and adventure, but could find no trace of them in what was to him a God-forsaken village on the edge of the great wheat-growing plain. Sauk Center is not the flat, unattractive place that readers of Main Street might imagine. Doctor Lewis had a sense for the beauties of Nature and had moved out of the prairie and settled at Sauk Center just because it had a lake and wooded hills. With the temperament of the romantic still active in him, young Hal took refuge in Nature; but with his growing sense for realism, he knew that it would be counted against him, even by his father, if he mooned around in the woods all day. To avoid this reproach he took a gun and pretended to go hunting, though he did not fire a shot. This was not because he was so tender-hearted that he had any scruples about killing birds; he just

didn't see them. He was a daydreamer and had a habit of seeing himself in imagined situations, and much preferred this to going to school, where he knew the other fellows regarded him as queer. He would show them that they were queer, and not he; this was his reaction to his first hostile environment.

As is true in many small towns, his teachers were mostly young women with no vocation for teaching. Most of them wanted to get married, have a home of their own and, if possible, move to Minneapolis. He remembers one of these women teachers—Rose Cooper—however, with particular affection. When he was eleven years old he wrote a story for her and told her that when he grew up he was going to be a lawyer so that after he had earned his living by the law he could write stories. To his great astonishment and gratification she said quite simply and encouragingly, "Why not?"

Keeping the Young Idea From Shooting

ONE of the few things he liked to do in school was to debate. He has never quite got over it. His unsatisfied imagination was forever starting things, and he had persuaded some of the other pupils to get up a society



THE HIGH SCHOOL, SAUK CENTER, MINNESOTA

where they spent interesting and exciting afternoons debating by themselves. A new young-lady teacher, a grim, determined, dyed-in-the-wool professional educator, insisted that there could be no value in their debating by themselves questions that merely occurred to them; they must have a regular, set program with assigned subjects that had solid pedagogical value. She took over the society and, so far as Lewis was concerned, killed it. He summed up these drab years at school: "The only teacher who did me more harm than those without a vocation was one teacher who had one." He found his compensation in reading widely by himself. We have mentioned *Ivanhoe*. At this stage of his training he also read a good deal of Dickens, especially the more romantic and sentimental Dickens: *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. He found *Pickwick* dull then, though it has now become his favorite. This reversal of perspective is significant, for as a child he could not appreciate satire. His tastes then were still too strongly sentimental. He wanted to start a school magazine, but was frowned upon. At fourteen he began to send out poems to the magazines, without success, and found outlet for his need of achievement in writing for the *Sauk Center Herald*.

Of his teachers in the high-school period there was only one who left an impression, a young man, Gunderson, who taught him German and something far more valuable—a respect for scholarship. Gunderson remained only a year or two at Sauk Center, earning money to go to Harvard for graduate work. He differed from Lewis' other teachers. Ideas meant a great deal to him, and Lewis found in him a kindred spirit. They used to go walking together. Though Gunderson was only a bachelor of arts from a small Scandinavian college in the West, Lewis feels that he did him more good than some youthful Ph.D. from a glossier college might have done. This respect for scholarship was considerably deepened by reading a volume which it is odd to find in the hands of a boy at

(Continued on Page 54)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1931

High-Tariff Britain

THE recent general election in Great Britain was a landslide in favor of the Coalition Government. But it revealed more than the public support of the cabinet in the monetary crisis; it disclosed the public support of the tariff program of the Conservative Party. Nearly a hundred years ago, with the repeal of the Corn Laws, free trade became the policy of the British Isles. There was a modest revival of sentiment for protection before the World War, but no serious political effort to reverse the established policy. That reversal has now been suddenly accomplished. The Conservative Party is pledged to protectionism, as it is called across the water.

Protection of essential industries, of the so-called sheltered industries, has been in force since the World War. The British have watched unemployment grow while export trade and shipping languished. Recognizing that foreign prices have been lowered by currency conditions and British prices raised by currency conditions, these are not regarded as determinative of the losses in export trade. While it is felt that abandonment of the gold standard has the indirect effect of a protective tariff, it seems now clear that the British public wants also the direct effect of a tariff, and the Coalition Government is giving it to them.

We have been blamed for the existence of the system of high tariff; other countries are supposed to have merely followed our lead. Whether the British shift will be interpreted as a surrender to an American fallacy or as acceptance of an American verity, remains to be seen. Certainly, a British tariff will alter more or less the trade relations of Great Britain to other countries.



Two features of a British protective tariff may probably be taken for granted. It will contain provisions for bargaining, as most European tariffs do, more or less. More important still, it will contain provisions for Empire preference. What the election really meant is the acceptance by one part of the British Commonwealth of Nations of the policy of protection already accepted by most of the others. A system of protection worked out on a world-wide Empire basis will represent a transformation, as well as an extension, of the theory of protection.

Both a Top and a Bottom to Prices

THE prolonged fall in commodity prices seemed to many doubting Thomases like the very end of the world itself, and these declines did have a most serious and depressing effect. But it is discovered, and not for the first time in the history of mankind, that such prices do not move in one direction only. Wheat and silver illustrate what we mean. Long-continued price movements carry with them the illusion of assured continuance. People are fooled into believing that the movement cannot stop. But it always does. There are both top and bottom.

It is the same with securities. Bonds do not fall indefinitely. Nor do frozen assets always remain in that condition. Time and hard work are great healers. They soften and modify many a hard situation. In fact, these frozen situations nearly always work out, not always to a 100 per cent liquidation, but without the nation as a whole going to pieces or calling in a receiver. In the same way the earnings of business enterprise can go up almost as fast as they can go down. Periods of lean volume and profits do not continue for all time for the individuals, partnerships and companies which make up the business structure. There are those which fail, reorganize or vanish. Heavy losses are sustained and much suffering results. But in many other cases expenses are cut, new economies established and the groundwork laid for excellent profits in the not-distant future. Moreover, new businesses always get a start at such times. This is not only the history of business enterprise but it is its very nature.

All of us are inclined to confuse temporary conditions with permanent or fundamental principles. Each passing emergency problem seems for a time to be overwhelming in importance, or at least a fixed and lasting addition to our troubles. But it is solved, or in the course of nature solves itself, and then passes on out of notice. So the shadows disappear, the insuperable obstacles somehow drop away, and confidence is justified by the continuing institutions of our country.

This society of ours has its faults, but these are not to be remedied by its members' losing faith in the institutions themselves. We live in a time when the country needs constructive, helpful, sympathetic recovery.

Gasoline Racket

NO ONE likes to be robbed, but sometimes purses are stolen without the owners' knowledge. It is high time that public attention should be directed to one of the newest and most destructive of large-scale rackets—that is, to the bootlegging of gasoline, which is merely another way of describing evasion of gasoline taxes. Gasoline is used by practically everybody, and taxes upon it are spent upon the highways, whose improvement is so dear to the hearts of the public. Thus practically the whole people are

robbed of the highways to which they are entitled when gasoline bootleggers escape the payment of taxes. In one state alone in a single recent year the people were cheated out of more than six hundred miles of improved hard roads by this dishonest and illegal practice.

The bootlegging of gasoline has been in a fair way of becoming one of the major illicit industries, but for the most part it has lacked the gun play and murder of the other form of bootlegging, and so has failed to attract much attention. Until rather recently it was considered merely a mild annoyance by the legitimate trade itself, which is now shocked to find that the practice is widespread, and demoralizing to all that is decent in the marketing end of the business. For evasion of the gasoline taxes has been taking a multitude of different forms, many of them as sordidly dramatic and as corrupting as anything in the older branches of crime.

It is essential to the morale of all business that legitimate marketers and dealers in gasoline should protect themselves and be protected by the state, as well as by the force of public opinion, against the racketeers. It is estimated that from fifteen to fifty million dollars in taxes have been lost annually. There are instances where tax-evading dealers have cut prices below what the legitimate trade could afford and still make a profit, because of the tax withheld.

The use of dummy and evanescent companies, which disappear after selling large quantities of gas and before the tax authorities can check up on shipments, the use of fake paint factories and other industrial plants whose consumption of gas is tax free, the juggling of shipments and reports, the blending of gas with other products which are tax free—these and a dozen other practices present a serious and novel problem for government authorities and business committees.

It will take eternal vigilance completely to rout the gasoline bootleggers, even if the tax rate is not raised, while, of course, the temptation to evasion will increase if the rates should go higher. For one thing, each state must incorporate into its law the best features of the laws of other states. In the next place, the states cannot enforce any such tax without sufficient auditors, inspectors and border patrols. Nor can enforcement succeed if rotten political interference raises its ugly head.

Then, too, the states cannot do it all. The decent elements of the oil industry must everywhere protect their own integrity, as they already have done most effectively in several states, and aid the little group of officials whose duty it is to enforce the law.

Vigorous prosecution of gasoline bootleggers and profiteers cannot fail to be popular with the public, if once the public is informed. For here is a type of pillage that reaches everybody, directly and immediately, not only in the money stolen but in the roads which are not built. It is hardly conceivable that a jury would fail to convict in these gasoline cases.

The wiping out of this particular brand of thievery is a real challenge to all who have an interest in law enforcement.



A NEW NEW YORK

By Samuel G. Blythe

SO MANY big things happen in New York that that metropolis is considered the natural spawning ground for big things, and the habitat thereof. Unless they are "biggest in the world," which some of them are, they slide into their appointed places in that colossal huddle of brick and stone and steel, and cease to be matters of public interest. Eventually, the stories of them are embalmed in large, four-pound books by learned commentators, who freely utilize their philosophies, prejudices and platitudes in so doing.

New Yorkers, and visitors to New York, of whom there is some vast number every day, are fed up with the biggest-in-the-world idea, because as soon as something—building, project, or what not—becomes biggest in the world somebody borrows enough money to make or organize something that is bigger than the biggest. It is a good deal of a bore to be tripping constantly over a gadget of some sort that is dominantly Gargantuan. The boast has been utilized so frequently and insistently in New York that it means nothing.

The big stuff typifies New York, they say. Probably, but after one has seen a hundred-story building one has seen a hundred-story building, and that is that. After one has exclaimed over a billion-dollar deal, one has exclaimed over a billion-dollar deal. And so on. The fact is that now, at this precise moment, the most interesting, significant, and, indeed, amazing things observable in New York are not the big things and are a lot of small things. I point this out, not as a New Yorker, but as a visitor to New York who, after considerably more than thirty years of familiarity, exploration, observation and frequenting of the place, has acquired a fair working knowledge of it in a number of its aspects.

Not all. When you pack eight or ten millions of people in a space as small as the few square miles that make up New York you evoke problems and excite procedures that are as nonunderstandable as they are numerous. But some. If a considerable

number of New Yorkers, between visits of an observer, change in a decided manner in their relations to one another and their

public contacts, it means something, and just what it does mean is the theme of this record of recent observation.

I spent a month in New York, not long ago, after an absence of six months. After a few days it occurred to me that this present New York is a new and entirely different New York from the New York of the six months previous, and a metamorphosed New York when compared to the New York of two years or so ago, before the Wall Street debacle. Of course, physically, New York changes so rapidly and so astoundingly that the place seems to have been remade and shoved several hundred feet skyward every year. However, this is a chronicle of small things, not Radio Cities and Empire State Buildings, and all this and gigantic that.

To wit: In my progress about the city I made notes of little, but, to me, astounding changes in

(Continued on Page 39)



"MAMMA, AIN'T I ANYBODY'S CHILD ANY MORE?"

POST SCRIPTS

Feeble Words

THE late Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, once took up golf in a serious way. He had a series of lessons from a professional, and was told he must practice assiduously.

So one day he went out to the Chevy Chase course, near Washington, to practice. He got a caddie and walked to a far-away tee.

The caddie teed up the ball and the justice took a swipe at it. He missed it a foot. He contemplated

Gallery-Shy

I VIEWED a modernistic show today;
 Now I am full of gloom and have the pip;
 And listen to me, darling, while I say,
 If this be Art, give me the comic strip!
 —Corinne Rockwell Swain.



DRAWN BY MARGE
 "Calm Yourself, Melvin. I Can't Bear Cave Men!"

the ball for a space and then had another try. This time he hit the ground eighteen inches behind the ball. "Tut-tut!" said the distinguished justice. "Tut-tut!" "Mister," said the caddie, "you'll never learn to play golf with them words."

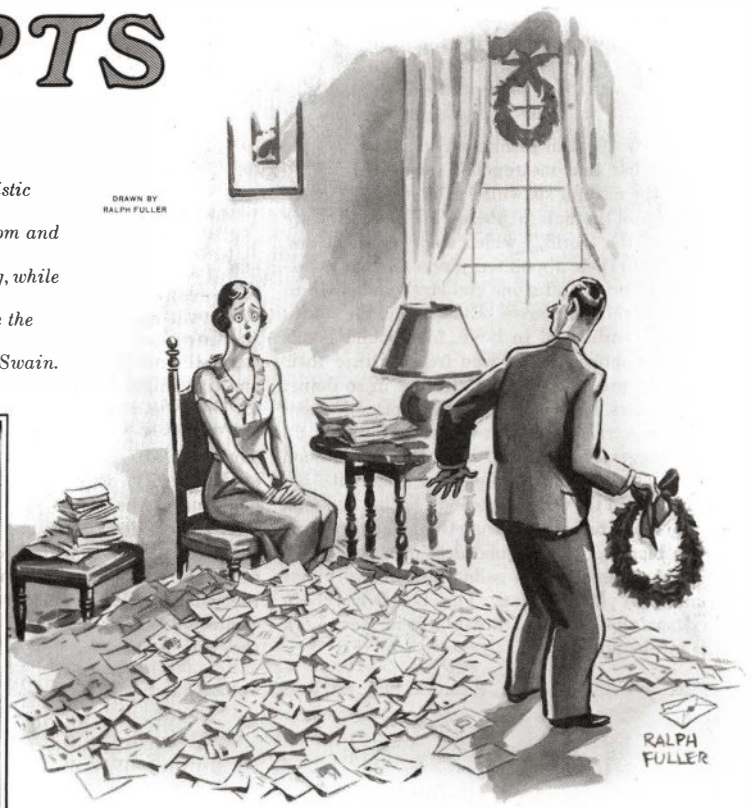
Millennium

WHEN all the lame are made to walk
 And all the blind to see,
 Through spinach greens and sun-ray lamps
 And hydrotherapy;

When all of us are strong and free,
 And there's no hate or schism,
 And all our hearts are purged and pure
 Through psychoanalysis;

When men like gods shall stride on earth
 Lit by synthetic sun,
 Shall we be bored as Lucifer
 And tumble one by one?

—M. K. Holmes.



DRAWN BY RALPH FULLER

"Henry! We Didn't Get a Christmas Card From Mrs. Snitkin!"

Simple Saws

SOME folks must 'tend t' other people's business 'cause they don't know what t' do with their own.

If young folks waited till ever'body was satisfied, there wouldn't be many wedding's.

There's several ways to fail, but never takin' a chance leads th' lot.

Putting the Bird on Him

FORMER Senator, the late George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst, was a miner in the days of '49 in California, and was sitting in a place of public resort in Dutch Flat one night, writing a letter. Another miner, also writing a letter, turned to Hearst and asked: "How do you spell 'bird'?"

"B-u-r-d," Hearst told him, and went on with his writing.

A gambler was in the room, and heard Hearst's reply, but said nothing. A few weeks later he met up with Hearst in another camp, and got the conversation around to spelling.

"What sort of a speller are you?" the gambler asked Hearst. (Continued on Page 60)



DRAWN BY FRED NEHER

"You'll Like it Here—it's the Nuts!"

FRED NEHER

Good health, good cheer
With you abide
Is Campbell's wish
This Christmas-tide!



MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL!

THE M U D L A R K



He Was a Bit Awkward About it, and He Looked Bony and Tired and Haggard

XX

MORE than ever, the last two or three days, my own husband seems like a stranger to me. He doesn't exactly avoid my presence, but when the exigencies of daily life bring us together he speaks only when spoken to. And his eyes, I notice, never look openly and frankly into mine. He treats me with a stiff-backed sort of respect, yet he holds himself so remote, every time we're together, that even poor Hugh is beginning to worry over a situation which he can't quite comprehend.

Jamie, however, hasn't loitered much about this shack. He's had other fish to fry. For the last two days, in fact, he's been out on the warpath, conferring with the police at the Crossing, telephoning about the country from the Wilmot ranch house, and running down false clues as to the whereabouts of Spike Forgan. For all Jamie has thought about, of course, is his lost wheat.

I can understand, in a way, how my husband must feel about that stolen seed grain. It was his life's work, his hope for happier days. And having it carried off by ruthless strangers must have been about as bad as having one's only child abducted. It's like having someone you loved lost on the midnight prairie, with the blood-chilling thought that the missing one might never be recovered. And that fear, I knew, was at the base of Jamie's tight-lipped abstraction. He was sick and suffering. And allowances had to be made for him.

But I could do nothing to help him. I'd had my fling along that line and it had ended in failure. I was unwilling even to question him. All I could do as he set out on his mysterious trips, with his rifle in the car seat beside him, was to sit tight and hope for the best. The closest I came to the fringe of his activities, in fact, was when I was visited by a very handsome

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

Mountie, who asked me a great many questions, and looked very solemn and wise, and in departing voiced the decision of the authorities that McDoel was in no way implicated and that his ex-cowhand had discreetly headed for the Montana border.

But my handsome Mountie, after all, was wrong in his surmise. And the official efforts to round up Jamie's wheat thief resulted in nothing worthy of record.

It was, in fact, a towheaded little Finn, a pupil of Hugh's, who casually reported to his teacher that he had seen an open car filled with grain bags hidden away in a small poplar grove not far from Graveyard Coulee. And that bright-eyed little towhead, in doing so, proved the god from the machine.

For Hugh, taking destiny in his own hands, promptly declared a half holiday and came racing home on Billiken. And once there, he lost no time in informing Jamie of the discovery. I could see the two men conferring for a minute or two out under the shadow of the horse stables. Then, disturbingly silent, they strode into the house, where one possessed himself of the rifle and the other of the shotgun from my room corner. I had no knowledge of where they were headed or what enterprise was on foot. But it chilled my blood to see those two men, who stood closest to me in all this world, march so purposefully out to the waiting Pavlova, stow away their firearms and go tearing off over the open prairie.

I was worried and nerve-racked, try as I might to drug myself with work. But my thoughts were

seldom on the things I was doing. And as the afternoon wore away, that tingling sense of tension increased. I prepared supper, automatically, and waited an hour and then ate alone. I sat there, depressed by the two empty chairs so blankly confronting me. Then I set to work again, knowing that animals had to be fed and evening chores faced.

But as night came on and the wine glow faded from the low-lying Rockies I began to wonder if a husband in name only wasn't a little better than no husband at all. And hope curled up like a sick kitten and prepared to die.

It wasn't until nearly midnight that I heard the familiar roar and rattle of Pavlova outside in the darkness. And when Hugh came in alone, mud-covered and carrying both the rifle and gun, my knees went weak.

"Where's Jamie?" I gasped, reaching out to the table edge for support.

Hughie's laugh was curt but kindly. "He's bringing in his wheat," he casually announced as, having restored the firearms to their corner, he stood cryptically studying my face.

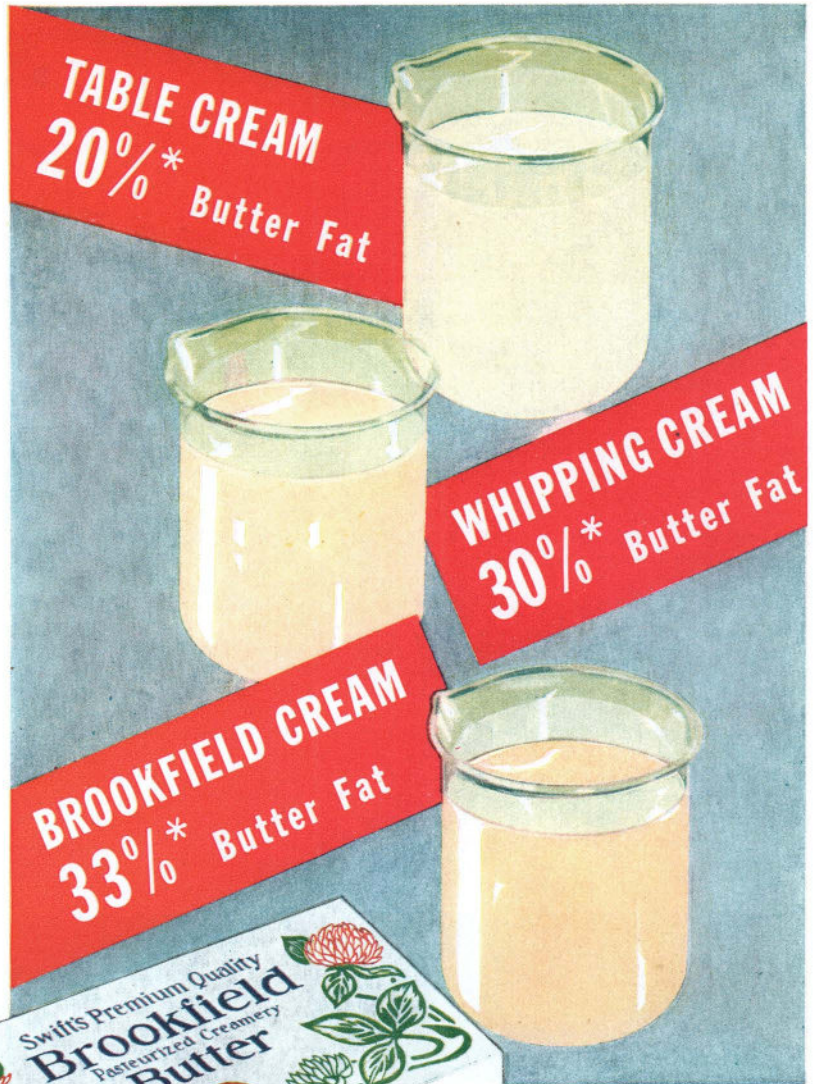
"Is—is he all right?" I questioned with a quaver that made Hugh laugh again. And I knew in my bones that this facing of peril had in some way brought the two men closer together.

"Certainly," answered Hugh. "Or he ought to be, after this. For he's got every last bag of that seed grain back again."

I sank weakly into a chair. For my body seemed merely a cork washed back and forth by recurring waves of relief.

"Tell me about it," I somewhat huskily asked as Hughie's eye traveled hungrily on to the still laden supper table.

Butter from cream RICHER than WHIPPING CREAM



America's
largest selling
brand of BUTTER

To give you butter with that fine, sweet flavor, every container of cream received at the Swift creameries is tasted by skilled cream tasters before it is accepted for Brookfield Butter.



Richer... sweeter... Swift's Brookfield Butter is ideal for both table and cooking uses.



CREAM from the country's finest dairy regions. Cream that is richer than the cream you buy for your table . . . Even richer and thicker than the whipping cream for which you pay your milk dealer an extra premium. Of such super-richness is the cream from which we churn this butter, so fresh, so sweet in flavor.

Dairymen know that only high

quality cream can pass our rigid tests. They know that every container of it is carefully graded and tested for richness. That it is *tasted* by expert tasters—for flavor. That it must pass *all* these tests if it is to be used for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

Churned to just the right creamy-smooth texture by skilled butter makers in snowy-white creameries . . . packed in dainty cartons whose very appearance means freshness . . . Swift's Brookfield Butter is rushed under constant refrigeration to

* The standard butter fat content for table cream is estimated to vary, in different localities, from 18 to 22.5%. An average figure, 20%, is used here . . . The butter fat content of whipping cream also varies. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has set the standard at 30%. . . The cream used in making Swift's Brookfield Butter averages over 33% butter fat content by laboratory test.

your dealer—without stops or delays.

Thus you get it—always whole-some, sweet and fine in flavor for serving or cooking. Is it any wonder Swift's Brookfield is America's largest selling brand of butter!

Order a package today from your dealer. Just taste the difference in this butter that is *made from cream richer than whipping cream*—Swift's Brookfield Butter. And it costs no more than ordinary butter!

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RADIO! "The Stebbins Boys"—every evening except Saturday and Sunday, over the N.B.C. networks.



Swift's Brookfield Butter

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD EGGS • SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD CHEESE

(Continued from Page 26)

But there wasn't, after all, a great deal to tell. Spike Forgan, they found, was no longer hiding out at Graveyard Coulee, so dolorously named. I learned, because a stampeding cattle herd had once gone over a cut bank and left their bones to bleach there in the sun. But Jamie found Spike's car tracks and trailed them to McPherson's Muskeg, where they came up with the car bogged axle-deep at the swamp edge. Forgan had fired at them three times from cover, and Jamie, from the car back, had returned shot for shot. Then Forgan, knowing the game was up, slipped away through the scrub willow and made his escape in a friendly maze of sedge and underbrush. And Jamie, whose only thought was of his seed wheat, had piled the nine sacks in Pavlova and headed for home.

"He's a hard fighter, that man of yours," observed Hugh, not without a note of admiration.

"He seems to prefer that sort of life," I retorted, not without my own note of bitterness.

Hughie, at that, once more turned and studied my face in the lamplight.

"He won't always want to fight," said kindly old Hugh with a condoning pat on my hand back. But any hope I may have wrung from that assurance didn't last long. For the door opened and my lost husband appeared with a grain sack balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm so glad, Jamie, you've got your wheat back," I said as I went to meet him. His face was more drawn and his clothes more mud-covered, I noticed, than Hugh's.

"Thanks," he said with listless weariness as he walked on to his eubby-hole of a bedroom with the grain sack over his shoulder. He was storing it away, I suppose, where it would be safest. But he reminded me, shaggy-headed and mud-incased, of a stone-age hunter carrying a recaptured bride back to his cave.

XXI

LIFE humbles us. And in our humility, I find, we can be exceedingly grateful for small things. For one of those small things has just been brought home to me by the ever-thoughtful Hugh, in the shape of a wire-haired terrier pup who answers to the name of Terry. Terry is a little devil and I can well understand how any frugal-minded rancher would be willing to give him away. But I'm learning to love him. He chews my slippers and macerates the tail end of our calfskin rug and drags away my dish towels and gnaws on the chair legs and chases the indignant hens from my doorstep. Yet, since Terry came, this shack is not such a lonesome place. And I like to have him clamber up on my lap and lie there, like a baby, as I peel my potatoes or do a bit of darning. For Terry not only gives me something to love but also loves me back, and, unlike blind and blundering human beings, isn't ashamed to show it.

Spring is here and all the outer world seems a place of gladness. The prairies stretch out on every side of us, taking a sun bath under a sky of cobalt blue, fading away, east and north and south, as far as the eye can see. And to the west there are the Rockies. Hour by hour, throughout the day, they change and brighten and darken and change again. One can see them, at the first peep of dawn, peaks of rose pink merging into pearl and chalky white, darkening down to the timber line of misted green and still mistier shadows. In the broad light of noon they are serried caps of snow streaked with sparkles of glacial ice and intensifying the blue of the sky above them, a flashing chain of pearls and diamonds, brilliant enough to make the eyes ache, majestic enough to touch the heart of man with humility. And when evening comes on, the wine glow once more creeps up over the white and a lowering sun splashes them with fantastic colors and throws gloomier blue-green shadows between them, against a gigantic back drop of Burgundy red and Roman

gold, as the sun goes to bed. And they stand there in the paling light, old and timeless and unchanging, reminding us how trivial are the ways of man.

For life goes on, serenely indifferent to our personal and private emotions. It goes on and leaves scant time for even that daydreaming when, as a rule, a young wife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But I'm still determined to do my part. I've helped Jamie and Hugh put our main-crop wheat seed through the fanning mill; I've played cowboy and taken part in rounding up our range cattle and bringing the spring calves in for branding, an operation which impressed my untutored eyes as singularly cruel; and I've materially assisted my lord and master in building a fence about a garden plot which he'd already plowed and disked and harrowed for me. I've house-cleaned and set hens and been a guide to wandering goslings and raked up what is called our yard and painted the woodwork in our living room and made two summer frocks for myself and continued to carry on in the matter of cooking and washing and scrubbing and churning and mending and ironing and bread making and baking. For I have two hungry men to feed, and it takes a power of contriving, I've found, to introduce novelty into our necessarily restricted prairie-life diet.

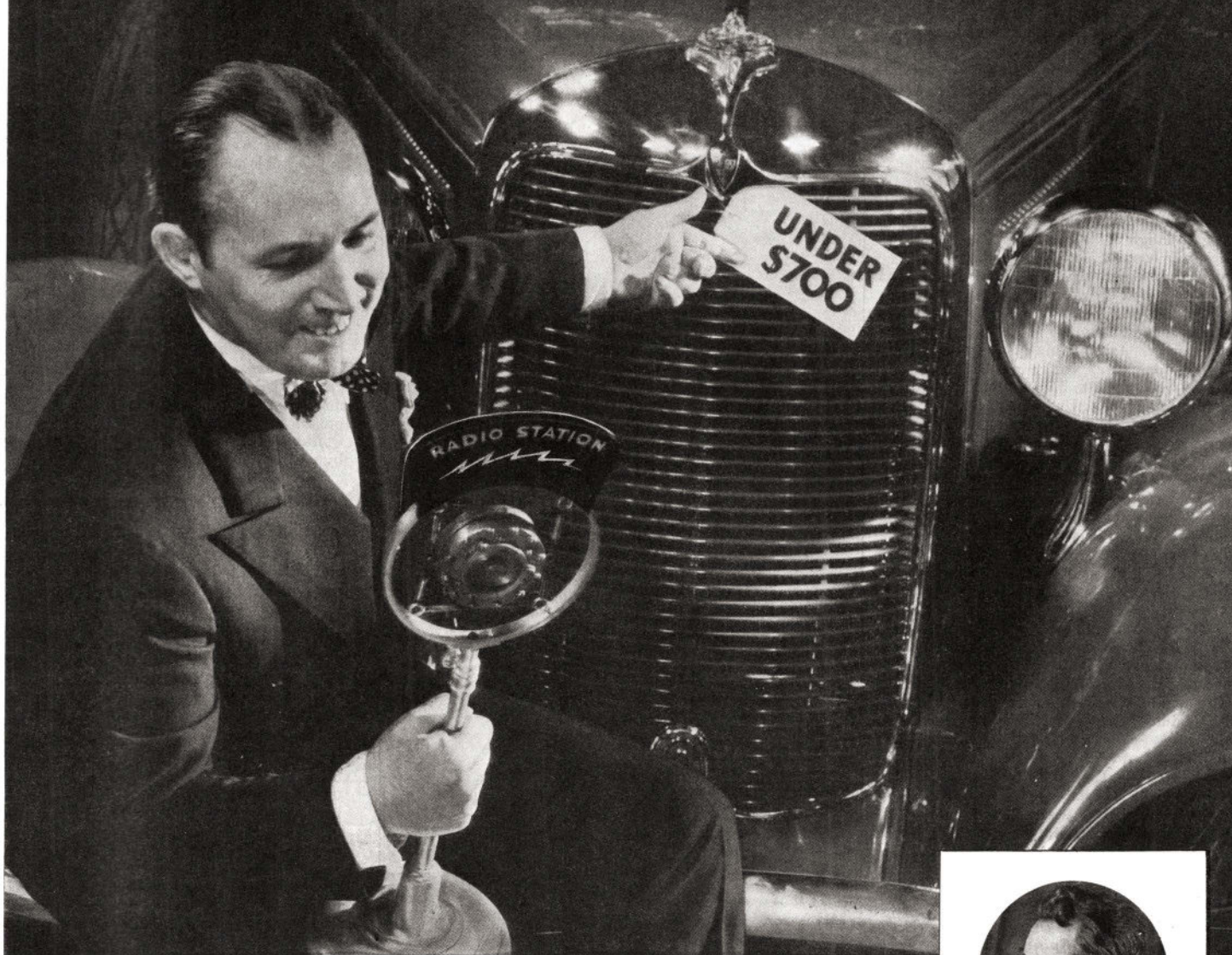
But I do what I have to without complaint. For I know all the while that Jamie is working much harder than his lady sparrow from across the sea. He has oiled and repaired the windmill, which no longer moans and groans like a lost soul in Gehenna, and has finished up his outside plowing and mended his worn-out harness and put his seed drill in order and disked and harrowed up the last of his arable land into a fit and proper seed bed, and broken a pair of colts and repaired his implements and fences. He goes forth, day by day, grimly and stolidly self-immured, and returns to his roof-tree, and incidentally

(Continued on Page 49)



It Seemed Very Comfortable, Having Him Bending Over Me That Way. So I Promptly Closed My Eyes Again

“BELIEVE IT or NOT—YOU’RE DUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE!”



IN DETROIT, “RIP” DISCOVERS ANOTHER INCREDIBLE STORY

● “When Walter P. Chrysler told me he had a new Motor Car that was a big ‘Believe it or Not’, I was frankly skeptical. I’ve got to be . . . that’s my business.

“But when I went to Detroit at his invitation . . . and when I saw that new DeSoto Six . . . what a *thrill*.

“I can’t tell you the whole story. It’s too bad my lips are sealed.

“But . . . believe it or not . . . this mystery car has everything.

“I’ve just come back from Europe. And take my word for it, there’s nothing smarter on the fashionable Boulevards of Paris.

“It has the *chic* of the Continent. All the style and dash you’ve admired in expensive foreign cars.

“And the biggest ‘Believe it or Not’ of all . . . *is on the price tag*.

“Incredible as it may seem . . . this brilliant automobile, packed with big car values, will sell under \$700.

“I can’t tell you any more. It’s still a big secret here in Detroit, until this new DeSoto is presented at the New York Show.

“I’ll be seeing you then . . . tell you the whole thrilling story just two weeks from now . . . January 9th.”

Ripley



NEXT . . . JIMMY FLAGG

You know James Montgomery Flagg of course . . . the famous Artist. He’s been to Detroit . . . and next week will give you an “Artist’s-eye-view” of the sensational new DeSoto Six that is going to sell for less than \$700.

Upward Progress of a Chauchoin

By FRANK CONDON

I TOTALLY forgot to ask her how old she was, and when you pause to think, it is a serious and disturbing question. It requires casual courage to sit there beside the radio set, look a lady in the eye and inquire: "Just how old are you?" Anyhow, the item is probably noted in Vital Statistics of Stage and Screen, and I would hazard a rough estimate of twenty-five, or maybe twenty-six. At any rate, she is a pretty young woman, or a young pretty woman, who unquestionably is zooming along right merrily in the talking dramas of the day. They call her Claudette Colbert—pronounced "Colebear" if you stickle for accuracy, and even then you are wrong, for the lady's name, according to a thick book in Paris, is Chauchoin: Claudette Lily Chauchoin.

As anyone can perceive with half an eye, Chauchoin—pronounced "Showschwan"—is utterly beyond reach of the paying proletariat, so Colbert, which is a smooth, easy name, is the one that goes ringing down the corridors of Time, if there is any ringing to be done. Miss Colbert is a French girl, born in little old Patee by the side of the Seine, has very brown hair, very brown eyes, smiles a great deal, and bursts without effort into hearty laughter whenever there is anything to laugh at, which generally there is. Curiously enough, she doesn't think she is pretty, and had quite an argument with George Abbott, the director.

"No," she said, and with every appearance of sincerity, staring at herself in the dressing-room mirror, "I don't think I'm pretty."

"You don't think you're pretty?" echoed George, who is a humorous fellow.

"No, but I think I'm a good actress. It may sound odd to say one thinks one is a good actress, but that is what I think about me." Mr. Abbott leaned against the wall and denied the first part of the statement. "If you want to know who is a pretty girl in the movies," added Miss Colbert, "consider Loretta Young. There's a pretty girl. So is Joan Crawford."

"I don't think your judgment is any too good," said Mr. Abbott, and he walked away to resume directing.

It was the hour of lunch in the Paramount New York Studio, the only one operating in Astoria, and Miss Colbert had just stopped acting with Gary Cooper on the deck of a ship and was about to proceed with the regular midday repast, which consisted of the following so-called items of food: First, a small glass bowl full of spinach in a macerated form; second, a glass of beef juice; third, a glass of milk; fourth, a small bowl of blueberries and a wisp of toast.

"Do you like spinach?" she was asked.

"Certainly not. Nobody likes spinach."

"Then why?"

"Because I am trying to weigh one hundred and twenty pounds."

Good News for Spinach Raisers

IT SEEMS that one short year ago she weighed ninety-nine pounds in her spring costume, and ninety-nine is not enough pounds, even for a Chauchoin from Paris. So they began feeding her spinach in a moist condition, along with beef juice, producing in one year the present one hundred and ten pounds of Colbert. It is her determination to make one hundred and twenty in another year, and she may do so if the world's visible supply of spinach holds out.

In early October she was costarring in a picture with Gary Cooper, the name of which has been changed four times and probably will be changed again, but if nothing happens, it will be known as His Woman.

Miss Colbert first bobbed up in the movies when they were wholly silent, and her earliest appearance was in Love o' Mike, which apparently did not set any part of the world on fire. The cinema business changed overnight and her next job was a talker, The Hole in the Wall, followed by The Lady Lies, Young Man of Manhattan, Manslaughter, Honor Among Lovers, The Smiling Lieutenant, Secrets of a Secretary, and His Woman.

Before tackling the pictures she enjoyed a brief stage career and played the leading lady here and there in such plays as The Marionette Man, Leah Kleschna, We've Got to Have Money, The Cat Came Back, High Stakes, A Kiss in the Taxi, The Ghost Train, The Pearl of Great Price, The Mulberry Bush, La Gringo, Fast Life, Tin Pan Alley, Dynamo, and The Barker. In the last, she rang the bell hard and people began talking about her.

After being born in Paris, the then Miss Chauchoin started hurriedly for America and settled in New York City, having only a nebulous and misty notion of the future. She glanced about her and decided to attend the Washington Irving High School, which was a happy idea, but brought in no money for the assembled Chauchoins. Some time later she took up Art in a serious way and wondered for a while if she would ever get to be like Whistler and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Pursuing this thought, she made with her own hands certain textile designs, such as the scarlet roses and blue nightingales you see on sofa cushions, and sold them to trusting manufacturers for fifteen dollars, or a small milk can full of francs.

This was the first sign of incoming money and the Chauchoins cheered up at once, whereupon the indefatigable Claudette immediately took up the teaching of French in small doses to ambitious New Yorkers. The charge was two dollars an hour and buy your own French books, and at the top of her career she was the proud tutor of eight pupils, male and female, not any of whom has ever linguistically amounted to a whoop in Hades.

New York City is her abode of the moment, but she means to push out for Hollywood presently, where her husband holds the fort. He is Norman Foster, and while he works in the movies on the West Coast, Miss Colbert works in the movies on the East Coast. When they are reunited, she plans to have a home with a dignified sweep of lawn, trees, flowers, orange blossoms, and a back yard with a high wall, so that she can permanently adopt a dog. She likes dogs. She prefers Scotties, and a smart kennel man in California can turn in and make a dog sale by meeting her train.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster See the World

GOING back to the drama, Miss Colbert loves the stage, is a student of dramaturgy and critics. In the realm of motion pictures she believes a grand movie could be made if somebody would star Alfred Lunt and Helen Hayes. Mr. Lunt has appeared in one film, The Guardsman, and the betting is he will back-track to Hollywood again and knock a few more idols from their shaky thrones.

Every so often Miss Colbert and her husband, who are apparently a couple of nomads, feel the need for getting away from it all, and when the fever begins they close up shop, step aboard an ordinary freight boat of the rusty or unshaven type, not caring whither the ship may sail or why. Following this method, they escape passengers at sea, and anyone who has ever taken a long voyage knows what a truly delightful thing it is to escape a couple of hundred passengers at sea.

Being once aboard the lugger by themselves, with perhaps a captain, a first mate and two other passengers, they exhume a couple of pairs of ancient overalls with holes in the legs and sit on hatch covers until the cargo carrier reaches New South Wales, Cape Town or Java, when their joy is complete. Their last freighter hauled them out to Bali, and they were so overcome with the primitive whimsicalities of the place that they remained for three months, drinking coconut milk amid the simple and unclad Balinese. Bali is the one spot on earth left for the white races to ruin with their can openers.

On long hauls, with only the captain on the bridge and no passengers to start games,

(Continued on Page 38)



PHOTO. BY SHALITT

Claudette Colbert

Automobile Dealers

How would you like to handle a car, that will be introduced next year, that is "two cars in one"?

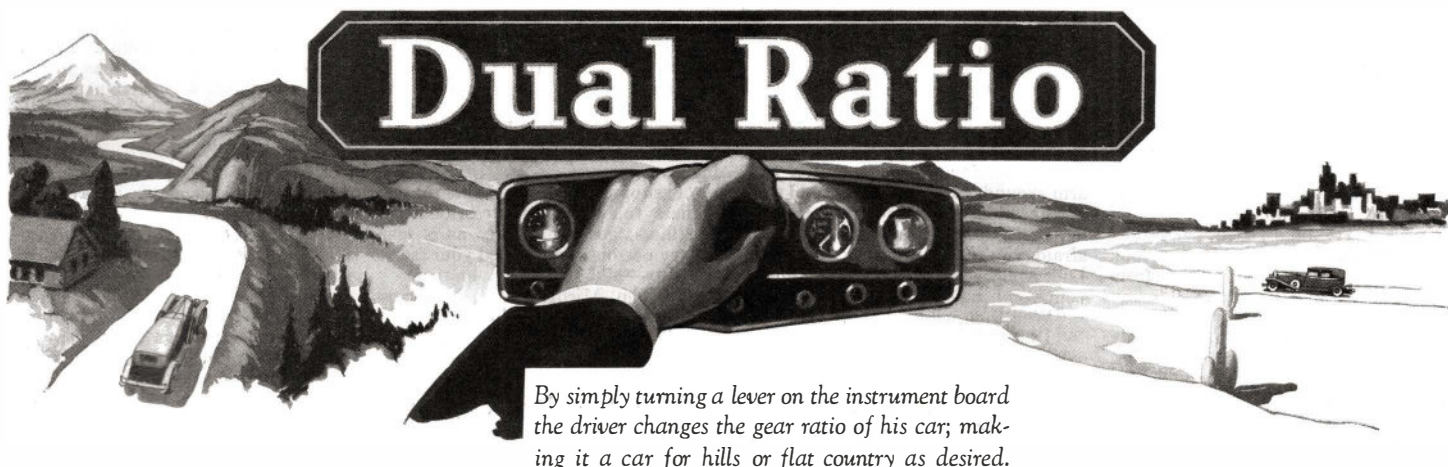
That adds flexibility, an unheard-of even flow of smooth power, and a performance that eclipses any you have ever experienced?

That performs equally well climbing hills as in flat country?

That has a second, second speed? (Enabling the owner to sail away from traffic.)

That has a high, high speed? (Reducing the engine's revolutions without slowing down the car speed.)

A car, that, in addition to offering many other improvements, will introduce:



One of America's leading manufacturers is going to put its dealers "out in front" in 1932 with new engineering that will force a complete revision of all standards for comparison of automobile values. Dual Ratio

will be a household word and have an even greater significance than Free Wheeling. Dual Ratio makes possible the first car that can meet equally well the requirements of different parts of the country.

Axle ratio means the number of engine revolutions in relation to the revolutions of the driving wheels of the car.

It is common practise to use different axle ratios depending upon the type of car, weight, and whether the purchaser lives in hilly or level country.

But an automobile is a migratory vehicle. The owner may live in Pittsburgh and have an axle geared for the hills, but may want to tour in flat country. In that case, he is racing his motor unnecessarily. And vice-versa, that is, the car owner living in a flat country greatly sacrifices performance when driving in hilly territory. It is now possible and practical to operate one axle which produces

a high and low axle ratio. It is controlled by a lever on the instrument board. Turning the lever in one direction produces one axle ratio. Turning the lever in the other direction produces the other axle ratio. The result is the Dual Ratio.

Suppose you start the car in 5 to 1 gear ratio. This means the engine makes 5 revolutions every time the rear wheels make 1 revolution. This ratio gives ample starting power and pep in get-away and speed in the lower range. When your car is moving at 45 miles per hour and the motor is still turning 5 times to 1 turn of the rear wheels, the driver turns the lever and produces the axle ratio of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. Now, the motor is only turning

$3\frac{1}{2}$ times to 1 turn of the rear wheels. Although your car continues at 45 M.P.H., up or down hill, the motor slows down to only 30 M.P.H.

In addition to a totally new kind of performance, Dual Ratio offers other advantages. Through the reduction of the speed of the fan, of universal joints, of transmission bearings and gears, of pistons, valves and connecting rods, and of clutches, etc., there results a great reduction in noises and minute vibrations, which immeasurably enhances the pleasure of driving, to say nothing of the saving in fuel.

With Dual Ratio the driver now can secure all the advantages of both high and low ratios without their disadvantages.

GRANDFATHER POUND

(Continued from Page 7)

and said, "Oh, all right. But don't get excited, mother."

"Rot! You and I are too much like your Grandfather Pound. We'll both be insane by noon. She has a talent for getting clear under our skins. Glad Hal's here. He'll try to keep the peace. This is the end of all things, old hoss."

"Think so?"

"Might just as well be," said Mrs. Hoffmann, sitting on the bed. She stretched out her legs and slowly crossed her ankles. "Run along."

"Mother, let me handle it, will you?"

"Honey, nobody'll be able to handle it. You can try, of course."

"Huh," said Jake. "How much do she and Unele Cec owe you?"

"That's outside of the picture, Jacob!"

"Don't see it is, mother. If she's comin' here to be snooty about what's none of her damn—I'm sorry—her business, why —"

Mrs. Hoffmann grinned. "Jake, your Grandfather Pound used to tell mother that some things weren't her business. But that doesn't wash with an Ellerton. Everything's her business. Wish I'd saved some of her letters to me after I got married. Besides being a disgrace to humanity and the Ellertons, I wasn't going to be a competent mother, or anything."

"I suppose she wanted you to get rid of Mr. Hoffmann," said Ludmilla.

"Say, kid!" Jake yelled.

"Never mind, Jake. All females look at domestic histories differently from the sensitive male. Dad used to say that if it was left to women there wouldn't be any skeletons in family closets. We love to talk it all out. Yes, precious fatty, your grandmother wanted me to get rid of your father. And in just about fifteen minutes she'll want me to get rid of Eric. She made dad get rid of his secretary, after Miss O'Connor told him that Cousin Sid Ellerton had unloaded the Newport property on him for about twice what it was worth. The Ellertons regarded Jake Pound as a gift from heaven. He fell in handy for the tribe. They all plunged in bad real estate—a good deal. Dad used to take me walking and end up at the Grand Central Station. He said he liked to see the other suckers coming East to get trimmed."

"Why?"

"Misery loves company, precious. . . . All right, Jake."

"All right," said Jake, and went out of the room.

Ludmilla had to shiver inside. Grandmother Pound would be sitting there, down at the long table in the sunlight, very white.

Smoke would be softly moving past her whitened face from a thin cigarette, and her white hair would be curled, and tiny diamonds in bars of platinum would glimmer in her clothes. She would sit and look at Jake coming down the hall, and her voice would tinkle at him, and he would get red, as mother did.

"And does she borrow tons of money from you, mother?"

"That's outside of the picture, Lud. She's my mother. Promise me," said Mrs. Hoffmann, "to keep your mouth shut about that, Lud."

"I've known about it a long time."

"How?"

"Well, what did you have me add your check stubs for when I flunked arithmetic year before last? There was S. P. and C. P. on a lot of them. Those

had got to be Sabina Pound and Cecil Pound. . . . Mother!"

"Yes, Lud?"

Ludmilla put her hands behind her and opened her mouth. It was very dry inside. She swallowed and said, "I want you to marry Eric. He'd be perfectly nice about it. I think he's really very fond of you. Of course he doesn't ever talk, so it's hard to find out. But he has your picture on his dresser down at his place, and one of your old powder puffs and a comb—that old one with the silver back—in the top drawer. 'Cause I was sitting on his dresser one day while he was shaving, and looked in. And if he'd save things like that, he's rather sentimental about you. He's only forty, and not fat or anything, and swims better than Jake. And then grandmother couldn't say anything about firing him, mother, and it'd be convenient for Jake and me. 'Cause it's a bore going down to see Eric when it's wet."

Mother smiled. "And then grandmother would carry on, precious, just the way she did the first time I got married. I'd get a letter every day."

"But you could just put them in the wastebasket, mother! Please, mother! I love Eric better than anybody except you," said Ludmilla.

Mrs. Hoffmann swung out a long arm around Ludmilla's waist and said, in the oddest voice, "Of course you do, precious! Of course you do! I'm afraid you're a genius or something, Lud. And when we get fifteen pounds off you, you'll be lovely, precious fatty!"

"Well, then, why don't you, mother?"

"Don't what, Lud?"

"Marry Eric."

Mrs. Hoffmann wiped her eyes on a corner of a sheet and tapped a heel on the floor. She said, "I tell you. Run down and tell Eric I have to see him. Tell him to come up as soon as he can. This is going to be awful, though!"

"But, mother, she can't do anything to you! You're thirty-six!"

"Lud, you're not quite old enough to understand some things. People—people sensitize one another. I was always on your grandfather's side. She wanted to make him over into something he wasn't. She's always wanted to make me something I'm not. People admire her. Some day you'll run into some old fool who'll tell you how Sabina Ellerton suffered from marrying a handsome roughneck from Montana. That's her side of it. Fact is that your Grandfather Pound had the thin skin. She's made out of platinum, or something. You'll find out some day that people who've lived all their lives in—in what they call civilization can be —"

A very sweet voice said, "What are you talking to Ludmilla about jewels for at this hour of the morning, Mat?"

"Jewels, mother?"

"You said something about platinum, I think, as I opened the door."

It was such a sweet and soft voice that you had to smile, hearing it, and Mrs. Pound was so lovely, all in white in the doorway, that Ludmilla smiled at her. Then she began to be hot inside. People shouldn't walk into other people's rooms without knocking.

"Platinum? Oh, yes!" Mrs. Hoffmann said. "I did speak of it. But I was talking about something else. . . . Was it hot in the sleeper, mother?"

"Insufferably, for the first of September. Especially," grandmother drawled, "as I couldn't sleep. Really,

Mat, you're cultivating eccentricity beyond the bearable point. I'm sure you had that frock three years ago."

"The children like it, mother."

"Really? Really? And does Mr. Eric like it also?" The voice ran up, and "also" was a sort of chirp. "I'm waiting to have breakfast, Mat. . . . Good morning, Ludmilla. You haven't spoken to me yet."

"Well, you haven't given me a chance," said Ludmilla.

Mother shifted on the bed. Mrs. Pound looked at Ludmilla and her eyes were little violet holes in her white face. She wasn't pretty when you stared at her a while, because the pearly powder showed in a dust on her cheeks.

"That's very impertinent, Lud."

"Mother," said Mrs. Hoffmann, moving a sole on the rug, "it happened to be true, you know."

"Just what your poor father would have said, Mat."

"Poor dad," said mother, and smiled.

Ludmilla's legs felt cold, as if she had walked into a brook without looking. These voices and these smiles came from somewhere old and tucked away in the past. Mrs. Pound smiled at the dark woman, and her daughter smiled back at her. They were both frightening now.

"I suppose, Mat, that it merely amuses you to see me described in a worthless, gossipy weekly as a mercenary person who married your father for his —"

"If The Mirliton is a worthless paper, mother, why does it bother you?"

"Unfortunately, people seem to read it."

"I see," said Mrs. Hoffmann. . . . "Precious, will you run down and tell Eric to come to breakfast as fast as he can?"

"Yes, moth—"

"Ludmilla," grandmother said, "you will stay here. . . . I have no intention of meeting Mr. Eric at all, Mat. And you surely have no intention of sending Lud on an errand to a servant in that kimono?"

"It's not a kimono," said Ludmilla.

"It's a coolie coat!"

"Run along, Lud."

"Ludmilla, stay here."

"Run along, Lud," said mother.

Ludmilla ran out of the room, startled that her cold legs moved at all. She ran down the hall and slipped between two rugs and slid, sitting, almost to the long table where Uncle Hal was drinking orange juice, and Jake sat with his chin in his hands. Jake said, "Clumsy!" and Unele Hal said, "Heavens, Lud, what are you doing?" But Ludmilla scrambled up and raced at the open door between bright southern windows. She nearly stepped on the one-eared squirrel Hobo in the rough stone porch and squashed a snail or something on the path. . . . The trouble was that mother and Jake got red and twisted when grandmother talked to them. If you just stood and took it, she couldn't do anything to you. Must be terrible to have a thin skin. . . . Ludmilla jumped across some dahlias and a gardener boy said, "Yow!" as he hopped away.

"Seen Eric?"

"Naw. His shade's down."

"Oh, darn! I'll have to get him out of bed!"

She ran down the soft driveway, its earth all damp still from the drip of

cedars in the cool night. The lake was splashing wriggles of light up across the vegetables in their terraces, and a white hen had come down from its proper place to look for worms. People always picked such nice mornings to have fights in! The birches around Eric's cottage swayed and flashed, and the trumpet vine on his porch was moist. There had been a lot of dew, she thought, getting the door open. In the living room her panting banged around her. Being plump was inconvenient when you were in a hurry. And her great braids had got all mixed up behind her neck. Ludmilla stood on her toes in front of the fireplace, craning at the mirror, and patted her hair smooth. As soon as she couldn't hear herself breathing she tramped on into the dark bedroom and let the shade fly up.

Eric rolled over under a patchwork quilt and opened a blue eye at her. He said, "Cold last night, sister," and rubbed his nose on the pillow where his yellow head had made a hole. Then he began to look at Ludmilla and sat up suddenly in dark blue pajamas, just the color of mother's coat this morning. "What's the matter, kid?"

"Mother wants you to come straight up to breakfast, Eric."

He nodded, not speaking, and Ludmilla stopped being afraid of Grandmother Pound. Eric would settle things. But there was something she had to think about. His hair curled a little above his ears and where the square beard thickened below his big mouth. She said, "You didn't have a beard at that Geneva place."

Eric never bothered about talking if a nod would do. He sat looking at Ludmilla tranquilly, as though she were a pig or a tree, and that made her feel better. But a terror came back from somewhere. Grown-up people did such strange things. You couldn't always tell. Eric was forty years old. There had been a cake with candles for him in June, two weeks before Jake's birthday. He might do something funny now, and it wasn't fair not to tell him that grandmother had come.

"Eric!"

"Go on, daughter."

"Well," said Ludmilla, putting her hands behind her, "would you mind being a stepfather for me and Jake? I mean, she's only thirty-six and I don't think she looks it, and she's ever so fond of you, and as good as said so right now, and we've had you years and years, and grandmother wants her to fire you! Please, Eric! She's awfully nice, and when she does get excited and sarcastic, it's her what's-its-name—heredity. It's because she's Grandfather Pound's daughter. He ran away from school in Ohio and was a cowpuncher in Wyoming, and then he went into Montana and got to be a copper king. I don't see how he did, if he was excitable and took things as hard as mother and Jake do. And he told mother to be sure and marry a man with blue eyes and big feet. Heard her tell Uncle Hal so. And Mr. Hoffmann must have had blue eyes, because mine are, and Jake's feet are pretty big. Anyhow, he came East and married grandmother. She's an Ellerton. I don't know what it is about the Ellertons, only they think they're fearfully hot. And she's always trying to boss people. But Grandfather Pound got fed up and used to run off on his private car and take mother out West.

and Mr. Hoffmann's father was the manager of the ranch in California, and she met him that way. Only grandmother never would meet him, and I expect he ate with his knife or used too much slang or drank, or something mother hates, 'cause she divorced him. And now grandmother wants her to fire you, 'cause —"

"Get your breath, kid," said Eric. "Court ten."

"And if you marry mother," Ludmilla went on, after counting ten, "all she can do is advise mother to get rid of you, and you needn't pay any attention to that. And Jake's awfully fond of you and—I am. Please, Eric!"

Eric grinned and rubbed his beard. "I don't think you'd mind it a bit, Eric! Honestly! If she gets excited, it's just hereditary, like getting bald or something. I expect Grandfather Pound wasn't very intelligent. Of course mother says he was wonderful, but I —"

"Shut up, daughter," said Eric. "Jake Pound was a grand person."

"Well, mother says so, but —"

"He was a fine man, kid. . . . Clear out. I'm getting up."

"Oh, Eric, you will marry her?"

Eric nodded.

"Oh, Eric, you are nice!"

"Clear out," said Eric.

Of course it was much too soon to explain about the black dress with some silver upon the shoulder and absolutely no sleeves. After he had married mother, she would talk to him seriously about that and some other things. Ludmilla walked up toward the house, smiling at the bright lake and the hills. The grass was still wet enough to be nice under her feet. Sandy Bell had his red-sailed canoe out on the water already, and she waved to him hopefully and Sandy tossed a brown arm. He had velvet eyes like mother's slinky velvet dress that was brown or black if you stood away from it, and Jake was wrong about his legs. They were not really thin. Ludmilla went on smiling and Uncle Hal stopped walking the porch with a muffin in his hand and smiled at her.

"Better not go on in, Lud."

"But I'm hungry."

"Oh, well," said her uncle, "you haven't any nerves. Did my best to stop this, Lud. I honestly did." He nibbled his muffin and shook a crumb from his gray coat. "But the opportunity of being nasty about something — Oh, well!"

"Well, Eric says he'll marry mother, anyhow."

Uncle Hal stared at her. She was afraid he would make a speech, but he just said, "Oh, well! I'm not sure that isn't the best way out of it. He's a nice chap. Talked to him last summer. You and Jake had better go hide in the woods, though. Funny how much we put up with from people. Gad! When you're grown up, Lud, and have kids, just remember they've their own lives to live. 'Trite, but true."

"Mother says Grandfather Pound told her that if children weren't told who their parents were and just met them around, they probably wouldn't care ten cents—no, a red cent it was! They wouldn't care the least little bit about them in nine cases out of ten."

"He was a big man. Realize it more and more. Funny thing," said her uncle, after finishing the muffin: "she wouldn't ever believe she's just Jake Pound's widow to lots of people. Nobody remembers Grandfather Ellerton—your great-grandfather, Lud. Or the bishop. Heard a man at Newport. Sunday, telling some girl she was a

farmer's daughter when dad married her. Mother on a farm! But people believe anything."

Jake pitched out of the door with his face wet, and spun around to tell Ludmilla, "I'm going for Eric! I won't stand and hear her call him n-names when she hasn't ever met him! I'm going —" Then he ran down the grass and jumped over a bed of dahlias.

"He does get excited," said Ludmilla.

"Don't blame him. I wouldn't go in there if I were you, Lud."

Ludmilla walked into the hall. Next time Jake got funny she would certainly remind him that grandmother had made him cry. Yes, if he said anything about Sandy Bell's legs, she would begin to remind him at once. A person who had been a year at Princeton shouldn't cry. Ludmilla put her fists on her hips and studied grandmother, not at all afraid of her now. Mrs. Pound stopped turning a spoon on the sunny table and looked at her.

"Leave the room, Ludmilla. I'm talking to your mother."

"Isn't a room. It's the hall."

"That will do. Go outside. Jake's inherited your grandfather's habit of yelling like a red Indian when he loses his temper. You simply have no manners," said the white little person tenderly. Her voice went sweetly on: "Go away at once."

"I got first prize in my class for good conduct at school this winter. . . . Eric's coming, mother."

"Thanks, precious."

"Ludmilla," said Mrs. Pound, "go away at once."

Ludmilla did not like that. She stared at Mrs. Pound with those diamonds in the little platinum bars heaving so very slowly in the lace of her breast. She was never going to get any breakfast if this kind of nonsense went on, and she was so hungry that her head ached already.

"This is mother's house. I don't suppose you realize that—that you're just Grandfather Pound's widow to lots of people. Nobody remembers who Great-grandfather Ellerton was. Or the bishop. A man at Newport was saying the other day that you were a farmer's daughter out West when Grandfather Pound married you. I don't think you're very important or

interesting or anything. I think you —"

"Lud," said Mrs. Hoffmann.

"Oh, all right, mother! But I don't see why you and Jake get excited about her. Anyhow, Eric says he'll marry you, and then you don't have to pay any attention to her. He's coming up as soon as he's dressed."

"Thank you, Lud," her mother said.

She was sitting with her elbows on the table, behind a bowl filled with asters, and Ludmilla could not see all of her brown face. But it seemed that she was not really much excited. Ludmilla wondered if she was not smiling beyond the green Italian bowl and the flowers. The strangeness of grown-up people came back. Grandmother stood turning the old spoon, and smiled fearfully, and mother smiled secretly. She began to be afraid of them again and lifted a foot to set it on a warmer place in the sunshine on the bare floor.

"And so Mr. Eric will condescend to marry your mother?"

"He's not condescending! He can swim all around Pine Island and back. He isn't condescending at all! He never laughs when you fall off your horse or anything! He taught me algebra and some German."

"And you want your mother to marry this nobody and —"

"He's not nobody! You ought to see all the girls try to dance with him at the club. And Mrs. Vine's been trying to grab him ever since she got out of mourning. Eric isn't nobody!"

"He's another good-looking cowboy from California. Your mother seems to have a penchant for —"

"Grandfather Pound was cowboy!"

"That will do," said Mrs. Pound. "I've been obliged to hear enough about your grandfather this morning."

Mother got up, rising blue behind the asters, and leaned on the table with both hands. She said, "Mother, you're in dad's house. Either speak of him decently, or clear out. If that sounds sentimental, why, let it. This is Jake Pound's house. I'm his daughter. You're being insufferably vulgar. We may as well finish this before he gets here. He's been a father to my kids. I love him—have a long time. If you can't manage to be civil, please —"

"You're quite shameless, Mat," said Mrs. Pound.

"Quite! And just at this minute I'm shameless enough to slap you if you won't behave yourself. Dad never did. Jake Pound wasn't vulgar. You are!"

Mrs. Pound turned the spoon and then looked sideways at Eric when he came padding over the floor in dark moccasins. As they looked at each other, Ludmilla sat down, because her knees disappeared and she did not have any legs at all. Eric put his fists in the pockets of his corduroys and stood with his beard coming down on the top of an old blue shirt.

"Good morning."

"I assume," said grandmother, "that you are Mr. Eric."

"Mamma always called me that. She didn't like me being named for Mr. Pound. Her dad was named Eric Lundquist. Swedish. Mat got used to hearing mamma call me Eric when we were kids out at the ranch. I'm your son-in-law, Mrs. Pound, but you can be polite to me and Jake and Lud, or clear out of here. That's all."

Mrs. Pound turned the spoon on the table and looked at him. Ludmilla remembered simply that Jake said, "Dad," in Geneva. It was silly to have forgotten that. And he would certainly let her have a black evening frock without any sleeves now. When grandmother got through being nasty and he was having his breakfast, they could talk about it.

"May I ask when Mat married you again, Mr. Hoffmann?"

"December fifteenth, 1917. San Francisco. Two days after she got her decree. I got some leave and went home and met her in San Francisco. This has been pretty much of a strain on Jake. He caught on years ago. Kept his mouth shut fine. . . . Get up off the floor, Lud, and go put some stockings on," he said. "It was my idea, Mrs. Pound, to have her get the divorce and shut you up. I was down on the border in the Army, and we couldn't be with each other, so it didn't matter. Only I've been getting sick of this lately. It's why I gave that paper a thousand dollars to write us up. They did a swell job. I heard Mr. Pound tell dad once about him paying a society paper to write you up for paintin' too thick. That gave me the idea. . . . Run and put some stockings on, daughter."

Grandmother laid the spoon aside and said gently, "I believe there's a ten-o'clock train. . . . Have some breakfast sent to the sun porch for me, Mat. . . . Do you know, Mr. Hoffmann, you rather remind me of my husband?"

"Thanks."

"That was not meant as a compliment. Good morning."

Ludmilla got up when the white little figure had passed out of the hall into the glazed western porch. But mother was looking at him, and he was looking at her. She seemed somehow to be in the way, and her feet felt big. So she said, "Well, I'll put some stockings on, and then I want to talk to you seriously, dad, about my clothes. It's really important."

"You come back in five minutes, daughter, and I'll listen to you. Clear out."

As she ran up the hall Ludmilla heard glass tinkle wildly on the table and mother saying, "Oh, Jake!" But it would not be polite to turn around and look, and anyhow, there was the black dress to think about, with some silver on the shoulder and her arms all bare. Meanwhile things had stopped being messy and settled down again.



"Just Wait Till I Get My Health Back. I'll Show You How to Act on a Trapeze"

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE



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FOR

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HERE is the distinguished "face" of the new Buick for 1932. A magnificent new friend—yet basically the same honest, dependable friend you've known for years.

It is a familiar sight on boulevard and highway even now. For Buick engineers and craftsmen have made Buick for 1932 the outstanding Buick of all time. And the motorists of America are according it the most enthusiastic welcome any new Buick ever received.

Do you realize how gratifying this public goodwill is to Buick—the interest which men and women have displayed in every new Buick for twenty-eight years—the preference which has caused them to give Buick four-to-one sales leadership over all eights in its price range—the allegiance which inspires eighty-nine per cent of all Buick owners to purchase Buicks again and again?

And do you wonder that Buick works so zealously to be worthy of this good-will and of the time-proved pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

How faithfully this pledge is being fulfilled again this year is apparent to everyone. Motorists will

talk for months to come of the many vital advancements which are causing them to pronounce this the finest Buick ever produced:

The newly-styled, newly-beautified Bodies by Fisher—modernized in lines, colors, upholsterings, appointments—the most luxurious Buick bodies ever created.

The Wizard Control, greatest achievement since the self-starter—combining new Automatic Clutch, Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission—imparting wonderful new ease and pleasure to driving.

The new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine (high compression optional without extra cost), introducing an entirely new order of fleet, smooth, virile performance.

The New Ride Regulator—permitting such precise adjustment of shock absorbers that the driver may choose his ride to suit road conditions, number of passengers and car speed.

Most pleasing of all to Buick is the fact that this nationwide good-will and preference is extending to new thousands of families, including those of unlimited means as well as those in modest circumstances. America is agreed that this new Buick, with 26 luxurious models at new low prices, \$935 to \$2055, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., is the Eight with *Everything*—for *Everybody*.

THE



OUTSTANDING BUICK OF ALL TIME

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS
WITH BODY BY FISHER + + +

GETTING TOGETHER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Will you get out of here?" the elder Tatton roared.

"With policemen maybe," Charles replied calmly: "but I have a friend, Jacob Kleeman, and I want to talk about him, too, because if you think that this Miss Spivaek ain't good enough for your boy to marry, it's all right by me, but why should he go to work and ruin Kleeman's life too?"

For a moment Tatton looked in a puzzled way at Charles, who was perspiring with earnestness.

"Come into my office," Tatton said, and led the way into a room which had that air of shabbiness so prized by Mr. Tatton's elderly clients.

He motioned Charles to an old Windsor chair.

"Now explain yourself in English, if you can," he snapped.

"I can explain myself in English, Hungarian, Russian, German, Polish and four or five other languages," Charles said without trying to be boastful, "but I talk according to my company; so first I would ask you if you would give Louis Spivaek an extension of two weeks to clear off the Tenement House violations on them One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street houses?"

"Absolutely not," Tatton replied.

"Good!" Charles exclaimed. "So now let's talk turkey. You would have kicked your son out of your business because he got engaged with Miss Spivaek, a beautiful young woman, with a baccalaureate from a woman's college. I am myself pretty near doctor of jurisprudence, from Lemberg, but I failed six times because of chess trouble, whereas this young lady is already working for a higher degree and is socially minded—or that's what my son tells me, anyway."

"What has all this to do with me?" Tatton asked impatiently.

"With you it should ought to have nothing to do," Charles said. "But my friend Jake Kleeman has got already a heart of gold. He gets her father into the Actors' Hospital, he gives her a job in one of his motion-picture theaters, he loves her like anything, even though he does treat her like a perfect gentleman; and then your son comes along. Not only is he already engaged to one lovely woman, but he acts so bad that she breaks off the match."

"I know she did," Tatton declared, "and lucky for him that she did, because if she didn't he would have been finished with me."

"Then it is to you nothing that this boy of yours now gets engaged to be married to a young lady with no education who works as cashier in a motion-picture theater?" Charles asked.

"What?" Mr. Tatton exclaimed, and his voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Not that I have a word to say against her," Charles continued. "She's a good girl, and her folks have had hard luck, but the way you look to me, you are a sort of American *Edelmann*—or that's what you think, anyway—and your son must marry the daughter of a house with at least twenty-five quarters, like the Hapsburgs or something; never mind if she has a figure like an anchovy and a face you could scratch matches on it."

"I've heard enough from you!" Tatton cried.

"And you're going to hear more," Charles continued. "My friend Jake Kleeman ain't much of a chess player,

I admit, but he worships the ground that this here Miss Bennett walks on; and so far as he is concerned, and I am concerned, too, two people like her and your son stands a much better chance of happiness when one of them ain't got an old fool for a father like you."

Never in all his sixty-two years had anybody called Mr. Tatton an old fool, and in addition to becoming absolutely purple in the face, he rang an old-fashioned bell which rested on his desk next to the bottle of pounce—which is a substance composed of powdered rosin used to sprinkle on erasures so that ink will not sink into the paper at the site of the erasure.

"Send for a policeman," he said to the scared office boy, and Charles waved his hand indulgently.

"That ain't necessary," Charles declared, extricating his bulky person from the Windsor chair. "Furthermore, the truth is the truth, and you can't change it with policemen. So if you like your son to be engaged to be married to a motion-picture cashier, all I could say is good morning and *verplutz*."

With these genteel words, Charles repaired to the Café Krasnopolsky, where he was already late for business, since it was only in the forenoon that the habitués played with one another. They reserved the afternoons and evenings for games with amateurs who were good for coffee and cigars when baited with an offer of a rook and a couple of pawns. In the forenoons, however, chess playing at the Café Krasnopolsky was done not for coffee but for blood, as it were, and Charles soon dismissed all thoughts of Spivaek's affairs from his mind, which was fully occupied in attempting to defeat a player who had made such a life study of chess that he had failed twice in the wholesale clothing business. He had just succeeded in getting his opponent to resign the game, because of seeing an inevitable checkmate some two hours in the future, when Jacob Kleeman rushed into the Café Krasnopolsky.

"Murderer!" Jacob shouted. "You are shedding my blood!"

He uttered these words in the vernacular, but all chess playing ceased for the moment, since, as Charles had told the elder Tatton, almost any language was understood in that café.

"Please!" a waiter interrupted. "No *Ueschwei* around here, otherwise the police captain from the precinct says we would have to close early by three o'clock in the morning. We got our orders only last New Year's already."

"And besides, who is shedding your blood?" Charles asked. "I arranged everything for you this morning. The father objects so strong to the match that I bet you he would sooner see his son marry Miss Spivaek than this here movie cashier."

Jacob Kleeman sank with a moan into the nearest chair, and as an indication of how mentally disturbed he felt, he was wearing the same necktie that he had worn on the previous evening.

"You arranged everything!" he exclaimed. "Right now I was to my Second Avenue theater, and what you said to the father I don't know, but the doorman phoned me that I should come up right away, as Miss Bennett had locked up the cash and had gone with this Robert W. Tatton, Jr., to

Greenwich, Connecticut, in a low-rate taxicab."

"Can I help it if this boy is foolish with his money?" Charles observed. "If she is willing he should take her for a ride by fifteen cents the first quarter of a mile and five cents every quarter afterward, you should feel lucky that maybe you would be escaping a young lady with such extravagant ideas."

"What do you mean—maybe I would escape her?" Jacob moaned. "You live in the past. Don't you know what it means when people all of a sudden take a taxi to Greenwich, Connecticut?"

Charles shrugged his huge shoulders. "I should know what people do in taxicabs!" he said. "If I ride once a month in the subway, that's big already."

"It ain't what they do in the taxicab," Jacob said. "It's what they do in Greenwich. They get married there, because in Greenwich, Connecticut, you don't have to wait so long, so what did you tell it to the father this morning? The doorman says he heard young Tatton say that you was down to his father's office and spilled the beans, so there was no use waiting any longer; and for this I act like a friend and give your son law business yet!"

Charles once more shrugged his shoulders. "I consider that you had a lucky escape," he declared. "A very lucky escape, which this would be a lesson to me, Kleeman, that I should never try to do anybody a favor again."

By not altogether a strange coincidence, these were almost the very words that Sam Hilder used when Louis Spivaek came to Sam's law office the following morning.

"Now you see what you done to me?" Louis cried, waving a letter in his hand. "The lawyers write me a letter that your father, that chess loafer, went down to see them, and they refuse to give me an extension to clear off them Tenement House violations."

"Yeah?" Sam remarked coldly. "Well, if I hadn't started in and done you favors by busting up that match for you, he would never have known about those houses at all. So you'll do me the favor and not talk about my old man like that. If he wants to loaf away his life with chess, that's my business; and anyhow, you come rushing in here like I'd be the janitor of those houses and it was my fault that they're so dirty they ain't fit for human occupancy."

"Who is talking about human occupancy?" Louis asked. "I'm renting them to *Italienerin* which they use the trim and the stair rails for firewood in cold weather, and my own daughter Regine turns against me and says I should let go my equity in them houses; such Bolshevik ideas she has."

"How much equity have you got in them houses?" Sam asked.

"Two thousand dollars," Louis replied.

"Well, then she ain't got such Bolshevik ideas," Sam declared, "especially the way real estate is today; because if I was you, Mr. Spivaek, I would put it up to those lawyers that they should give you a satisfaction of the mortgage and take over those houses. If they foreclose on you, you'll have a deficiency judgment against you, and what's worse, you'll be good for it too."

Once more Mr. Spivaek moaned so piteously that Sam's indurated heart

was touched. "If you paid me a thousand dollars," he added, "I couldn't give you better legal advice, and it's common sense too."

Louis stroked his generous beard for more than a minute. "For the sake of old times, Mr. Hilder," he said at last, "would you go down to Tatton & Tatton and put this proposition up to them? After all, it's the best thing to do."

"What do you mean—old times?" Sam asked. "Three weeks, at the outside, I've known you. Free, for nothing, I busted up a match for you, and now you say I should waste another morning for the sake of old times yet. You've got a funny idea of old times, I must say. This is already a late 1931 model of old times you are talking about, and if you want me to get a satisfaction of the mortgage on them One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street houses, the least it would cost you is fifteen dollars; otherwise I wouldn't touch it at all."

Mr. Spivaek clapped his derby hat on his head with a clear, tambourine-like sound. "I see you ain't got no heart, Mr. Hilder," he said, "and so I would struggle along with them houses, even if I would get to pay some other shark twenty-five dollars even that he should stop them *Italienerin* from making firewood out of the trim."

But Mr. Spivaek, nevertheless, held no such opinion about Sam's heart. In fact, that same evening, at his dinner table, Mr. Spivaek used, in effect, the state of what he believed to be Sam's heart in the arguments which he advanced to his daughter.

"The feller would listen to anything you say," he declared. "Why don't you see this Hilder tomorrow morning and ask him to get the satisfaction of mortgage as a favor to you?"

"And save you fifteen dollars?" Miss Spivaek asked. "Why, if you had any sense of responsibility, you would tear those houses down, no matter what it cost you."

Mr. Spivaek responded with his usual moan. "If I would have sent you to Horace Mann and let it go at that, instead of giving you an education by Barnard, might you wouldn't be such a serpent's tooth, maybe," he said, "but rather than pay a lawyer he should help me to sacrifice them houses. I would keep them till they fall over."

"But Mr. Hilder has a right to charge you for getting that satisfaction of the mortgage," she declared.

"When you could get him to do it for nothing?" Spivaek asked, and Regine rose from the table.

"Very well," she said firmly. "I'll see Mr. Hilder tomorrow morning."

It must not be supposed that Miss Spivaek had wasted her education. She was the executive secretary, under salary, of two societies for the abatement of muffler cut-outs, automobile horn blowing and radio loud-speakers in private homes during the open-window season. She also interested herself in Near East relief when paid regular wages for doing so, but her particular hobby was the New York housing problem as it affected the poor, and for this she received no salary whatever. She loved this problem for itself alone, and she was so constantly indignant over the ownership by her father of his two flagrant examples of bad housing that whenever she thought of it her pale complexion became

heightened in color and her black eyes fairly glowed.

She was thus looking her best when, at a quarter to nine the following morning, she entered the ex-candy store where Sam Hilder practiced law, and Sam was so aware of it that he excused himself for a moment while he ejected a proposed client who wanted to pay five dollars for being defended against a charge of using coloring matter in strawberry ice-cream soda, against the peace and dignity of the state of New York and the statute in such case made and provided.

"What can I do for you, Miss Spivaek?" he asked, almost tremulously.

"You know those two houses on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street," she began, and Sam nodded. "Well, my father has changed his mind and is willing to pay you fifteen dollars for getting the mortgagee to take over the houses."

She drew out her personal check book.

"Have you a pen?" she asked, and Sam waved his hand in her face.

"I was only bluffing," he declared. "Personally I would pay money to see them—I mean those houses—torn down. So as long as you don't want to go down to Tatton & Tatton, Miss Spivaek, it would be a pleasure for me to do it for you."

"Who said I don't want to go down?" Regine asked indignantly.

"But you're not a lawyer, Miss Spivaek," Sam said.

"Then come down there with me," she announced, "and I'll tell Tatton & Tatton what I think about advancing money and taking as security those old-fashioned tenements."

"You bet!" Sam exclaimed, and a few minutes later Sam was on his way down to the offices of Tatton & Tatton, leaving several prospective clients to plead their own causes before the sitting magistrate.

"Mr. Tatton, the father, is always in his office at nine o'clock," Sam said as they rode down town on a Third Avenue L train, "but you won't find young Tatton there."

"I'm not relying on him to do me any favors," Miss Spivaek said, and tried to make her remark sound as casual as though she had not heard from her father that Miss Bennett was now Mrs. Robert W. Tatton, Jr.

"And furthermore, the old man has the say in that office," Sam continued, "so that if he wants to accept the houses in satisfaction of the mortgage, his word will be enough until your father executes a deed. When I was a clerk with Bashkowitz & Fixberg, and we closed a title with Tatton & Tatton, we knew that if Mr. Tatton said anything, he stuck to it."

Now, on many occasions, the elder Tatton had said to the younger Tatton that if he did anything rash in the matrimonial line, he was no longer a member of the firm of Tatton & Tatton, and, therefore, when Sam and Regine started to enter the offices of what had been Tatton & Tatton, a sign painter was busy removing the firm's name with turpentine, and was preparing to inscribe in its place:

ROBERT W. TATTON, SR.,
COUNSELOR AT LAW

In fact, so eager was Robert W. Tatton, Sr., to efface his son's name, as a symbolic turning of Bob Tatton's face toward the wall, that he himself was superintending the job, and therefore became immediately accessible to Sam and Regine.

"Good morning, Mr. Tatton," Sam said, and shook hands vigorously with the elder Tatton before that dignified practitioner was even aware of it. "You'll remember me. I used to be managing clerk for Bashkowitz & Fixberg, and I want to introduce you to Miss Regine Spivaek."

Mr. Tatton started visibly as he looked at Regine, who, to his astonishment, fulfilled all his ideals of dignity, beauty and refinement. He noted with approval the lack of cosmetics, the coils of brown hair, unbobbed, the calm gaze of her eyes, and his chivalry was instantly awakened.

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Spivaek," he said, as though he had long anticipated the opportunity. "Won't you come into my office, both of you?"

He waved them to seats and muttered, "Bless my soul." The night before, he had been interviewed by Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Tatton, Jr., and his exclamation was a reflex of the comparison which he mentally made between Ann Bennett's blond hair, her tiptoed nose and her lip rouge, and Miss Regine Spivaek's conservative beauty. He even admired the slight down on Regine's upper lip.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked, and Regine, without waiting for Sam to speak in her behalf, went to the root of the matter.

"The mortgage which you hold on my father's One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street houses is amply secured by the lots, even if those houses were torn down," she began.

"I quite agree with you," Tatton said.

"It is simply disgraceful that human beings should live in such houses," Regine continued with heat, and as Sam was afraid that she would begin an indictment of mortgagees who lent money on New York rookeries, he laid a hand on her arm.

"So what we are here to ask is that you give Mr. Spivaek a satisfaction of the mortgage and he will execute a deed of the houses and lots," he said hurriedly. "Mr. Spivaek is willing to sacrifice his equity in the houses, and, besides, it would cost a lot to comply with the orders of the Tenement House Department. So I'll have the deed down here tomorrow," he concluded, without giving Regine an opportunity to speak.

"And I will prepare the satisfaction piece of the mortgage," Tatton replied.

"Much obliged," Sam blurted out, and permitted himself the liberty of kicking Regine's ankle. "So we'll say good morning."

"Happy to have met you, Miss Spivaek," Tatton added, rising to his feet, and before Regine was aware of it, she was outside on the narrow sidewalk of Nassau Street, while Tatton sank into his chair and began, for the first time, to realize some of the disadvantages of caste prejudice.

"I'm sorry I kicked you," Sam said, "but you can't argue with a reactionary bird like Tatton. He has a priori ideas about everything except, perhaps, motion-picture cashiers."

He looked admiringly at the flushed and indignant Miss Spivaek. "You'll excuse me saying so, Miss Spivaek," Sam continued, "but he turned you down, sight unseen, and when he met you just now a blind man could tell that he was kicking himself."

"I don't understand you," Miss Spivaek said.

"Well, to be plain about it, he didn't want you to marry his son," Sam explained.

"And I feel that he did me a favor," Miss Spivaek retorted.

"Certainly," Sam agreed, "but I guess you heard that Bob Tatton married Miss Bennett."

"She was exactly suited to him," Regine said.

"Perhaps," Sam said, "but you'll notice that he was taking Bob Tatton's name off the door. Bob will have to practice law for himself now, and it'll be slim picking for him. There are thousands of lawyers in America today who are real-estate experts, and some of them are driving taxis to support their families."

Upon this observation Miss Spivaek made no comment.

"He seemed to think that practicing law was beneath him," Sam concluded at the Brooklyn Bridge station of the Third Avenue L. "He'll come to it yet, Miss Spivaek, the same as I did."

"But you're not only a pettifogging lawyer, Mr. Hilder," Regine said gratefully. "You have discretion, resourcefulness, and everything that goes to make up a successful lawyer."

"Everything but good English," Sam agreed as they parted, and in the offices of the Regency Amusement Company, that same afternoon, Jacob Kleeman admitted the same defect in Sam Hilder's practice of the law.

"You're dead right," he said to Robert W. Tatton, Jr. "He don't talk the same kind of Harvard English like you do."

"Yale," Robert W. Tatton, Jr., corrected.

"Yale! Harvard! What's the difference?" Jacob said impatiently. "Which there are times when I don't talk such good English like I should ought to myself."

He made this statement in a manner implying that even Homer occasionally nodded, together with just a suggestion that beggars could not be choosers, for Mrs. Robert W. Tatton, Jr., had rung him up as soon as her husband had been asked by the elder Tatton, in effect, never to darken his Nassau Street doors again, and Jacob had told young Tatton to come over and see him with a view to acquiring the law business of the Regency Amusement Company.

"So, therefore, my idea is that if you want my law business, Tatton, you should ought to go into partnership with Sam Hilder," Jake repeated, after Bob had murmured that Sam was all right but that his English was not. "Supposing he ain't such a Shakspeare like all that, Tatton; he has got a wonderful head on his shoulders, and the apples don't fall far from the tree, neither, because his father, Charles Hildersheimer, is a crack-a-jack chess player, and pretty near become a lawyer in Lemberg, Austria. Furthermore, if Sam Hilder can't speak such English like he had hot mush in his mouth, he can *doch* make himself understood in German and Polish, and nothing can stop that guy from getting together a big law practice."

Jake spoke with earnestness, and also with friendliness, for he had by this time so resigned himself to the loss of Miss Bennett that he was wearing a necktie that fairly made Bob Tatton blink, and his clothes fitted him to such perfection that he seemed to have been poured into them.

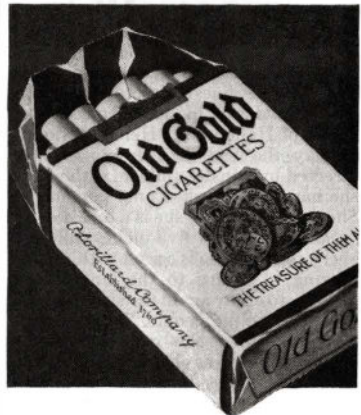
"You two boys could take together an office on Madison Avenue," he concluded, "and with the business you could get from your friends and his friends, in six months you would be paying expenses."

Fresh

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OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

"I'll think it over," Bob Tatton replied.

But when he returned to the bridal suite of the Hotel Northenden, where Mrs. Tatton, Jr., awaited him, he was urged to follow Jake's advice, not only by the former Miss Bennett, who had not been a cashier for nothing, but by the consciousness that instead of being a millionaire, as Hildersheimer and others believed, he was now without his share of the steady income which flowed into the law firm of Tatton & Tatton, and that, as a married man, he had such responsibilities as board and lodging for two at the Hotel Northenden, even supposing that no children blessed their union.

When he entered Sam's office the following morning at what, to Bob, was practically the middle of the night, it being only slightly before nine o'clock, he did not at once broach the matter of a partnership.

"The fact is," he said, after receiving Sam's congratulations on his marriage, "though we're extremely happy and all that, there's a great deal in this marrying in haste and repenting at leisure."

"Well, my idea is," Sam Hilder remarked with a sigh, "that if you love a girl you should ought to marry her."

Bob winced at this double auxiliary verb, but agreed to the statement. "I don't regret it a bit," he declared, "but I don't know whether you know it or not—my father has kicked me out of the firm."

"That's too bad," Sam commented, "although to my mind, Tatton, practicing real-estate law is a dog's life."

"You're perfectly right," Bob said, "but my share of the loot—I mean the fees—from closing real-estate loans, drawing wills and all that rot, as well as accountings of executors, was nearer twenty thousand a year than it was fifteen."

Sam could not restrain a whistle of astonishment.

"And I had only a one-seventh interest in the firm of Tatton & Tatton at that," Bob concluded, and Sam nodded his head up and down in a sort of palsy implying: What some men won't do for love! He said aloud, however: "Well, certainly, your wife is a nice girl and everything, but at the same time, if your old man had died, Gawd forbid, you would have inherited the whole practice yourself."

Bob nodded gloomily. "And now I've got to start in at the bottom the way you did," he declared.

"Not if you practice in the criminal courts," Sam said consolingly. "I had only a lot of poor friends, and they never get into no trouble, except if they may get pinched for not keeping gas lighted in dark hallways or selling dipped milk, y'understand, whereas with rich friends like yours, at any time one of them is liable to hit somebody with a bottle in a night club, or they get sued by chorus girls, and one way or another, you can soak them for a big retainer. Am I right or wrong?"

"But would I know how to handle cases like that?" Bob asked. "I can create a trust for a million-dollar estate, and it will be double riveted and absolutely fireproof so far as the heirs' accelerating the remainder is concerned, but if one of those heirs got mixed up with a waitress he'd have to come to a lawyer who knows the law like you."

"That's not law," Sam said. "It's common sense."

"Whatever it is, you've got it," Bob retorted. "You know how to go about those things."

"And three days after I got admitted to the bar I put the law of uses and trusts so far behind me, Tatton, that I wouldn't know a valid power of sale, not if you was to hit me over the head with it," Sam announced.

"But if you had someone in your office that did, and could bring you that sort of business, Hilder, perhaps we might make a go of it," Bob remarked in an off-hand manner, although he felt as though he were plunging into a cold bath in an unheated bathroom, and Sam's reception of this statement added no heat whatever.

"We?" Sam exclaimed. "Why, I wouldn't ask you to stand for the kind of clients I've got. You're used to something better."

"Sure!" Bob exclaimed. "They hit one another over the head with bottles in night clubs. That's how much better they are, and they write love letters which they'd hate to have introduced into evidence, not because they're love

letters but they don't want the world to know what rotten spellers they are."

"And I'd hate the world to know what rotten grammar I use when I'm natural," Sam said.

"You don't have to be natural all the time," Bob urged. "That night you were at the Regency Theater you talked like William Graham Sumner. I was a bit excited, but I could see right then and there, Hilder, that Miss Spivack was interested in every word you said."

"Miss Spivack just naturally gets me to talking grammatically," Sam said. "She's got a brain, Tatton; although I ain't saying a word against your wife. She's a lovely girl too."

"Then why don't we get together, you and I?" Bob asked. "We could take an office on Madison Avenue, and in six months we ought to be going strong. I can finance the firm that long, and if we don't pick up a lot of bottle throwers on the night of the Yale-Harvard football game, what do they have night clubs for?"

Sam reflected for a moment. "It sounds reasonable to me," he admitted.

"And I know at least three men in my class who are shelling out every week to ex-Follies girls who are so ex that even Ziegfeld himself couldn't identify them," Bob continued.

Sam's eyes gleamed with what might be termed the lust for cross-examination. "We'll fix them," he said, extending his hand toward Bob, "and we'll call the firm Tatton & Hilder. It'll give it more class."

UPWARD PROGRESS OF A CHAUCHOIN

(Continued from Page 30)

Miss Colbert reads and reads and reads, and her favorite authors are Joseph Conrad and Edna Ferber. In motion pictures, she thinks King Vidor is the finest director and that *The Crowd* was his masterpiece, just ahead of *Hallelujah*. Her ambition is to play the lead in a dramatic opus directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with whom she has so far worked only in comedy. She doesn't believe she is a *comédienne*.

She is five feet five inches tall, and every so often she is seized with a great longing to return to the land of her fathers, to enjoy again the simple pleasures of a simple people. To her astonishment, when she goes home, she discovers things so changed that melancholy overcomes her and she hurries back posthaste to New York and her apartment on Central Park West. America, she declares, is a country that gets you. I always thought it was Papéiti and Pango-Pango that got a person, but it seems the star-spangled U. S. A. enjoys the getting habit, and once you are here from France or dear old Mesopotamia, you cannot ever return home in joy, for you find the old folks provincial and dull, and the old ways saddening.

An Important Five Minutes

Turning to more cheerful aspects, we discover that Claudette, at an early age, was run over by a six-wheeled truck laden with sugar in barrels, and wound up in the ditch, suffused in amazement but without pain. The anguish came later from a cracked ankle, but the first sensation, after being run over by a truck, was a sort of numbness not wholly unpleasant. This happened even before the French-teaching days, and the wounded knee and ankle have long since healed up.

The worst experience she ever had in her life was struggling through the five minutes that preceded the opening of *A Kiss in the Taxi*. Mr. Al Woods was producing the play and Miss Colbert was playing the lead, and there was a gentlemen's agreement between them that if she failed to make good that night she would be automatically fired, without acrimony on either side. So she leaned against the wall, shivered and almost died during those five minutes, but was not subsequently given the air.

Her favorite book, of all the lovely books, is Robinson Crusoe, followed closely by Gulliver's Travels, which probably accounts for those tramp steamers. Once upon a time she hurried into Philadelphia, summoned a taxicab and started off, and before her on the floor of the taxi was a baby's shoe—an innocent little pink baby shoe—which she gathered up and put in her bag. The Philadelphia expedition must have succeeded: for from that day to this the pink shoe is her charm, voodoo, lucky piece and pet superstition, and whenever she begins a new cinema job the baby shoe is out there for at least a scene or two.

Her favorite color is white, whether it is a color or not. If she had to live perpetually in one town, that town would be New York City. She thinks Greta Garbo is a great actress—probably the best, if you have in mind the silent pictures—but coming down to the gabby films of today, Claudette says that the finest actress before the American public is Marie Dressler. As Miss Dressler has had her pay increased lately, there may be something in this.

Waiting for a Miracle to Happen

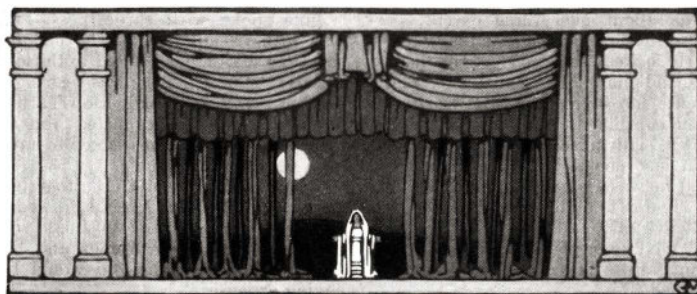
Among gentlemen, she admires most the thinking type of man and not the broad-shouldered hero crashing through to a touchdown at the last moment in the face of insuperable odds. Hearing this, a cynical bystander wondered audibly why would the lady be going out to Hollywood for what may be the remainder of her life. Her most terrifying experience occurred in Cairo, where she boarded a large, single-motored plane bound for Paris, and nothing happened after the plane rose from the Cairo airport except that the tail fell off.

Even in Cairo, a plane with its tail floating down the Nile is of little value in the air, so the pilot hastily descended and nobody was killed, though several stomachs turned over and over. Miss Colbert adds a dramatic touch to this episode by saying that when she emerged unscathed, the first thing that met her descending foot was a horseshoe, lying there in the Egyptian sun. I have little faith in this horseshoe detail. It was probably something that, in the excitement of the moment, looked like a horseshoe to the frightened actress. There are any number of things in Egypt that look like horseshoes.

On another notable occasion, at an exposition in Marseilles, an Indo-Chinese coolie went suddenly mad, probably suffering from some local depression, hauled forth a butcher knife and attacked the Colbert party, concentrating upon an innocent gentleman to Miss Colbert's left. The madman was subdued before he could kill anyone.

Finally, it is Miss Colbert's lifelong ambition to walk into a race-track grand stand, select a likely horse, make a modest wager and stand there in the afternoon breeze, personally inspecting the animal while he wins a race. This miracle has never yet occurred.

Already Miss Colbert and Mr. Foster are having mail communication with an obscure steamship line operating a small fleet into the South Seas, touching at Suva; and as soon as the present outburst of film activity shows a lull, the Foster family will be seen walking up the gangplank, carrying the faithful old overalls in a bag, ready for the smell of tar and hempen ropes and the soft mistral of the south, where nobody knocks briskly at the door and says: "Miss Colbert, will you please be on the set in fifteen minutes?"



A NEW NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 23)

public contacts, changes in attitude, in affability, in courtesy, in kindness, in helpfulness, in willingness to be of service, in consideration of the rights of others—in short, a general softening of hard-boiled New York to at least a medium-boiled degree. The reasons for this change of attitude are patent enough to one who knows New York, but that makes the fact of them no less interesting.

Consider these few indications: The head of one of the biggest brokerage houses down town personally took a ten-share order and thanked the customer politely. A box-office man in a great theater cheerfully produced a diagram of the house and showed a buyer where his seats were. A clerk in a very swanky hotel offered to make any desired change in a room for a prospective guest, even to putting up draperies that would fit the guest's idea of a color scheme. A head waiter in a big restaurant personally took an order from a stranger in the place and went out to the kitchen to see about it. A clerk in a hat store displayed an intelligent interest in the wants of an intending customer. Forty taxi drivers were amiable, and gave polite thanks for small tips. A policeman spoke gently to a man who broke a traffic rule. A subway guard pushed back a shutting door and held it until a passenger could get aboard. A waiter said "Thank you," and meant it, for a quarter. An elevator starter held an elevator in a big hotel until a fussed woman could get her packages collected. A big banker wrote four personal letters to a client who intended to shift an account of a few thousand dollars to another city—a big banker, one of the biggest.

Kindness Comes to Gotham

A large number of men, noted on various subway trips, gave up their seats to women. A bell boy in the newest and biggest hotel was polite over a nickel tip. A woman clerk in a great store gave interested attention to a shopper and worked herself weary trying to meet her demands. A uniformed man outside a movie palace told the truth about the lack of seats within. The Empire State Building tells intending visitors to its tower whether visibility is good or not instead of taking their dollars and sending them up regardless. A Fifth Avenue bus conductor broke a rule to stop and let a woman off in the middle of a block on a rainy day. A great diagnostician, who rarely leaves his office, went forty blocks to examine a poor man in a poor hotel—a man who was an utter stranger to him. A theater-ticket agent refused to take more than fifty cents premium on two seats to a popular show. The list is interminable for any visitor to New York who knew New York formerly, and who keeps open his eyes and ears.

Little things? Certainly. Small, but significant. Symptomatic of the change in New York, of the new New York, as at present in evidence.

Before the stock-market crash New York was at her supreme superiority, her most arrogant apex, her most haughty hard-boiledness. A great city to which all outsiders were saps and a fairly large proportion of insiders were boobs.

"Never give a sucker an even break," said Bill Fields, playing a city slicker in one of his New York shows, to

nightly roars of approving laughter and loud commendatory applause. That was the sentiment of the city, typical of New York. Also, that was some time ago.

Almost any man who did not live in New York was a sucker. The fact that he was a nonresident classified him instantly. A noted New Yorker, who wound up in a bungalow in Southern California, expressed the idea when he said that living anywhere but in New York was camping out. The New Yorkers liked that. It helped them be superior, if they needed any help, which was not always apparent. Of course, there are people—quite a number of them—who think that any sort of camping out is preferable to the way the bulk of New Yorkers live, but that did not require consideration. The question did not arise in the minds of New Yorkers. They lived there. The case was closed.

Growth of the New York Complex

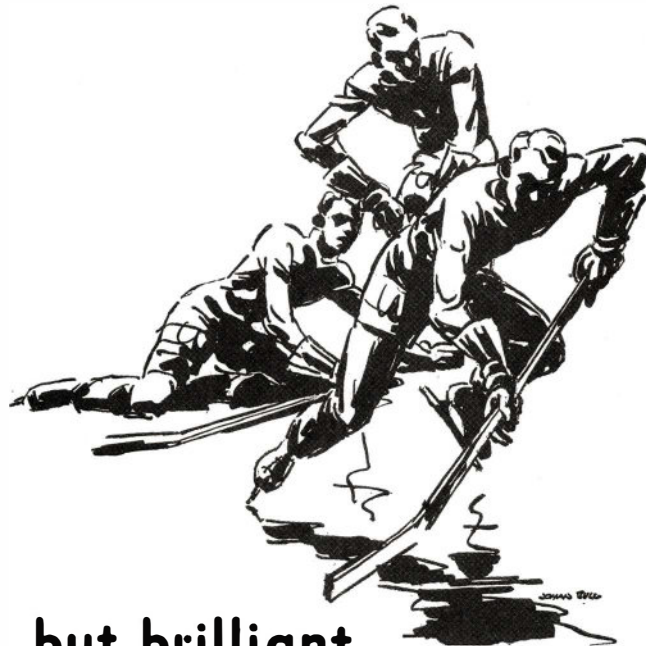
Twenty years or so ago, persons like myself who did not live in New York but went there frequently, began to notice a change. The New York complex began to grow, to expand, to elbow out of its wise-cracking way the older and kindlier phases of life in the great city. The money consciousness of the place increased notably. It had plenty of money even thirty or forty years ago, but the great fortunes were in real estate, and commercial and transportation and similar enterprises. There was a stock market, but it was not a market of general participation. There were banks, but they were not huge money and exploitation and corporation and bond-floating emporiums. There were stocks and bonds, and all that sort of financial paraphernalia, but not for the crowd. There were ships, but not vast, thousand-foot, floating caravansaries. There were hotels, but not fifty-story palaces. There were theaters, but not gilded auditoriums seating thousands. Thirty years ago, even twenty, New York was quite a town, but not even a plausible forecast of what it was two years ago and is now.

Beginning with the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, the first billion-dollar commercial combination in this country, which was made in New York, the expansion of New York in every way and, especially, in the superlative financial way, became so rapid, and the hugeness of its enterprise and its construction so dominant and overpowering that all these vast things began to make their impress on the people who lived there or came to live there. They were New Yorkers. These things were New York. Hence they themselves were of greater importance, because of New York, than the people of any other place whatsoever.

Not more than 5 per cent of them had more than a worker's, or subordinate's, hand in all this expansion, although in the end plenty of them were contributors to the expense of it, the cost and upkeep, but the general superior spirit of it all, the dominant position of New York, the power and magnitude of it became the popular spirit.

The effect of it reached from top to bottom, from the biggest financier dealing with a provincial banker to a clerk in a haberdashery store selling a necktie. There was a catholicity about it, also, that was interesting. New Yorkers not

Skate hard ... pass fast ... shoot quick



but brilliant strength won't ward off "Pink tooth brush"

B RILLIANT endurance . . . muscles like steel . . . the exaltation of flashing speed! But you're just as likely a victim for "pink tooth brush" as though you took your exercise in a wheel-chair.

Your *gums* don't get enough exercise. The foods you eat are soft foods. Your gums don't work. With every day they get lazier, flabbier, more tender, until one day—"pink tooth brush."

And while the first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a dental calamity, "pink tooth brush" neglected lays the way open for many troubles of the gums—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease—yes, even for that big bogey, the dreadful pyorrhea!

Bleeding gums may even lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth,

which means, of course, the possible extraction of those teeth.

Today—take the offensive against "pink tooth brush." Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and *lightly massage it into your gums*. For this scientific modern tooth paste contains ziratol, the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums back to health.

Ipana will give your teeth new cleanliness, new sparkle. As for your gums—look at them at the end of a month.

Firmer, aren't they? "Pink tooth brush" will make mighty little headway as long as you use Ipana with massage.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P-121, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

only were superior to, and contemptuous of, outsiders, but of one another. The lady in the lingerie, in the department store, was just as languid and indifferent to patrons from New York as she was to patrons from the country, and high-hatted them just as much. The policeman bawled out the New Yorker with the same virulence he used on the man from Nyack or Nanuet. Anything to get the individual impression. A New Yorker had to be a New Yorker in every circumstance, and if the basis for making that impression was another New Yorker, that was all right too. The other New Yorker probably was a boob.

Generalizations are dangerous. I do not mean to say that all New Yorkers performed in this wise, but I do intend to say that a large number of them did, especially those who had to do with the ordinary contacts of people who go about a large city. The spirit was there. It was just as noticeable in Wall Street as it was on Broadway, between Forty-second Street, say, and Fiftieth, which was the abode of the most sophisticated of the nonboobs—there and in the cross streets adjacent. It was no creation of inferiority complexes in visitors and in the milder members of the community. It was an imposition of New Yorkism on all who would stand for it, varying in degree, but in evidence in some form or other. New York was New York, the great, imperial, foremost city of the world, and the New Yorkers were there to sink that fact into you by every method.

A City of Superlatives

Why not? They had the biggest buildings, the most money, the greatest trade, the largest valuations, the most people, the largest number of theaters, and the most tremendous stores. They had the leading newspapers, the greatest subway, the most gigantic financial organizations, the most important manufactures, the greatest harbor, the finest art galleries, the best music, the greatest hotels, the most expensive apartments, the greatest display of wealth—they had everything. Where did a hick coming in from Iowa, or California, or Texas, or Pennsylvania, or anywhere else farther away than Yonkers get off in face of all this magnificent expression of power, prosperity and perspicacity? The answer is that usually the hick had no volition in the matter. He was shoved off before he had time to jump.

After New York began to do things in the grand financial manner, beginning with the organization of United States Steel, the development of the stock market as a means for getting money began also in the minds of the nonfinancial classes. Wall Street, a place for both making and losing money, was well enough established and quite an institution, but it was largely a professional institution. The people who bought and sold stocks were either in that business as speculators, or were concerned with the organization and finances of the companies that had their shares quoted on the street. There was some amateur speculation, and the term "lamb," meaning the amateur who went into that highly specialized and professional field, was

in general use. However, the public played no very great part in the market.

Becoming Stock-Market Conscious

There were plenty of stories, even then, of vast sums made by speculation, but these stories mostly concerned big operators, who made speculation their business, and had nothing to do with small investors, nor with general public participation. As the financial ideas of the big business men expanded, which they did with considerable rapidity, the stock market expanded also. New companies were organized with high capitalization and old companies were reorganized with increased capital. The stock market, from being a professional mart for trading in shares of these companies, gradually—rather slowly, in fact—began to sink into the minds of the people as a place to gamble and, perhaps, get big returns.

The newspapers of New York expanded their financial news and comment as the news value and importance of the market expanded. The New Yorkers were earliest to recognize the opportunities, being on the same island with the head center of the whole business, and earliest to take a whirl at it in any great numbers. Business grew and the market grew. Financing of all sorts reached enormous figures, and as each new corporation was organized, or distended, its stock went on the market as another opportunity for riches.

I speak of the stock market in a general, not a technical, sense as a place where the public could buy and sell stocks. When I worked on a New York newspaper, in the first years of the century, a page, a page and a half, or, at most, two pages were the limit of space for financial news, and that was news for the financial specialists, bankers and brokers, and what not, and held to be of small interest to the public. It was stuck away back in the last pages; but as the market grew in size the newspapers naturally increased their comment on it and their news of it, and with it all, New York first, and then the rest of the country, began to think in terms of shares and to buy them.

All of this culminated in the big bull market that crashed in 1929. Also, all this increased the New York idea of

the supersmartness of New Yorkers. The rest of the country was in on that bull market also, but New York saw it first, and New York was the first place where great numbers of the public began to buy stocks, where speculation became widespread among the people. And a lot of them—a very large number of them—made money. Also, a very considerable number of them made big money. The crop of millionaires increased rapidly. With that crop the self-satisfaction of New York and the hick idea about the rest of the country increased also.

These big bull years were the years when, in public contacts, New York was arrogant and disagreeable. And those were the years when pretty nearly everybody, it seemed, was speculating in Wall Street—not only men and women who could afford to speculate but men and women who couldn't afford to—waiters, cab drivers, stenographers, clerks, the whole roster of the workers of the city. Or so it seemed.

This created the amazing spectacle of a great city that had become stock-ticker conscious. The most important thing in the town, bar none, was the stock market. That was where the money was to be had. All one had to do was to buy a stock—any stock—and, presently, be rich. Not only New York but the rest of the country was infatuated with the idea, but New York had it worst. The place to garner these riches was right there, down on Broad Street. It was home stuff. The stock market was local to the New Yorkers, and for that reason New York knew more about it than the rest of the country, and was getting most of the profits from it. They were outsmarting the outsiders, being New Yorkers. That was a settled conviction.

When the Ticker Rules

Then the big break came, and New York, from heights of golden glory, sank to depths of woe. There is where New York has been ever since—sunk in those depths. There has been no place in the country so doleful over the depression as New York. The reason for that is the same reason for the exaltation that was to be observed during the bull market. During those years just previous to the break New York calculated about every phase of progress

and prosperity and general human happiness on the stock quotations. The market was the medium that represented to New York the opportunity for everything desirable, from million-dollar estates on Long Island to first payments on motor cars.

When the market broke, New York still remained ticker-conscious, and is yet. The steady drag down of stocks, just as local, so far as headquarters is concerned, as the big bulge in them, has a flattening psychological effect on the New Yorkers, the reverse, but in similar degree, of the elevating and happy psychological effect of the rise. They base everything, almost, on the market, thoroughly ticker-conscious as they are. If the market improves a little, New York perks up. If it is a falling market, as it has been for a long time, the town is in the dumps.

The Golden Age Ends

That is the reason for the deep dolor over affairs that has been so apparent to visitors to the city since the break. Their pet and producer walked out on them, left them flat. They were in the big money—which glad position, in the opinion of New York, is the most satisfactory and important place to be—and they were in it in millions and millions more than the rest of the country. Or the world. The Golconda was right down there on Broad Street, in their own city, and purveyors of its treasure had their offices in every big hotel, in many office buildings, all over the place. They were the fair-haired boys and girls of fortune. The whole city reeked of money. Expenditures of all sorts were prodigal. Nothing ever approached them in this country, nor, is it likely, will approach them in many years, if ever. Nowhere is money held in more veneration as the criterion of success than in New York. They had the most money. Small wonder they had little time for the hicks.

Now they look at life from a different angle. They have a new perspective. It cost them a heap of money to get it, but they have it. Not that they wanted it but that they got it. It is possible to go to New York now, as a visitor, and get courteous treatment in the scores of places where, two years ago, the take-it-or-leave-it attitude prevailed, where the New Yorkers perched themselves on the peak of the bull market and the mountains of their new and easy money, and looked down on all others from their superior and self-satisfied heights. There is a new New York as far as public contacts go.

Of course the cynical view of it is that New York has adopted this attitude because New York needs the money and is pleasant to any potential producer, and the even more cynical view that if New York could get back into its 1929 stride it would immediately become the New York of those times. Both cynicisms may be correct, but neither is to the point. The point is that there is more courtesy, kindness, consideration for both outsiders and insiders, and general civility than there used to be—a changed attitude in public contacts of almost every sort. Sometimes it is a grand thing for a lot of supersmart people to go broke.



PHOTO. BY ERIK G. STYLANDER

Sunrise on Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, New York

FLAME

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The Gertrude, tiny in that setting, sharply trim and sharply white by contrast with the formless brown-sailed fishing boats, was artificial, alien, momentary. But the vast blue shadow of the mountains slipped across her, and the sea went bluer, and the little islands lifted—lifted and drifted on the mighty magic of the sky.

Doors opened, and San Pedro stirred to quiet life. The fishing boats came in. And suddenly the night was down, tremendous, lit with the mighty signboards of the stars. Nothing synthetic there! Sitting before the little inn, on no veranda but the cobbled street, in darkness broken only by dim doorways and the stars. I heard shod feet come toward me—shoes, I mean, with heels; not native sandals. The man stopped and spoke to me in English:

"Welcome to our city."

"Eh?" I said. "Oh! Thanks."

"I'm just about to have a drink. Join me?"

"Thanks," I said. "You barely beat me to it."

The man stepped to the door and clapped his hands. He was a square, pot-bellied man with a stringy blond mustache; not fat; his face was bony and his frame was square. You know, as if he ate and drank a lot, and worked a lot. Sweated a lot too. His sunburn made his eyes look bleached.

He came back to the table and sat down, saying, "My name's Horn."

I thought he spoke the name with some significance, but it had none to me. I said, "Mine's Grant."

"That your boat?"

"Yes."

"Not many yachts come here."

He seemed to say that with some meaning too—oddly as if I ought to offer some excuse.

I said politely, "I can imagine that. You live here?"

"Most of the time, these days." He added in that same suspended manner, "I'm in the oil business."

I supposed he wanted me to reciprocate. Lonely, I thought he was; just making talk. To be agreeable, I said, "So'm I."

"Ah!" said the man Horn.

That didn't seem to call for much reply. Soft-voiced, soft-footed shadows drifted by us, and mosquitoes sang. The boy brought out our drinks; I said, "Here's your good health!" Horn grunted absently. I thought his health needed good wishes. Probably the climate had him a little cracked.

He said abruptly, "Think you'll do business here?"

"Oh, no," I said. "The truth is, I'm not really in the business. I just happen to own some oil land. Oklahoma." Then it occurred to me: "Maybe that's not your kind of oil. Maybe you mean olive oil, or sesame."

"Kidding me?" said Horn.

"Eh?" I said. "How do you mean?"

"There's not a dozen olive groves in the whole country. Not an acre of sesame."

"I didn't know," I said. "It just occurred to me that I hadn't seen any storage tanks around here."

"Or any pipe lines?"

"No."

The man said somehow grimly, "That's because you don't know where to look."

He simply wasn't normal. I said patiently, "I wouldn't. I've seen oil fields, but I'm really no oil man. I'm a doctor—a physician."

"Ah!" said Horn.

We had another drink. The night was quiet, cooler now with the soft stirring of a breeze from the unstirring sea; quiet and warm and moisture laden. There was music somewhere—the soft, lazy chords of a guitar, and a voice singing—lazy, caressing, intimate. A woman. Now, remembering, I know why men drink in the tropics. Not to stimulate the sense of life but to subdue it.

Horn said suddenly, "We've got an epidemic of pellagra."

"Eh?" I said.

"Pellagra. An epidemic."

"Well," I said indulgently, "don't let it frighten you. It's not catching. It's not really epidemic."

"What makes it spread so then?"

"A general condition probably. Diet deficiency. The lack of certain vitamins."

"Trachoma too. That's catching, isn't it?"

"If you're dirty," I admitted. "It's a germ infection, if that's what you mean."

"What's the modern treatment for it?"

"Antisepsis and asepsis. Operative work in certain cases, I believe. But I'm no specialist. What's the idea?" I said, and grinned. "I told you I was on vacation."

"I've forgotten," said the man, "what a vacation's like. But I won't spoil one. Have a drink!"

He wasn't really so queer when you got used to him—no queerer than most people who live hard and lonely lives. His manner was abrupt and graceless, but I sensed a sort of awkward power in him. He was probably somebody in this country. He had read a lot. He sat with me till midnight, and surprised me more than once with the uncommon breadth of his information.

Yes, that was Adam Horn. I know now why John Howard trusted me ashore alone. He could rely on me to prove that I was green.

It's easy now to isolate the things that had significance, but you know how things actually happen—never just one thing at a time. I talked with Adam Horn in that dark, quiet street, and saw dim figures pass, and never knew there was a window at my elbow; and I watched the mighty wheeling of the stars, contrasting them in memory with the synthetic, fevered dazzle of electric signs. Mosquitoes stung me, and I wondered if they might be stegomyia or anopheles. You know? The stars may shape your destiny, or a mosquito bite may end your troubles and your dreams.

John Howard didn't go with us to Santa Luz. He said he'd be up in a day or two. He let the crew go—all but the engineer and his assistant—had some work to do, he said. That was all right, wasn't it? The yacht was his responsibility.

The little railroad climbed through a narrow strip of jungle, and San Pedro was already gone. The slim white Gertrude sank and vanished, and the tiny, slanting sails of the brown fishing boats, and the green little islands: but the vault of ocean spread, rose with you as you climbed into the sky. It made you catch your breath—the greatness of it, and the blue and smiling peace.

Then it was gone. Your eardrums popped a little in the thinning air and you stopped sweating. This was a land

where farms stood all on edge, the dark and glossy green of coffee and the gold of grain. There were small villages of whitewashed earthen huts on the far hillsides, whence brown, stolid people drifted down to see the train go by. Merely to see it come and go. It had no other meaning for them, but it moved.

A strange and peaceful land. The ancient towers of the Santa Luz cathedral rose in a quiet plain rimmed with the misty blue of ever-rising hills. The sun was dropping, and the city was just waking to its evening life. In Santa Luz there is a saying: "Only foreigners and dogs walk in the sun."

A strange, proud people. They are courteous but not effusive. There are beggars, but they haven't learned that tourists are rich prey; they speak to you with diffidence because you are a stranger. Not because you are a foreigner. Few tourists come to Santa Luz, but there are foreigners enough—the hard-shells, the old-timers. You see plenty of them in the bars at sundown.

Feeney and I saw plenty of them in the bar at the Hotel Gracia—booted and spurred ones from the hills, unshaven, sunburned, playing dominoes; merchants who sat in quiet talk—English and Spanish talk. You couldn't always tell which ones were foreigners. Some of the natives dressed like prosperous Americans, and some of the Americans like native grandees.

But I spotted one. Not by his dress but by his stature. He was leaning on the bar when we walked in—oh, all too plainly tourists! Every man in the room knew we were tourists. Nearly every eye turned toward us, tolerant, perfunctory. The tall old figure at the bar straightened and turned to see who had come in.

I cried, "Why, hello, general!"

It was: I knew it was; there couldn't be another like that gaunt old human crane. But his small, ice-blue eyes surveyed us without recognition.

"I'm afraid," he said with grave, cold courtesy, "ye have the advantage of me, sir."

Frank Feeney burred, "Why, it's General Singer!"

"At your service, sir. And God's."

There was a faint, remembered humor in that quaintly formal phrase. But Feeney wasn't used to being snubbed, even by experts; he was innocently glad to recognize somebody in this place where nothing was familiar.

He insisted, "You've forgotten. But we met you in —"

"I've met a lot of pushers," said the old man gravely, "here and there. But at the moment, sir, I am with friends."

He turned back to the bar. In the long mirror, for an instant, his reflected eyes met mine. I saw reflected profiles turned on us: most of those men understood English, natives as well as foreigners: they were amused, looking at us. And in that fraction of a second, swiftly, his left eyelid dropped.

ix

MAYBE I can't explain. I, Robert Grant, M.D., had never been mixed up in anything more surreptitious or illegal than a visit from a bootlegger. But I knew about the tropics. I had read the yarns of Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry in my youth. Soldiers of fortune, plot and counterplot, you know, and white men rising to emergencies, resourceful, bold. Those were the palmy days, of course:

but something still went on. Didn't the papers report revolutions every day? Hadn't Frade told me that this grim old man was one of those?

Something was going on right here. He didn't want somebody here to know he knew us. Who? And why? Maybe he was afraid we'd mention Angel Island. Or New York; maybe he didn't want his visit known.

I rose to the emergency. Marching young Feeney on to a table by the outer door—a seat nobody else had wanted—I contrived to mutter in his ear, "Forget it. Keep your mouth shut." But I'm no ventriloquist. He didn't understand me. Maybe it was just as well. If he had known there was a mystery, he would have started peering stealthily in all directions, like a conspirator or something.

As it was, he sulked. He wasn't used to being called a pusher. Well, I can see it now: That was how Leon Singer wanted him to act—like an offended tourist. Green.

Me too. Old Singer didn't mind my watching him; he'd been notorious so long that even tourists knew him by reputation. He was used to it. Somebody else was watching him, of course, but even now I don't know who it was. The room was full of smoke and talk and the click of dominoes. He didn't act like a conspirator. He chatted openly with neighbors at the bar. He turned, absently, his gaunt old elbows propped behind him and his little eyes drifting without attention. Absently, it seemed, they fell on me. And paused, as if the man tried to remember something. Absently, still chatting, he set down his empty glass; excused himself with a nod and gangled toward us.

"I recall ye now. How's the pellagra, doctor?"

That was just the word to make me show bewilderment. I saw the twinkle in his eyes, but for the life of me I couldn't think who had been talking about pellagra lately. And he didn't give me time to think.

"Ye're Doctor Grant?"

"Yes," I said, waiting for my cue. There wasn't any. He apologized, "I couldn't place ye at the moment. No offense, I hope?"

"Of course not."

"And young Mr. —"

"Feeney," said Feeney, mollified. "Is this your —"

"Feeney! That's it. I couldn't think. I'm gettin' old; my memory's not what it used to be. Have ye been long in Santa Luz?"

If he knew I'd been talking about pellagra, he knew where and when—San Pedro, last night. But he was talking for effect. On whom? I never knew. It might have been any of a dozen men.

I said, "No, we just came this afternoon."

"Ye're here in the hotel?"

"Yes."

"I'll be seein' ye," he nodded, and went gangling out.

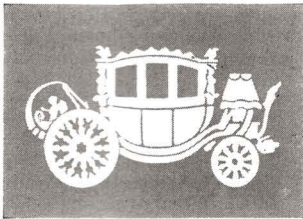
Perfunctory, you know; just being courteous to tourists; even his eyes had left us just a fraction of a second sooner than they needed to. That was old Leon Singer—accurate, keenly and instantly aware of everything about him. If his mind was failing, I'm a Hottentot.

Bill was excited when she heard we'd seen him. Envious, too: it seemed to

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THE DESIRE TO KNOW



Nearly five hundred years ago Leonardo da Vinci built an amazing forerunner to the modern aeroplane. Its design

utilized principles fundamental in the construction of aircraft today. For from the hills near Florence he had released hundreds of birds in order to study their flight, and, in his laboratory, he had examined the structure of their wings, the contours of their bodies.

This was the man who also taught the world of art to found its draughtsmanship on a sound knowledge of the physical facts of atmosphere and matter. He it was, moreover, who first observed the presence of shells in the rocks and pointed out that much might be learned from a study of fossils. His notebook shows that human nature, also, was the object of his constant searching. For in him burned an insatiable desire to *know*.

The greatest human progress has always been founded on this urge. It is the very creed of our scientific age. Ill-fated the venture which, on the other hand, strives to uphold a mere theory without an open mind to facts.

That is why research has been given a leading place in the operations of the Fisher Body Corporation. Not a single phase of design or construction is admitted without research, or adopted without trial.

Relative merits of various body types are put to every possible test for strength, quietness and utility. Fisher is prepared to produce any type. Fisher produces the type that unprejudiced investigation has upheld.

Combinations of wood and steel are selected on the sole basis of superior results. Construction methods are adopted on the record of scientific evidence. Springs, upholstery, finish—every item, however small—must run the gamut of testing, and stand or fall on proof. Fisher, too, is dominated by the desire to *know*.

This is a characteristic of modern manufacturing. In every industrial field the leaders are those who are paying the most attention to research and tests.

If you ever come to Detroit, you can see to what great lengths this goes. For in the Fisher Body plants you will find the most advanced research and testing facilities—unexcelled, in their field, elsewhere in all the world.

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her that men had all the fun. Women are not allowed in the bar of the Hotel Gracia, and Bill's generation can't endure the thought of anything forbidden.

She demanded, "Are you sure that's all that happened?"

"Oh," I said, "three or four men were shot, of course."

"Half shot," said Feeney, "anyway." You could depend on Frank for that kind of wit. Bill was so used to it that she didn't even hear it.

"Didn't he say anything about Captain Frade?"

"No," I admitted.

"Or Angel Island?"

"No."

"And you didn't ask him?" said the kid with scorn.

"My dear," I said, "I've just been trying to explain. He as good as warned me not to talk. Something is up, and probably Frade's in it. I'm not here to stir up trouble for my friends."

"Or to get into any," jeered my sister. "If there's something going on, you'd rather not know anything about it!"

"Have it your way," I sighed. "But you don't know old Singer. I permit myself to doubt if even you could pump him."

"You just wait till I get a chance!"

"You won't," I sighed. "That old boy's got no time for tourists."

Feeney, too, was thrilled at the thought of something surreptitious going on. He hadn't sensed it in the bar, but now he was Old Sleuth himself. He stared at swarthy strangers in the lobby. He edged near a group who murmured with their heads together; he was baffled by the fact that they spoke Spanish, but encouraged by the way they turned and stared at him—suspiciously, he thought. As a matter of fact, of course, they were annoyed. They didn't like his tourist manners.

There was to be a banquet in the long, cool dining room of the hotel that night. We saw the table being laid when we went in to dinner—oh, a long table; maybe a hundred places, gorgeous with flowers, glittering with gold. Yes, gold. That was somebody's private tableware; Bill, going brazenly to have a look, reported that it bore the monogram "A. V." Or maybe it was "V. A." Not that it mattered. I had never heard the name of Altamira then. The servants watched her narrowly, but didn't interfere. They knew she was just green—a tourist.

Dinner in Santa Luz begins at nine o'clock. The really fashionable dine at ten, but honest Yankee hunger made us early at the table; we had finished and were strolling in the plaza, to the music of an admirable band, when glossy carriages and automobiles started rolling up to the hotel, bringing the banquet guests—all male, all ultra-fashionable—at half-past ten. Nothing surreptitious about them! They arrived grandly and walked grandly in before admiring crowds, to the bright music of an orchestra. They swanked into the dining room and left the doors wide open. Well, if you think we didn't go to have a look, you don't know Bill.

Nobody cared. The corridor was jammed with gawkers. The long table was placed endwise to the doors, so that we had a full-length view of two long rows of jeweled shirt fronts and gold-braided full-dress uniforms; Cæsus and Mars were there. The host, apparently a combination of the two—he wore civilian black and white, but a red ribbon splashed across his shirt front and his bosom blazed with jeweled

decorations—faced us, on his feet, making a brief address of welcome. Brief but impassioned. His high, ringing voice carried into the corridor, carried through open windows to the street. He was a pale, glittering sort of man—so pale that his black hair and eyes seemed lacquered. Vaguely I thought I'd seen a man like that somewhere before.

He ended on a long-drawn, stirring syllable. He bowed, releasing the applause—a burst of it in the room, a wave of it in the corridor, a ripple of it dying off along the street outside. And in the midst of it a voice came to me, quiet, accurately pitched to reach my ear:

"Earnest lad, Altamira, eh?"

It was old Leon Singer. His voice had spoken within inches of my ear, but he wasn't looking at me; his small, ice-blue eyes twinkled above the crowd as if they glanced by chance into the splendor of the dining room. He had the air of waiting to get past me to the street.

I grinned, admitting, "He seems earnest. What was he saying—urging them to burn the town?"

The quick, small eyes turned on me then, for all the world as if I'd spoken first.

"Oh, hello, doctor! Not at all. Merely reminding them that they are the distinguished men of the republic. Saying he's honored to be host to such a company." The eyes turned blandly back into the dining room, but the dry, humorous old voice continued: "Recognize him, do ye?"

"Huh?" I said, and looked again.

And then I knew where I had seen that pale, black-lacquered man before. He'd been with Douglas Frade and the fat, flashy Finckel and this gaunt old human crane, in a dim, shabby restaurant four thousand miles away.

The air was thin and cool, that night in Santa Luz, and I felt the altitude. You know? Exhilarated, lifted out of my familiar, dreary self. Amused—the word's as good as any. Chance, it seemed, had trailed the threads of something picturesque across my path. I had no part in it, of course, and wanted none; but I was—well, amused. I felt the lift of hills, the freedom of the stars, a point of view far off and different from mine.

x

I LAUGHED and said for the benefit of anyone who might be listening, "Well, I find no nourishment in watching people eat. We were just having a stroll around the plaza. Join us, general?"

"With pleasure," said the old man formally.

"You remember my sister, don't you? And Mrs. Van Arsdale, and Mr. Feeney?"

Bill, standing tiptoe like a terrier, hadn't noticed the old fellow there behind her. She fell on him with delighted gurgles, as a female tourist should on spying an acquaintance in a foreign land. Mrs. Van Arsdale gave him placid greeting, and young Feeney grinned and gawked. Oh, I can see it now! It was quite safe for Leon Singer to be seen with us. He had already publicly admitted that he knew us slightly, and we'd proved that we were green. But at the time I thought we were in luck. Something was going on, and this old war horse might be coaxed to give us inside information.

The broad, softly lighted plaza was still moderately peopled, though the admirable band had finished its evening concert and gone home. Families

promenaded, and white-aproned nurses sat on iron benches, and fat, pretty, black-eyed babies tumbled at their feet. Babies, so late at night? Oh, yes. I had already learned why people in the tropics keep late hours. The sun. It is at night that Santa Luz relaxes and expands. Women, escorted or unescorted, promenaded strictly in one direction; the parade of roving males flowed in the other. That made it safer. Walking, you can spot anybody who persists in staying near you.

"Well," I grinned, "out with it, general! Who told you I'd been talking about pellagra?"

His eyes twinkled, and he said almost inaudibly, "Not Adam Horn."

"Who's Adam Horn?"

"The man who cross-examined ye last night."

"I know," I said. "I mean, who is he?"

"He's the Compañía Petrolera," said the old man, checking his gaunt fingers, "and the Foreign Bank, and the Four Sisters Mines, and the Coast Trading Company, and almost anything ye care to name in this man's country. But his chief concern is oil."

"I see," I said. "What you might call Big Business?"

"Aye."

"Why should he cross-examine me?"

"Horn's motto," murmured Singer, and was silent, lifting his hat to three slow-passing males who had saluted, with appreciative eyes for Bill and Mrs. Van—"Horn's motto is, 'If ye want a thing well done, do it yerself.' San Pedro is his rat hole, and good care he takes that nothing shall slip into it to bite him unawares. Few pleasure boats drop anchor there; he wanted to be sure. Ye said ye were a doctor, and he made ye prove it. What did ye think the man was driving at?"

"I guess," I said, "I thought he was just making conversation. Lonely, you know. To tell the truth, I thought he was a little cracked with loneliness."

"Aye," murmured Singer, "maybe he is. Lonely the man at the top must always be."

Queerly I thought of the one clear glimpse I'd had of Adam Horn, the moment he had stepped to the lighted doorway of the little inn in that dark, starry street—his faded eyes, his faded blond mustache drab on his leathery, weathered face; his square and bony frame, incongruously pot-bellied. Even now the picture comes back sharply. The man at the top. A man whose grim capacity for work had made him master of enormous fortune, master of many destinies; but he had only one stomach. That was his only luxury, the one indulgence he allowed himself. He had known hunger once.

"Aye," said old Singer, "lonely. He is twice the man that Altamira thinks he is; yet he would be unhappy, tongue-tied if he sat where Altamira sits." The old eyes twinkled, glancing at the massive, dignified façade of the hotel where Mars and Cæsus sat at the festive board.

"That is where Altamira shines—in the public eye."

"I see," I said. "Horn is the man behind the throne, and Altamira is the front—the dummy in the show window?"

Singer was silent, and the same three strolling males went by. Only when they had passed, he answered, "Dummy ye might call him, aye; but not for Horn. For Torres."

"Torres?"

"Careful," he murmured. "The name is not in the best odor here. Finckel, he calls himself in the United States."

"Hot Papa Finckel?" cried my sister, thrilled. "The man we met with you and Captain Frade?"

"It is better, lassie," said old Singer gravely, "not to bandy names, especially the names of honored families. Your friend is known as Captain Douglas here. Call him that when ye meet him."

"Is he here?" Bill's caution was excessive; she was whispering. Old Singer grinned.

"Not in this country, no, but in the neighborhood. The place he told ye of; do ye remember?"

"Angel —"

"Aye. Fifty miles northward from San Pedro, twenty miles off the coast. Is it your wish to see him?"

"Yes!" whispered Bill so stealthily that a pair of portly ladies twenty feet ahead glanced back with curiosity.

"Do not," said Singer, "whisper. It attracts attention. Only let your voice die soon beyond your lips, and none will hear who should not."

"This way?" Bill's voice floated now without a trace of sibilance, came to our ears and vanished; and the old man knew it instantly for what it was.

"Ye sing, lassie?"

"Yes."

"Glad he will be to see ye. These are idle days for him, and music is his consolation. Have ye heard him play?"

"Yes."

"It is my feeling that he has the gift."

"He's marvelous," said Bill. "His training is all highbrow, but he caught the hang of jazz in fifteen minutes."

"Eh?" said old Singer, twinkling, registering indignation. "It was you who taught him that? We have heard nothing else these past two weeks. And I believe ye were friends of his!"

You see? There was the sense of mystery, the lure of something hidden, but no hint of violence or open danger; rather a sense of privilege, that we might step at will behind the scenes. We spoke of jazz—with tolerance, you know; the fevered lights of Broadway were far off, synthetic and unreal. The lights were soft that night in Santa Luz, and the soft music of the orchestra came to us from the Hotel Gracia, lulling the mind, soothing the nerves instead of whipping them. Nothing was modern here. If there was danger it was ancient danger, small under ancient stars. The sense of life needed no jazz, no flagellation here. The lifting violence of mountains was not mechanical, the sun not tamed, the stars not strung on wires; your feet were on the earth. Passion was natural and near the surface in the eyes about you, ardent and naive.

We spoke of Douglas Frade, an English gentleman. He wasn't, Singer said, well fitted for the tropics; he would not adapt himself to native ways. That, too, was quaint and pleasing to consider. England, a little northern isle, had helped to tame the ancient world, and her adventurers still held her empire wide—a stubborn breed who kept their cool, uncompromising northern ways, their northern stamina.

We spoke of Altamira, candidate for president. I was amused. No president had ever been elected here. Elections were a form, a mere announcement of intention. Every president was reelected till the army threw him down. The present one, Horn's dummy, had held office sixteen years. Under his rule the country had grown rich. That made it difficult. But Altamira, Singer said, was an aristocrat; his fortune came through centuries from

Spain; financially he had no need to fear that crude pot-bellied foreigner behind the throne. He, Altamira, would destroy him.

Altamira, savior of his country! Singer grinned. I saw the humor of it too. Turning into the part of the promenade that fronted on the Hotel Gracia, we could hear the ringing voice of the aristocrat.

"He knows he's got no chance in the election?"

"Aye, a chance—of being shot for his seditious speeches." Singer twinkled. "But he has rich friends. And he is popular; the people like seditious speeches." Singer grinned. The voice rose to a minor climax, and a burst of clapping came. "Aye, Horn must let him talk."

There was a queer, uneasy movement in the street. The old man stopped; he seemed to listen—not to the applause. His eyes still twinkled, but his gaunt old face looked tired.

"But even so, Horn takes no chances. If ye wish to see the proof, stand here five minutes. I must not be with ye. Good night, all."

Bill laughed and caught his arm, protesting. Her soft voice was careful, but her face was vivid; her green eyes were flecked with glowing gold.

"You haven't told us about"—the words floated—"Angel Island. Do you want me to die of curiosity?"

"By no means, lassie," said old Singer, twinkling. "Try, for my sake, to live until ye see it."

"Shall we see you tomorrow?"

"I fear not. I must ride early."

"Are you on your way there now?"

Singer was silent, glancing down the street. It was as if he hadn't heard. She laughed and scolded, "You can trust us, general! Truly we're friends of Captain Douglas."

"Shall I tell him to expect ye?"

"Yes!"

"Good night," said he, and lifted his old hat and stepped into the street.

Halfway across, he stopped to light a cigarette. There was no traffic. Even the loungers and the gawkers there had vanished. Why? What was the matter? In the plaza, too, the promenade was melting. We saw agitated groups that hurried off, leaving us there alone—four lone, green tourists.

Leon Singer flipped his match away, glanced down the street and gangled on into the door of the hotel. The voice from the banquet room was high against the silence.

Under it there welled a slow and solid sound of hoofs plodding on cobblestones, a jingle of steel bridle bits, a quiet clank of saber scabbards. Quiet, their dark eyes rigidly to front, their swarthy jaws made somehow sinister by the black straps that slanted on them—quiet, paying no heed to four lone tourists standing there, a regiment of cavalry rode by.

XI

OH, NOTHING happened. It was just public notice that the iron hand was ready in its well-worn glove. The man who had been president for sixteen years knew that his people liked seditious speeches; he was just warning them not to get excited.

It had nothing to do with us. There was no sense of danger in the cool, sweet dawn to which I woke. The sun was not yet up. My bedroom windows opened on the Plaza de Gracia, sweet with its cool green masses and its pattern of mosaic walks. The long, white presidential palace, almost luminous. The ancient dignity of the cathedral, cool and dim. And yonder, over a row

of white and slender arches, over the sleeping roofs of Santa Luz, the ever-rising hills emerged in the crystal dawn.

Not out of darkness, but translucent and ethereal, as if they issued from the light itself. The sun slipped out and tipped them with silver snow; the colors deepened; they took on reality and space under the sky. The city woke to placid life. A herd of milk goats pattered by on tiny hoofs, and market donkeys with their little bells.

Plaza of Grace, or Mercy. City of Holy Light. Maybe it was the Moorish arches, but I think it was the hills; oddly I thought of half-remembered lines I'd read somewhere—the beauty of the Alhambra, built by invading Moors under the snows of soaring Spanish hills. And the last Moorish king, driven at last from that green, jeweled valley, had looked back and wept—that swarthy alien, leather-skinned; maybe pot-bellied too.

"Thou weepst like a child," sneered his old mother, "for the kingdom thou has not defended like a man."

Well, Adam Horn would take no chances. While I stood there, savoring that fresh, bright morning, a strange modern thunder rolled across the city and three airplanes swooped out of the sky. Oh, not too modern; they were biplanes of an antiquated pattern, like the old DH crates we used in the beginning of the war, and they were flying dangerously low; a modern pilot would get grounded for such rashness. But a man who heard that roar over his head at breakfast might think twice before he got excited with seditious speeches. It had nothing to do with me, but I was—well, amused. I smoked a placid cigarette, went back to bed and slept as I hadn't slept for years.

Oh, yes, at every turn we proved that we were green. We slept in the cool of the morning, and went out in the heat of the day. We had to see Santa Luz. What were we paying our good money for? If anybody followed us, he had a weary chase—I'll swear to that. All day my sister and young Feeney chanted the war cry of the whoopee generation: "Where do we go from here?"

John Howard came on the evening train, handsome and trim and very nautical, reporting that the Gertrude was all set to sail at a moment's notice. He didn't say what kind of work he'd had to do, and I didn't ask him; he seemed satisfied.

I groaned, "I guess it won't be long now."

"Why?" said John Howard, smiling. "Don't you like this place?"

I groaned, "What difference does it make whether we like it or not? We've seen it."

"Poor old Bob!" cooed Bill with bright indulgence for my crotchety old age. "Cheer up; there won't be anywhere to go on Angel Island—not unless it's bigger than the ones we've seen. You can sit on a rock and doze for days."

John Howard looked a little blank. Uneasy—I can see it now; he was afraid we might have talked too much.

But I supposed he had forgotten that we'd ever mentioned Angel Island. I explained, "That's one of the islands off this coast—fifty miles north of San Pedro, twenty miles out. A friend of mine is there."

"But you mustn't say anything about it," cautioned my sister happily. "They're mixed up in a revolution or something."

"What?" said John Howard blankly.

"Oh, not fighting; only planning it. You're not afraid, are you?"

"Well," said John Howard carefully, and didn't laugh—"well, it's my job to take you where you want to go. You say one of 'em is a friend of yours?"

"Sure," caroled my sister. "He was Bob's buddy in the war—after the war, that is. He saved Bob's life, and Bob saved his, and they cracked up together and he took Bob home with him to Blighty—England, you know. He's an Englishman. He's an English Honorable—the son of an English earl."

"Oh," said John Howard, "English?"

"Yes."

"An aviator?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if that's Captain Douglas."

"Yes! Do you know him?"

"No," said John Howard warmly, "but I've heard of him. He seems to be into everything that breaks. Peru, Brazil—he was in Honduras the last time I was there, five or six years ago. They say he licked the federals at Zara practically single-handed. He must be quite a man."

"He is!"

"Is he—er—here?"

"He's on the island."

"Does he—er—know you're coming?"

"Sure. He invited us."

"When?"

"Last month. We saw him in New York. But General Singer asked us, too, only last night. Don't worry; it's all right."

"Oh!" said John Howard, and he seemed relieved.

Yes, I can see it now—he was relieved. He'd got what he was fishing for. He had found out where we had got our information, and his job was suddenly plain sailing.

"Oh," he said, "Singer! I know him. Who doesn't, in these countries? But I thought he had turned respectable. Well, well!" John Howard laughed. "He's a grand old fellow, isn't he? They say he was a holy terror in his day. But his worst enemy would take his word for anything; if he says it's all right, it is."

I thought so too. But I can see it now: Old Leon Singer never said it was all right.

We walked that evening in the plaza, and a thing happened. It had nothing to do with us, but it was picturesque—a thing that could never happen in the United States. The admirable band, playing a soft and dreamy waltz, stopped suddenly, mid-beat. A bugle shrilled. We turned to look at the band stand, but of course we kept on strolling till we almost bumped a fashionable couple just ahead. The gentleman explained in an agitated whisper:

"You stop, please. Comes hees excellence, the president."

His hand on my arm was gentle, and his eyes were friendly; he knew we were tourists and intended no offense. But his smile was apprehensive, nervously apologizing for the custom of the place.

It made me nervous too. Uncanny somehow; maybe I can't explain. All sound, all movement in the place had stopped, cut by that bugle cry. People stood motionless; and in the streets the carriages had stopped. The dreamy waltz began again. Nobody moved. Along the empty, inner side of the promenade—the ladies' side—the president appeared.

He didn't look like anybody's dummy. He was a short and energetic-looking man with a short, cocky, iron-gray beard; he looked as if he had been born in a silk hat. He moved with short and

energetic steps, not to the music but to an inner rhythm of his own. Beside him, on unstable heels, a large, submissive lady plodded, likewise to a rhythm of her own. Behind them came two men in gorgeous uniforms, and these marched carefully in step.

Just twice around the plaza; and on each of the four sides the president took off his hat of shining silk. But no hand moved to answer the salute. It was not personal. Those brown, bright, energetic eyes saw people, but not persons. Twice around the plaza, and nobody moved or spoke. The band paid strict attention to its business. Then a single automobile roared, and we were free of our paralysis.

I snorted. "Humph!" I said. "So that's the Great I Am!"

"Himself," murmured John Howard, smiling.

"I hope he enjoyed our admiration." "Well, I doubt," murmured John Howard, "if he really expected admiration. Maybe he's satisfied to prove that he can walk in public and go home alive. Maybe it's safer, doctor, not to get sarcastic; I imagine he takes plenty of precautions."

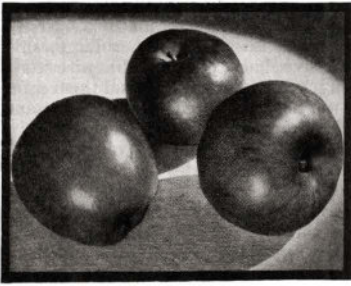
So I kept my mouth shut. I could feel it now, invisible, intangible—the iron hand. But it had nothing to do with us. We stayed another day in Santa Luz, and nothing happened to distinguish us from any other tourists. Bill and Frank did a lot of hopeful staring, but what tourist doesn't? They saw nothing to encourage them. We sailed unhindered from San Pedro, and saw nothing of Adam Horn. The port officials, courteous and grave as ever, knew us now. They did, as a matter of form, require us to name a destination, but of course we didn't mention Angel Island. I'm no fool; I had no wish to get mixed up in anything—not with two women and a half-baked cub from Oklahoma in my care.

John Howard legally announced that we were sailing for San Lorenzo. If we wanted to stop in to see a friend along the way, that was nobody's business but our own. The sea was free; the sky was wide and bright and blue. The little islands, the green tips of mountains drowned a million years ago, lifted and drifted and were gone. The last brown fishing boat was gone, and the last tiny human figures waving us farewell. The sea was calm; that was a hot and peaceful afternoon.

And that was not a Tuesday, either. It was Wednesday—Wednesday, December thirty-first, the last day of the year. It was just twenty-nine days since we had left New York. It's odd now to remember that I thought they had been peaceful, uneventful days.

The sun was nearly down when Angel Island rose, not green like the rest of them but white, gleaming against the blue; the green was hidden by fantastic pinnacles of rock, snow-white, blinding on one side, spectral in the shadows. Slowly they separated, each of them wearing a small cloud of smoke about its summit. Those were birds. We heard them screaming as we neared the barricade and swung, seeking a way through. We saw green land that rose beyond. John Howard's eyes, fixed on those jagged rocks, were anxious, and no wonder.

Then we saw what gave the place its name. One of the spires detached itself and stood alone, strangely and calmly like a massive angel poised with folded wings, with lifted head, watching forever on the timeless sea. The clamor of the birds was nothing; nothing could disturb the peace of that majestic shape.



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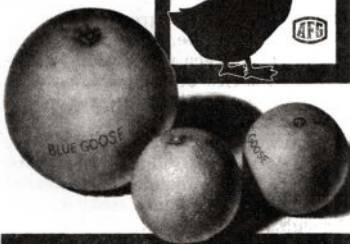
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The roar of an airplane engine caught the ear, but it was less than an impertinence. It was a merely human sound, not overhead, but from the island somewhere; and of course we knew that was inhabited. Then we saw a seaplane skimming out across the water, lifting two wings of spray, two clouds of rainbow color, as it flashed out of the shadows into the level sun rays. Nothing antiquated there! It was a seaplane of the latest type, low-winged, a monoplane, compact and powerful. It

lifted suddenly and climbed in a tight spiral, and my heart lifted with it.

Maybe I can't explain. It was twelve years since I had felt a joy stick in my hands, my feet on a rudder bar. I'd seen men fly, of course, but I had never envied one especially, till now. Maybe it was the speed, the unexpectedness, the sure abandon of that leap into the sunset sky. Before you knew it, the machine was high and tiny, so that you had to watch it closely or you lost it there.

I hadn't seen the other one at all. I saw the climbing gnat begin to drift—it seemed to drift; but I was there. A hundred and eighty miles an hour! I saw it begin to dance—it seemed to dance; but years had vanished and the sea was gone. I didn't need Bill's better eyes to tell me what was flaming there. She caught my arm with shaking hands and cried in a thrilling voice, "They're fighting!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FORCED IDLENESS

(Continued from Page 17)

This meant merely that they did not know how. To have admitted it would have been to lose face.

Not that they were not familiar with the oxyacetylene torch. It was part of the shop equipment and they used it, but on one type of job only, and that one where we would not weld at all—superheater tubes. These tubes are so vital to the locomotive that we replace rather than repair them. Why it was orthodox to use oxyacetylene on superheater tubes and nowhere else, no one could tell me, but I can make a good guess. For the same reason that Broadway winds a crooked way north from the Battery because it started as a cow path.

I persuaded the master welder to let me weld the tractor cylinder head on my own responsibility. When I had finished the welding and was cooling the cylinder head off in a dying fire, my interpreter overheard the assistants admitting to each other that I was going to succeed. They were annoyed that the master welder had given in to me. "A dash of water on it while it is still hot will take care of that," suggested one. Sol went to the master welder with the conspiracy, and he set a guard over the cylinder head.

With this evidence I tried for three days to convince them that I could save four days by using the oxyacetylene method on locomotive cylinders and assure 100 per cent recovery against 25 per cent. Their custom was to preheat the cylinder two days in a charcoal fire, weld it with a carbon arc, let it cool slowly in a diminishing fire for another two days, then machine it. I proved that I could preheat it in six hours, and weld and cool it in approximately the same time.

I was talking to the wind. The only explanation they offered was that the oxyacetylene torch was more expensive. When a Russian is aware of costs at all, he knows only first costs. He will buy a poor job for a dollar rather than a good one for a dollar ten.

The Locomotive Yell in Moscow

Under the Five Year Plan each trust is given a monthly quota of production, parceled out to the subdivisions. I reached Voronezh in September. The Moscow N. K. P. S. had set the local shop a quota of forty-five locomotives to be repaired that month. All I heard was "forty-five locomotives." It sounded like a college yell.

On the twenty-ninth the chief engineer sent for me. The forty-fifth job was finished and they had exceeded their quota. There was to be a celebration and he asked me to show myself prominently. The forty-fifth engine was wheeled out, decked in red and propaganda banners. The school children attended in a body and all business shut down in town. There was a

band. Speakers came from Moscow. The shop foremen and department heads spoke. "This is the way we shall march through the Five Year Plan" was their litany.

The enthusiasm was genuine and emotional. I was much impressed. These people have their ways and we have ours, but such a spirit cannot be discounted, I told myself. On October fourth the chief sent for me again. There was to be a technical meeting that afternoon. It was to last an hour. It endured three hours and a half, and in such confusion that I could not tell what was transpiring. The chief engineer began the speaking. A worker would jump up and interrupt. A second worker would interrupt the first. Then everyone talked at once.

The interpreter took notes and gave me a transcript the next day. Thirty of the forty-five repaired locomotives already had been returned to the shops as unfit. This was a buck-passing meeting. The townspeople, however, continued to believe that the quota had been exceeded.

Wire is the backbone of a welding job. Here it is made on specifications of the American Welding Society, with a special formula for each type of work. With such wire and an average operator, a homogeneous weld is assured. In Russia I found them using common fence wire for any job. Much more difficult to work with, it slows up a job accordingly and cannot be relied upon when done. When I tried to interest them in importing proper welding wire, they talked economy—their usual false economy.

Losing this battle, I abandoned all thought of wholly welded locomotives, the ideal which had taken me to Russia. With such materials, it would be unsafe. Here we get from 55,000 to 60,000 pounds a square inch tensile strength with ordinary mild steel. I had six test coupons made and pulled at Voronezh, with the best result 14,000 pounds. Each of the six broke in the weld on test. A properly welded coupon will break first in the original metal. Examining the deposited metal, I found it full of slag inclusions and impractical for pressure work, even had it possessed the desired tensile strength.

On my first day I noticed a group of girls about fourteen, coating welding wire by dipping one piece at a time. By this primitive method a girl might coat fifty pounds of wire a day. With better wire, we might have waived the coating, but it was essential with fence wire. I thought it well to start right here and put the job on a production basis, so drew up plans for a modern mechanical holder and drier with which one operator could turn out 1500 to 2000 pounds of wire a day, a simplification of the ordinary American machine that produces 5000 pounds and up of wire a day.

It was simple of manufacture and operation. All acclaimed my American cleverness and none raised an objection. They gave every appearance of being sincere, and my interpreter assured me that they were. But did they adopt it? They did not. I still am not sure whether it was inanition, or fear of responsible action, or what.

A month later one of the boys came back from the technical school at Moscow. Favored young communists are sent to this school, from which they graduate in three months as "technicians." The instruction appears to be principally in self-confidence, and they return cocky youths and fair-haired boys.

One of the new technic's first acts was to design a crude variation of the wire-coating machine I had sketched. They began to build it before he had finished his drawings. Completed, it did not function and when they had failed to straighten it out, they asked me to redesign it. I refused.

Five Words of Sense are Enough

Why, you may ask, if they fear responsibility and change so, were they so eager to accept both in this instance? Because the technics are the pride of the party and it is party orders to give them every leeway, thereby encouraging initiative and self-confidence. If they succeed, they reflect credit on Communism. If they fail, it is written down to training.

If a foreign engineer complains of a worker to the party director, the man is summoned and asked what he has to say. My interpreter told me frankly that if the defendant were able to make a 5 per cent showing in his own behalf, he would be upheld. Did not the dead Lenin say: "If out of every one hundred words the worker speaks, five are sensible, let him be approved"? Thus is the worker encouraged to think and act for himself.

A locomotive is inspected after each run in this country. If the inspector finds minor defects they are taken care of in the roundhouse; if a major repair is needed the engine is sent to the shops at once. It is Russian practice to run a locomotive 10,000 kilometers without inspection. If it has not fallen apart in that distance, it goes automatically to the shop.

Two tracks lead into the erecting shop at Voronezh, with a wide aisle between, and two engines were wheeled in at a time. There was no inspection. Instead, two gangs leaped upon the locomotives, stripped and disassembled them completely and tossed all parts into one big heap in the aisle between. Women cleaned the parts in an oil bath, and the defective parts were routed to the repair shops.

When we tear an engine down, every piece is numbered as it is removed. If

it is too small to be chalked, we attach a tin tag to it. Upon reassembly, the newest hand knows where and on what engine the part belongs. By the Russian method it would be difficult enough to put together again two locomotives of exactly the same type. With two of different types, it becomes a cross-word puzzle. I saw an engine held up for three days because they could not identify the proper set of guides.

Of course, I suggested that they adopt the American plan of tagging and numbering. Their eyes lit up. "How simple and effective!" they exclaimed. "Why couldn't we have thought of this admirable simplicity ourselves?"

Need I add that nothing came of it? I truly do not know why.

If the guide bar of such a locomotive was found to be worn down one ten-thousandth of an inch, the process of repairing it took from five to six days. One man would be three days in building the metal up half an inch with arc welding. Then it spent a day in the blacksmith shop being heated and straightened for the machine shop. The heat being insufficient to normalize the deposited metal to softness, it took an entire day to plane the stubborn metal down.

I offered a method whereby all could be done in one day or less. My plan was to use a plate of mild steel the same size as the surface of the guide bar, drill a staggered set of holes in it, clamp it down tightly on the guide bar and fill the holes with electric welding deposit. In doing so, the deposited metal would penetrate the guide bar. For four days I explained, and for four days they backed and filled.

"At least, let me show you," I pleaded. They consented. From the time I got the liner on the guide and clamped it, until I finished welding it, forty-five minutes elapsed. The steel was soft enough that the machinist planed it off ready for the surface grinders in two hours more. Altogether, the job took four hours instead of five days.

"Certainly we shall have to adopt this ingenuity. Imagine! Four hours rather than five days or more. Onward the Five Year Plan!" This was the chorus. But they continued to build their guide bars up half an inch just the same.

When, later, I cited this in Moscow as an example of the futility of my job, they told me that I should have appealed to the party officials.

"I came over here to help, not to fight," I told them. "Anyway, who can fight a feather bed?"

The Sacredness of the Rest Day

A crank shaft broke at a forging plant some 150 miles from Voronezh. It was the mainspring of the plant and 150 men were made idle. To replace the part would be a matter of months. Word had seeped there that Voronezh boasted a Yankee welding wizard. Could I weld the shaft and keep it lined up within two one-thousandths of an inch, they wired. When the chief engineer and the party director called me in, I told them to have the shaft hurried to Voronezh by railway express.

The two-ton part came three days later, unusual dispatch in Russia. Lining up such a heavy shaft is an arduous precision task. Twice that day curious workers, crowding around to watch, knocked it out of plumb, until the master welder posted a guard to keep

them away. With that protection, I finished the lining up that day.

That night other curious workmen on the night shift knocked it out of line again with prying hands, and I was another day getting it in place once more. I wished to stay on that evening and weld enough to prevent a further accident. "Sorry," ruled the master welder, "but your eight hours are up. It can't be done. *Zaftra*." The last word is a popular one in Russia; it means tomorrow.

But I recalled the *zaftra* was my rest day. Every fifth day is a rest day, and is supposed to be spent in social work. All I had been doing on my day off was being shown to the populace by my interpreter. This did not strike me as highly beneficial to society, so I proposed to devote the day to welding, thereby getting 150 men back to work one day sooner. This last advantage I pointed out.

The master welder was aghast. "Work on your rest day?" he protested. "I shouldn't dare permit it. It is a rule." So I wandered idly about town the next day.

I Lose My Tools and My Temper

The following day and the next I welded the job. I took it for granted that it would be hurried to the machine shop, but they let it lie; and when I spoke to my interpreter, Sol advised me that if I wanted to get the job out I would better follow it through. "No one else will," he added.

So I made myself unpleasant until I got action, but when it reached the machine shop the mechanics shrugged their shoulders and refused to put it ahead of their routine tasks. By that time I had exceeded my quota of gray hairs for five years, and I philosophically murmured "*Netcheva*"—it doesn't matter—like a true Slav.

Any American shop would have turned that crank shaft out in four days. Twenty days elapsed between the time when the first wire came and the delivery of the repaired shaft to the railroad. Who can say how much longer it took to transport and install it again? Onward the Five Year Plan!

All this began to wear on my temper, and one day I did the unforgivable—I hit a comrade. I was working on a welding job on which I had to pause for ten to fifteen minute intervals, to prevent heat distortion. In one of these pauses a worker came to me, said he had a welding job which he could not do with his equipment, and asked to borrow mine for a few moments. I lent it to him for ten minutes.

The time up, I signed to him to give it back, my interpreter having strayed off meanwhile. The man refused. Looking over his shoulder, I saw that he was doing an ordinary job while mine was important, so I grabbed the tools. He held on.

Perhaps the man was stupid and did not understand, I counseled myself, and went for the interpreter. Sol made a long speech to him, explaining the case. The borrower made a long speech back, and held on. The debate waxed warm and threatened to go on indefinitely, so I intervened with direct action and recovered my tools.

Fifteen minutes later the party director sent for me. At the summons, Sol turned as white as death. He visualized, I imagine, the old Indian custom of shooting the dead brave's horse to accompany him on his last journey. He was like a condemned man on the march to the party director's office, and I had some qualms myself.

The director heard me courteously. After reprimanding me he suggested that in the future I either arbitrate with a worker or appeal direct to him. I got off very easily, but the suggested remedy was funny.

In the shop I would see a man doing his work all wrong, though I had, the day before, through the interpreter, explained his mistakes and shown him the correct method. Now I would call Sol and tell him to repeat the lesson. The two would argue hotly for twenty minutes while I stood by. Eventually Sol would throw up his hands and walk off. "What did he say?" I would demand. "Oh, the so-and-so is crazy. He didn't say anything," Sol would answer. It was like the old story of the Chinese witness and the interpreter: "He say yes."

The Reds have not found it practicable entirely to ignore the differences in skill, energy and good will among men, so they have seven classifications of labor. The third class, the lowest I encountered, draw thirty paper rubles a month; the highest class, eighty rubles. A technic is paid 120 rubles. The highest wage any good communist, including a party director, may draw is 350 rubles, and few get that much. Medals and bonuses of vacations and cash also are awarded now and then. I knew a construction engineer who completed a job ahead of schedule and was awarded a bonus of 500 rubles. That is, he was given a slip of paper calling for that sum. When I left Russia he still had the paper, but not the rubles.

I took ten of the youngest and poorest welders of the staff and organized a fifteen-day course. Out of it came two youngsters who developed into first-rate craftsmen. Until then, they had been floundering for lack of guidance. As a stimulant to morale, I recommended to the master welder that he reward this showing, and he did obtain the promotion of the boys, jumping them from third class to seventh. I have my own opinion of the wisdom of advancing boys at one stroke to the top of the ladder, let alone the wisdom of cutting the ladder so short.

The Rewards of Communism

Here we get down to the nubbin of Communism. Under capitalism we are paid off, roughly, in proportion to how hard and how well we work and manage. It works unevenly, but more justly than any other system we know, and it improves constantly. Communism abolishes the common incentives. What does it offer instead? First, the security of a poor-farm. This may satisfy the inert and the deficient. To the others, so far as I could detect, it offers only an abstraction, and that more in theory than in fact. A good communist will so love Karl Marx or Lenin, or his fellow man, or his work, or the binomial theorem, that he will delight to do his level best, indifferent to what an all-wise and beneficent bureaucracy chooses to give him. His level best will be limited, of course, to such hours as he is permitted to work, and he must first obtain party sanction before applying any original thought. And there will be restrictions on what he is permitted to think, for as a communist he is a member of a sect as rigidly orthodox as any religion the world has known.

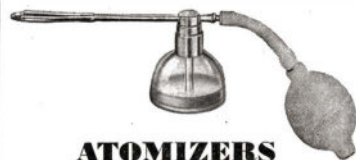
According to Marx, Lenin and their other doctrinaires, the common incentives of capitalism are debasing; greed and injustice are the results of the hateful competition of brother against



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brother, set up by capitalism. Remove this incitement and mankind will cease, on the one hand, to be possessive, selfish, insensible, cruel and sinfully proud, and on the other hand, defeated, lazy, craven or violent, wasteful and ignorant.

Even under capitalism, they point out, the superior do something like their best out of motives of love of work, self-respect, social responsibility and enthusiasm, more than for pay. Under Communism, all will do so.

The United States can point to a capitalistic society that has remade the world in a century and achieved an expansion and distribution of wealth and good living undreamed of fifty years ago, with a rate of progression that promises much for the future. Communism can point to nothing tangible, for it has accomplished nothing except a penitentiary discipline, but Communism is only thirteen years old in practice. There is no ultimate proof as between a condition and a theory. I report only what I saw and what my common sense informed me.

My common sense told me that such a simplification of as complex a thing as man was moonshine, and I saw how it is working in practice. For example, even the superior have ceased to do their best or their middling. They have been paralyzed by fear, hunger, confusion, suspicion and tyranny. The inferior are doing very badly, usually, by any Western standard. Whether it is better or worse than formerly, I have no way of knowing. If better, then the state of Russia under the Czar must have been appalling, and what its people may do or not do has no more bearing on American conditions than has the social set-up in Morocco. I cannot conceive of any Western European people or their offspring living under Communism.

It is an old observation that a staller will work twice as hard to avoid work as to do it. The Russians I worked with were stalling furiously. Not even a sanctified communist dares to loaf openly; that would be treason. So all register industry like a ham actor. It would be easier just to do the job, and I never could decide whether this phenomenon was a phase of Russian character, a result of uncertainty and confusion, or a cynical exploiting of a foolish system. Not the last, certainly, in the case of executives. They are too conspicuous to risk suspicion.

The Use of the Complaint Box

If you see a figure dashing through an American shop, it is reasonable to suppose that he is a production man bound for a certain spot on a definite errand. At Voronezh the chief engineer and master welder outbusted the ants. It was said of a certain American public man that he could strut sitting down. These two could bustle in an armchair. Not until I began to watch closely did I realize that they were going nowhere and doing nothing.

Talk being accepted as a form of productive energy by the Slav, the men on the shop floor turned it out on a production basis. Welders put in six hours, of which they worked on an average of two. At first, I would demand of Sol why a group was debating instead of welding.

"But they are settling some question that has arisen," he would explain patiently.

"What question?"

"Several questions, it appears."

He thought me unreasonable. I ceased to fret myself.

Moscow boasts of a labor shortage in a world of unemployment. It may be true. Everywhere I looked I saw six men on a job that called for one. The reason was apparent. Here a man knows two things—what he is to do and how to do it. There few know the latter, and fewer the former.

There is a pretty custom known as "purifying the staff." Anyone with a grievance may drop anonymous charges against any fellow Russian in a complaint box. The charges need not be confined to shop matters: Private life, antecedents, religious and political beliefs are pertinent. These notes are read later in an open meeting at the workers' club. The accused is permitted to defend himself and anyone is privileged to attack, with no rules or limitations as to evidence. The decisions seemed to me usually to hang upon what party chiefs estimated the accused's social value to be.

Orphans of the Revolution

The "old engineers" were the favored victims of this harassing. An "old" engineer is any graduate technician of prerevolution vintage. They are tolerated and used in the shortage of technical skill, but persecuted in petty ways. Anyone of known prerevolution position is suspect, however frantically he may profess Communism. The position of technicians is doubly difficult, for their communist masters rarely can tell of their own knowledge whether the engineers' plans and operations are sound, and this ignorance fans their suspicion of treachery.

I heard of an old engineer accused of such an absurdity as making the windows of a building too small. His convincing reply was that he had not been given proper workmen and materials. He was acquitted. Yet such men can be framed easily if they have powerful enemies.

Small gangs of the "wild children," the orphans of the revolution, roamed Voronezh. They were popularly supposed to be badly diseased and I was told that they exploited this fact with ghastly ingenuity by threatening to bite women if the women did not surrender their pocketbooks. One day I heard that there had been a round-up of these pitiful, filthy derelicts, and the next morning on my way to the plant I passed a box car with a small barred window at each end, and the door padlocked. Bedlam was going on inside. Sol explained that this was a shipment of children to an orphans' school.

The unabashed curiosity of the Chinese almost can be matched by the Russians. I was sitting at my desk making notes one morning, when fifteen men and one woman walked in. I was so hardened by then to stares that I paid no attention until they drew up chairs in a semicircle about me

and regarded me blandly. I sent for Sol. He had to inquire of the master welder. It appeared that this was a conference of eye, ear, nose and throat doctors in which I was to sit and contribute what I knew of the effects of welding rays on the eyes, and fumes and dust on the throat and lungs. The master welder had forgotten to tell me.

What I knew could not have been very valuable to specialists, but I was given no opportunity to tell that little. Instead, they told me how the worker is being exploited in America. None had been here. None knew the first fact about the United States beyond what Moscow chose to tell them. Moscow tells them a plenty and sees that no one else gets in a word edgewise.

All new houses and many old ones are wired for radio. You pay a monthly license fee and the central control station does the rest. You twirl no dials. Central decides what is good for you to hear. Until ten p.m. it is speech, speech, speech. The advertising interludes on our radio are pretty dreary, but I don't mind them so much after a spell in Russia. Every speech is propaganda. The Russians listen enthralled and never doubt, a docile people. After ten p.m. there may be music, but Red music. Not even music is permitted to seep in from capitalistic stations across the border.

A docile people, yet supremely pleased with themselves. They make curious internationalists, for they are nationally arrogant, and no more so under Lenin and Stalin than they always have been. The word "Slav" literally means "glorious"; that is what they think of themselves.

We hear much about how life is being standardized in the United States, and if I am not mistaken, the critics usually are liberals of the kind who look upon Communism rather coyly. Well, they will have to abandon one or the other, for the Reds have standardized life to a sardine-can pattern.

Where Beauty is Forbidden

The unvarying equipment of the standard two-room apartment is a single cast-iron bed with a straw tick, upon which two must sleep; a table, a commode, three chairs, a desk and a cast-brass desk lamp. Few Russians have any need of a desk, but they have them just the same. Nothing belongs to the occupant, of course, and a state inspector calls quarterly and checks inventory.

If you like pictures, let them be pictures of Stalin or Lenin. All adornment of the person or home, all private beauty, is antisocial. It is evidence that you are getting above yourself. If you have the means to buy or the time to produce unutilitarian furnishings, your money and time would be better spent prosecuting the Five Year Plan.

Russians no longer remove their hats on entering a home. It seems that this was not so much a social amenity as a genuflection to the household ikon, and therefore superstitious.

Yet, though they eat with their hats on, keep them on in theaters and generally, and all men are equal under Communism, the men invariably bowed and tipped their hats to the party director, the chief engineer, the master welder and me, in the shop and out. I found it a nuisance, particularly on my tenth trip of the day through the plant, but the executives appeared to like it and the workers seemed not to begrudge it.

When, back in New York, I reported to the Amtorg and told my story, they exclaimed that they could not understand my attitude; so many American employees were delighted with Russia. There are three classes of Americans holding Amtorg contracts who find the U. S. S. R. tolerable or better. The first are communists at heart. The second are simple mechanics or fakers who were hired as engineers and treated as such. The third are adventurous souls who find the mad Russian scene amusing and exciting for a time, despite the futility and living conditions.

Putting a Bur Under Bureaucracy

I saw little of Russia outside Voronezh, but my belief that it was typical of the country is supported by the admitted uniformity of the Soviet pattern, and by the testimony of every disinterested observer I have talked with or read.

Even the Soviet has admitted my main thesis. In March, the official publication, *Economic Life*, printed an editorial entitled *Forced Idleness in Russia*, cast in the form of an interview. The reporter asked various American specialists if they had found forced labor in Russia. Their answer was no, but they had found worse—forced idleness. The editorial mentioned five Americans by name.

The first was a Mr. Pulius, a shipbuilding expert, who was quoted: "I have been flopping about like a fish on ice for three months in search of work."

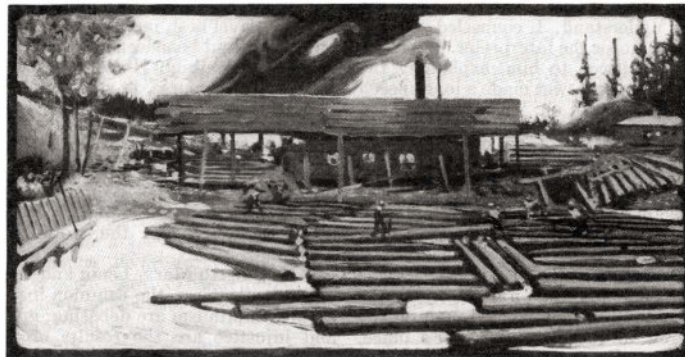
Charles Gill, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, was quoted: "They are using about a quarter of an inch of me."

Another railroad man, Prendergast, was quoted: "I spend the whole day at the movies"; and two others, Morrissey and Clark, the editorial goes on, "got so tired of forced idleness that they quit and went home." The Morrissey is I.

The editorial continues: "We receive the Americans with friendly interest and begin innumerable questions about things in their homeland. After the Americans spend a day or two answering such, they generally propose getting to work, and often make suggestions. The bureaucrats reply airily: 'Never mind about that—we have our plans.'"

"Suppose the Americans insist and put forward plans of the latest system of American technic. The bureaucrats reply: 'Oh, we've been doing it that way for ages, until the American wonders why he is employed here at all.'"

Once in a while the Kremlin permits itself the truth, but only in moderate doses and when it serves a special purpose. The purpose here was to put a bur under the saddle blankets of the bureaucracy. *Economic Life* circulates only among them, and the run-of-the-mill Russian would not understand the editorial if he happened to see it.



THE MUD LARK

(Continued from Page 28)

to his obediently docile wife, dust-covered and tired and hungry and strangely shut off from the rest of the world. The one thing that keeps him from desolation, I'm sure, is his wheat. He'd be pitiful without that wheat, like an inedible oyster with its pearl carried away. And I've no right to be jealous of his hopes.

The police so far have failed to find Spike Forgan. And Bull McDoel also discreetly keeps his distance. But a few days ago, when I passed that cattle king on the main street of Elk Crossing, he politely doffed his hat to me. And when I returned to Pavlova, after a frugal exchange of butter and eggs for much-needed groceries, I found reposing on my car seat a basket of California grapes, to which was attached a card saying, "From a friend and neighbor."

My first impulse was to dump the basket overboard. But all I did, after a moment or two of mixed feelings, was to tear up the card. And Jamie, when I returned to Journey's End, frowned silently down at that basket of odorous fruit. It seemed, of course, an example of wanton extravagance. Yet Jamie, on the whole, is more patient with me than I deserve. I do what I can to help, but I continue to make mistakes that must exasperate him. The other day he gave me carrot seed to plant in a dozen long rows in our garden plot. And I used up all my seed in the first half row, planting it, in my blindness, more than twenty times too thick. Even Hugh, when he found out about that *faux pas*, solemnly shook his head and protested there was no tragedy like the tragedy of being too lavish. And when I asked him what he meant by that he casually announced that women quite often gave too much.

"But that," I protested, "is what we were made for."

"Yet sometimes your carrot seed runs out," he reminded me. He stood silent for a moment or two, watching Terry chewing on my darning egg. "You know, I wish you'd go away for a week or two," he finally observed.

"Are you getting tired of me, Hughie?" I demanded, rather startled by what he had said.

"I couldn't tire of you in a thousand years, and you know it," averred Hugh as his eyes met mine. And I was the first one to look away.

"Then you think Jamie is?" I questioned.

"I don't say that," answered Hugh. "But men can sometimes take too much for granted."

"You think he should get a guitar and yodel love songs under my window?" I suggested, resenting an implication that didn't altogether add to my happiness.

"No, he'd never do that," admitted Hugh. "But you're a woman—and women have to be told."

"Told what?" I demanded.

"How much a man is in love with them," answered the wistfully smiling Hugh.

But it's in the lonely life, I suppose, that the unexpected can prove so momentous. It stands up above the dead level of daily happenings as conspicuously as Elk Crossing's lone grain elevator stands up above the prairie line. And three letters, within the week, have brought three shocks to me.

The first was a dove-colored note, carried to our door by a stocky small boy on a stocky small bronco. And it

was for Hugh, who colored perceptibly as he perused it. When he later announced, with too studied nonchalance, that he was going riding the next day with a girl from a neighboring ranch, I promptly smelt a rat. I smelt, in fact, a whole Hameln army of rats, and fell to wondering if even my exceptional Hughie was to prove a disappointment to me. The second and the third letters were from England, one from Lady Helen and the other from Uncle Gregory. Lady Helen's carried the news that she was on her way to Victoria with the Carterets, and as she hoped to be stopping off at Banff in two weeks' time, she suggested that I run up to that mountain resort and spend a few days with her. Hugh, when he learned of the letter, openly observed that a week in Banff would set me up for the summer. And Jamie, after a solemn study of my face, agreed with him.

"That means," I said with prompt and feminine resentment, "that I'm not much use around here."

"We'd be miserable, of course," averred dependable old Hugh, "but we could carry on for a week or so." "I've bached before," observed Jamie.

"And you might get Indian Nellie back," I maliciously suggested. But Jamie dedicated himself to his own thoughts. And the question, for the time being, was tabled.

Uncle Gregory's letter announced Leslie Foraker's death in London, two weeks after his return from Biskra. Leslie had been very unhappy out there, I gathered, and had crept back to England to die. And before dying, apparently, he had been giving some thought to the past. For Leslie, I was told, had left me a trifle over six hundred pounds, after all costs and inheritance taxes had been paid. Papers would be sent on to me in due time, the letter explained, but there would be considerable delay before this small but doubtlessly much-welcomed remittance could be sent out to me. And I couldn't help wondering, as I read his letter, if Uncle Gregory ever chanced to remember a certain June afternoon in London when, as the sun went so peacefully down behind Putney, a storm had broken out in Leslie's chambers.

But time, I've found, has the trick of juggling with settled opinions. And life, after all, isn't so simple as it seems. The good comes tangled up with the bad. And we're not all black or all white, but an incongruous mixture of both. Leslie hadn't entirely forgotten me. He must even have cared for me a little. Yet that thought brought no elation with it. And even in the prospect of his six hundred pounds I could take little real joy. I found it hard, in fact, to read Uncle Gregory's letter to Jamie, who listened in silence. But when I looked up, I noticed, my husband's face was a clouded one.

"Are you going to take that man's money?" he demanded.

"Not if you feel I shouldn't," I promptly explained. But, as my eye rested on the grim and gaunt figure in the sadly patched overalls, I couldn't help speculating on what six hundred pounds would mean to the Gilson family.

"That's for you to decide," announced Jamie in a voice edged with ice. Yet his interpretation of the situation, I felt, was more than ungenerous.

"I'm afraid we're rather helpless in the matter," I suggested. "And I suppose, in one way, it might help a little."

"Help whom?" demanded Jamie.

"Us," I retorted as I stared at a dish towel made from a sun-bleached grain sack.

"Not me," barked Jamie with a hand sweep of repudiation that I found a trifle hard to swallow.

"Then me," I said with more of a tremor of indignation than I had intended. And Jamie stood looking down at me with a remote and hostile eye.

"You've probably earned it," he was cruel enough to cry out.

I sat silent, doing what I could to cap the well of my anger. But I could feel a curtain of steel lower between us. And life of a sudden seemed pressing down on me a little too hard. I was, I realized, neither trusted nor understood. That old blind jealousy of my unknown past still swung like a naked sword blade between us. And I was tired of eating crow. It might seem like retreat from the field before the battle was won; but I decided, that afternoon, on my visit to Lady Helen and my week at Banff. And I told Jamie of my intentions.

Yet Jamie, three hours later, made me feel more than ever a traitor. For just at sunset he led me rather proudly out to his precious seed plot. And as I stood before him I realized that, no matter how lean and straitened his days, life still held its moments of bigness for him. For there, tenderly and lovingly, he showed me along the higher swells of dark soil the first small shoots of his prize wheat.

They were there, thick enough to give a tincture of verdure to the bald ground, little sword blades of pale green brandished defiantly aloft against frost and drought and hail and rust.

"It's beautiful, Jamie," I said, thrilling with the thought of promise in that first growth of the year.

He refused to be emotional over it. He suspected, I think, that to articulate any deeper feeling was in some way to cheapen it. Yet I knew by the light in his veiled and solemn eyes that he was as proud of that wheat as I was. It was like stooping over the cradle of his first-born. And he wasn't thinking of me, I could see, as he stood there in the prolonging evening light, but of the little blades of green that would grow tall in the summer sun and bear their close-packed heads of milky berries and drink moisture from the earth and sweetness from the light as they swayed in the wind and eventually became a yellow more precious than any yellow that ever glittered on a golden-headed woman. For a woman is only a woman, but a field of wheat, when it's the best wheat ever grown, stands something to cherish and guard and worship and pass on to a waiting world.

xxxii

I STUCK to my guns on the matter of going to Banff. But I stood appalled, as I made ready for my visit with Lady Helen, by the things I needed. I was little better than a rag bag. A house flock of faded print, freshly washed and ironed, might pass muster in a prairie shack but would not leave me a shining light in a hotel lounge. I needed a new hat. And even more I needed shoes and gloves and nighties and a traveling bag that

didn't look as if it had come out of the ark. But more than everything else, I felt, my soul needed a dry shampoo.

So I refused to let that lack of clothes deter me. I went stoically about my preparations, mending and patching and pressing, even salvaging Hughie's gayest pair of silk pajamas, which were decidedly on their uppers, and refashioning them into rather Oriental-looking sleeping garments for myself. With my own hands I stitched together the broken seams in my English walking shoes and from a worn-out riding gauntlet I got enough lining leather to patch and make respectable my one remaining pair of gloves. Hugh insisted, at the last, that I should make use of his presentable but painfully heavy Gladstone bag of English pigskin, together with a monogrammed toilet set from which the unmistakably masculine utensils had been temporarily withdrawn.

Jamie, I noticed, gave little attention to these preparations. But he did not oppose them. He remained remote, even on my last day at the ranch, when I was so busy baking a seven-loaf batch of bread, a crock of doughnuts and three raisin pies, to tide my sad-eyed hermits over their womanless week. He emulated the turtle and shut himself up in his shell on our last night together, doing his best to ignore my movements as I folded and packed my things and questioned Hugh as to what a lone lady should do when she first steps into a New World hotel. I began to feel, in a way, that I was making ready for a final departure, that I was following in the footsteps of Ibsen's Nora and leaving my doll's house of a shack forever.

Jamie, the next morning, was equally silent during our drive in to Elk Crossing. He, too, must have nursed some shadow of my own feeling of finality. For he gulped a little as the train pulled in, and startled me by taking me rather clumsily in his arms and kissing me.

"Good-by," he said, with a choke in his voice. And having said it, he turned away as I've seen a child turn away when the first earth is thrown on a lowered coffin. He stood there without moving as I climbed aboard. He was still there as I peered from my car window and we went slithering out of the station yard. He looked oddly desolate and forlorn on that bald and wind-swept platform. It was, I remembered, the first time we had been really separated since our marriage. And it made me feel like a deserter. If he'd called to me, I'm afraid I should have taken a swan dive out of the car window and limped back to him. And as that last picture of him stayed with me all the way to Calgary, I tried to tell myself that it was a terrible mistake, all things considered, to be so tragically dependent on any one man.

My meeting with Lady Helen was in the nature of a let-down. So much train tumult, after the quietness of prairie life, made my head ache, and the stately big hotel in the midst of the mountains rather overawed me, and the horse-faced Miss Erskine, Lady Helen's companion, who was really little more than a maid, stared a bit witheringly at my masculine-looking traveling bag. Even my clothes apparently didn't meet with my hostess' approval, and she seemed shocked at my hands, and frowned over my sunburn, and ventured the

opinion that farming was no calling for a lady of quality. I found, to my dismay, that we hadn't as much to talk about as I'd expected. I'd even grown a trifle careless, I was told, as to my manner of speech and my use of Americanisms. Some of the things Lady Helen said about Canada, in fact, struck me as rather silly. And she was quite open in her hatred for Americans and their gum and grapefruit and over-boiled tea and oversized trains. And I realized that the world had moved on and left me behind. I was so far in the rear, in fact, that the plenitude of towels in the big nicked bathroom rather took my breath away, and going up in a lift gave me a hollow feeling just under the breastbone, and having breakfast served in bed looked suspiciously like a moral delinquency. I no longer cared for golf, and was bored by motoring about the valley roads, and could stir up no enthusiasm at the prospect of visiting a buffalo park. The mountainous country all about me seemed lovely enough, after the flatness of the prairie, but I was homesick. A little worm of loneliness was gnawing at the rose of my temporary opulence. I kept wondering what Jamie was doing, and why he had kissed me, and how much he was missing me, and if he was cooking himself the right kind of meals. Everything seemed very English at Banff, with English tourists strolling along the Swisslike streets and English voices all about me at the tea hour in the lounge. But, oddly enough, I no longer felt that I was one of them. They seemed like foreigners to me. And to them, I suppose, I seemed like a weather-beaten and badly dressed monstrosity from the backwoods.

Lady Helen, in fact, talked pompously yet pointedly about the folly of letting oneself go when one was still young and might possibly still make oneself passably attractive, and insisted on handing over to me a correcting quantity of silk stockings and undies and a rose-pink peignoir and a black chiffon dinner gown which, when reduced to the proper dimensions, would surely prove a surprise to Billiken and Buckshot and the denizens of the calf pen. But I accepted that finery with a grim sort of meekness, and even accepted Lady Helen's suggestion that a bleaching mask wouldn't be a bad sort of investment. For I learned at least one thing from my visit to Banff. Jamie may say that rouge isn't honest and he may dislike the taste of lipstick, but men apparently still judge a woman by her outward appearance. And from that hour forward, I decided I was going to do better by myself and not grow into a frump without the power to hold the man of her heart. I'd been a bit careless, I realized, in the matter of clothes—and no woman, I learned in those few days of secret misery, should be that. In trying to be efficient I'd forgotten how to be attractive. And that, perhaps, was why Jamie's grab-bag wife had lost her glamour for him.

But, glum and gaunt as he was, I wanted to be with him. He was my mate. And I missed him. At the beginning of my third day at Banff, in fact, I startled Lady Helen by announcing that instead of going on to Lake Louise with her I was going home. When I went determinedly down to the office to inquire about trains I found, to my horror, that I hadn't enough money to carry me back to Elk Crossing. I was shuddering at the thought of having to beg or borrow ten shillings from an openly indignant hostess, when a heavy

but not unfriendly voice sounded across my shoulder.

"Well, stranger, what're you doing in these parts?"

I turned and found myself face to face with Bull McDoel. And the discovery didn't add to my happiness. But my coolness threw no cloud over the bland-eyed man of cattle.

"Where are you heading for?" he asked with a nod toward my time-table.

"I'm going back to Elk Crossing," I quietly informed him.

"When?" he asked as he looked at his watch.

"As soon as I can get away."

"Then why bother about trains," he suggested, "when I can motor you there?"

I met his steady gaze with one quite as steady. It was, in a way, a solution of my problem. And life, I'd learned, was largely a matter of give and take, where friends were often exacting and enemies were sometimes generous. Yet I hesitated.

"Are you afraid of me?" asked McDoel, with a small and mordant laugh.

"Not in the least," I assured him. What held me back, I knew, was the thought of Jamie's hatred for the man. But I was, after all, free, white and twenty-one. And once at Elk Crossing I could phone out to the Wilmots', who could send a message on to Journey's End and have Hugh drive in for me.

"I'm leaving in half an hour," explained McDoel. "And we'll have a meat packer by the name of Wimberly along with us."

The presence of Mr. Wimberly seemed to decide the issue. And when I told McDoel that I'd be glad to ride back with him he merely said, "Apple sauce!"—which appears to be American slang for protestations with a coloring of insincerity.

It was two good hours, however, before the flashing big car purred out under the stone archway of the Banff hotel, with the somnolent and indifferent-eyed Mr. Wimberly alone in the back seat and me in the driver's seat beside my triumphant enemy. We threaded our way along a beautiful winding road past verdant valleys and rocky cliffs and snow-clad mountain peaks bathed in a crystal-clear wash of light.

We went like the wind, droning down long slopes and swinging about horseshoe curves and still again climbing to dizzy heights from which the pines on the lower valley slopes looked no bigger than pointed ninpins on a play-room floor. And I should have been happy. But always, just under my floating ribs, was a feeling of disquiet shot through with a ghostlier feeling of guilt.

That feeling of disquiet increased, in fact, when I found we were dropping our packing-house friend at Calgary. But I had no intention of shivering like a white mouse just because I saw myself in an open car with a rather taurine type of man whom my husband happened to hate.

"It's nicer being alone," observed the bland-eyed McDoel as we left Calgary behind us. The implication was obvious. But I ignored it.

"Have you ever found out what became of Spike Forgan?" I quietly inquired.

That took the wind out of his sails. The rubicund big face hardened for a moment, and then relaxed into a one-sided smile.

"I guess Spike knew he couldn't go Jesse James around here without paying for it," explained my companion,

with a shrug. "So he's naturally given us all a wide berth."

"Why," I determinedly questioned, "do you suppose he wanted to steal my husband's prize wheat?"

Still again Bull McDoel sat silent for a moment or two. And still again his silence ended in a slightly evasive smile. "Big Jim's got a prize or two," he ventured, "that we'd all like to steal."

I met and held the gaze of my Casanova of the cattle range. "You've said that before," I reminded him. "And you haven't answered my question."

McDoel's laugh, brief as it was, struck me as a protective one.

"Since you're so hell-bent for facts, I'll tell you something," he finally said. "That bird you're living with has a hair-trigger temper. A year ago Spike and him had a little argument about some cattle brands. Before it was through Spike found himself laid up for a week with a broken jaw. And there was another wallop I guess Spike kind of remembers." The heavy shoulders lifted in a shrug. "But what's the use of digging up those old ructions? Wouldn't it be more sensible for us two to swing down one of these side trails and just keep on riding?"

"I'm afraid not," I averred, conscious of the nestling movement with which the taurine big body swayed and settled a little closer to me.

"Then how about supper at Scotty's road house?" he blandly suggested.

"I'm having supper this evening with my husband," I asserted.

"Spousing I decide different?" challenged McDoel. And I could see the heavy rubicund jaw harden a little.

I looked at him with a pretense of being mildly amused. I even laughed aloud. "But you won't," I announced, grateful for the glimpse of Elk Crossing's elevator as it loomed ahead of us. "And I'll be obliged if you'll drop me at the Central Drug Store."

We swayed on for half a mile before my companion spoke again. "People who know me," he proclaimed, "usually realize I get what I go after."

"We've made wonderful time, haven't we?" I evaded as we swung into the dustier main street of the Crossing. I even smiled as I said it, for I knew that my hour of ordeal was over. I felt, in fact, like a troubled flyer edging down to earth.

But that smile died on my face. For another car, turning out of Salmon's lumberyard, a muddy and dust-covered car with a litter of shingle bundles on its back seat, rattled close up beside us and cut malignantly in across our path, where it stopped, blocking our way. That obstructing car, I saw, was Pavlova. And the man stepping down from its driver's seat was my Jamie.

He strode over to where I sat, with my blood chilling at the black rage that glowed in his eyes. "What are you doing in that car?" he demanded, intent and low-toned and with a look of hate that horrified me.

"Merely coming home," I answered, trying to keep a quiver out of my voice. "Home?" he cried, his hands shaking. "Have you one?"

"Haven't I?" I questioned, my own voice oddly hardened.

But he declined to answer that challenge. "Where have you been?" he asked, his tanned face almost the color of old cheese.

"I've been to Banff," I said.

"How do I know that?"

"You'll have to take my word for it, I'm afraid," was my deliberated reply.

Jamie's eyes, as they went on to the silent McDoel, narrowed menacingly. "Then why are you riding with that wheat thief?" he demanded.

"He at least brought me safely here," I retorted.

"Am I supposed to thank him for that?" Jamie was cruel enough to bark out at me.

"He can still take me back again," I cried, surrendering to my own tide of anger. But Jamie ignored that ultimatum.

"Get out of that car," he commanded. I looked at him for a moment without moving. But I knew he was in no mood for hesitations. So I meekly reached for my bag and obeyed him. And I was conscious, as Jamie threw in his worn and clashing gears, of McDoel sitting back in his thick-cushioned seat and impassively lighting a cigar.

I said nothing until we were in the open country again. Then I looked at my husband, staring at him as though I were seeing him from a great distance. This was the man, I remembered, I'd been homesick for, the man I'd decided, in my desolation of soul, to be more patient and thoughtful and tender with. And he was carrying me home like a collie owner taking back a sheep killer caught in the act.

"You're not being very kind," I said, trying to keep the tears back.

"You seem to've had kindness enough for the whole family," answered Jamie as he yanked a wayward Pavlova back into the trail.

"That's how you value me!" I cried, feeling terribly alone in the world, for all my feeble-hearted parade of defiance.

"That's what you pay for marrying a woman you know nothing about," retorted the man who claimed to be my husband.

"And it's what I pay," I said, swallowing hard, "for trying to live with a man who doesn't believe in me."

"I've waited for the chance," affirmed my gray-lipped Jamie, "but you've never given it to me." And his foot went savagely down on the accelerator, exactly as though it was a good-for-nothing better half under his boot heel.

xxiii

COLERIDGE was right. It's simply hell to quarrel with somebody you care for. And it's not pleasant living with a man whose iciness can take the warmth out of your heart as promptly as a Scotch mist can take the heat out of sunlight. Not that Jamie and I are at daggers drawn. He's finally persuaded, I think, that my Banff visit was something more than a herring scent across the trail of duplicity. And we've arrived at a second sort of armistice, in which we are coldly polite to each other. I even face my daily rounds with a pretense of cheerfulness, for no man, I fancy, would care to live long with a sour-faced woman. But there's a wound in my heart that refuses to heal. And yesterday Jamie rather stiffly apologized when he walked into my room and found me in nothing more than a slip.

It may be winter in my heart, but it's most assuredly summer outside, with long days of sunlight and little flat-bottomed clouds floating like dabs of fleece across a wide-flung sky of brooding blue. My carrot rows have come up as thick as grass, and my sweet peas are in bud. Jamie keeps saying we're in need of rain, but his wheat has grown prodigiously, turning a darker and darker green as it increases in height. It's tall enough now

to ripple and waver in the wind and I never tire of watching it as it darkens and brightens and darkens again with every ruffling breeze.

Hugh, I think, suffers most from the tension that hangs over this self-frustrating little household. He does what he can to make life endurable. But even with him there has grown up a thin and ghostly sense of remoteness. For Hugh, I find, has on several occasions gone riding with that girl from Ontario who answers to the name of Nannie Denholm and is, I understand, "dude-ranching" with the Delaneys, just beyond Grover's Creek. And the other day, when Hughie rather hesitatingly asked if he might bring his new friend over to tea and rather fussily decorated the living-room table with prairie flowers and trekked all the way to Elk Crossing for lady fingers and apricot jam, to say nothing of a new sugar bowl and cream pitcher, I dutifully put on my best bib and tucker and received the ardent-eyed Nannie, who, with her lithographic blue eyes, first made me think of a picture post card of the Bay of Naples, and then with her shy audacities and her bird-like alertness of body made me think of a wood thrush. Jamie, who was busy with a sick horse, could not be with us. But we had a pleasant enough hour together, even though Hugh, for all his guardedness, impressed me as a trifle possessive, while the ardent color that came and went in the girl's face kept reminding me that I was an old and weather-beaten wife. I could see, as plain as print, that she was head over heels in love with Hughie. I could see their glances meet and lock, and the difficulty they experienced in disentangling them again. And I couldn't help feeling as I sat once more alone in the shack, the shack that seemed so much emptier than ever before, that something warm and glamorous had slipped out of my life.

"She's top-hole, Hughie," I could truthfully enough say when Hugh came back into the quiet room.

He surprised me by taking my hand and holding it while his troubled eyes studied my face.

"You're both top-hole," he quietly affirmed. "And I want you to like her."

"Do you?" I asked, trying to fight down the foolish conviction that I was in some way losing him.

"Yes, I like her," acknowledged Hugh, with what I accepted as an Anglican resort to understatement, "but it's tangled up with a feeling of disloyalty."

"To whom?" I asked, a little puzzled by the chatoyant light in his eyes.

"To you," he answered, without releasing my hand. "I suppose it oughtn't to be said, but I've always been in love with you, Jo-Jo. No, don't stop me. It was that way for years, I suppose, before I even understood it. And it's that way now. And I think it always will be. But I know it's no use. You're in love with another man. You're —"

"But I'm afraid he's not in love with me," I interrupted. And, as much to Hugh's surprise as my own, a tear or two trickled slowly down my nose.

"You may be wrong there," warned Hugh, with a hand on my foolishly shaking shoulder. "Whether it's justified or not, he hates that man McDoel. And you hurt him, of course, when you rode home from Banff with that bouncer."

"But what harm did it do?" I demanded. And Hugh, I noticed, was not above smiling at my indignation.

"It seems to have put a strain on the home circle that's not leaving either of

you very happy," averred Hugh. "And you're both too proud to eat crow."

"But if you care for a woman," I contended, "you should bank on her to the bitter end. You believe in me, don't you, Hugh?"

"Of course," was Hugh's prompt reply. "But I happen to know you."

"Doesn't Jamie?" I asked. "The man I'm mated to?"

"But I've known you for twenty years," explained Hugh, "and he's known you eight or nine months. And the two of you stand for different types. You're voluble and impulsive. He's strong-willed and inarticulate. He wants to bank on you, as you express it, but he doesn't know your breed. He's a son of the soil, and he's lived alone too much. That type of man not only finds it hard to put his deeper feelings into words but, as you yourself once acknowledged, he also suspects they are in some way cheapened by being talked about. What's more, he's terribly afraid of being a failure. That makes him work too hard. Yet all the time, remember, it's for you he's working."

"But a woman wants words," I contended, knowing my cry was a foolish one even as I uttered it.

And Hugh smiled at me rather ruefully. "Well, I'm afraid your Jamie will seldom say beautiful things," affirmed my knight who was failing me. "You'll have to be satisfied when you see him doing beautiful things."

That made me think of Jamie's prize grain. "Then I wish he'd give me half the thought," I objected, "that he gives to his wheat."

"He does, Jo-Jo, only you don't always know about it. For instance, nearly every night, last month, he was out working in that tool shed of his, working by lantern light. You imagined, I suppose, it was to escape your meekly accusing eyes. But I'd happened to tell him that your birthday, not inappropriately, came on the Fourth of July, the same being Independence Day. And he knew you'd always wanted a dressing table. So he smuggled in timber and three slabs of plate mirror and with his own hands started to build you a three-panel contraption where you could sit in state and see how beautiful you are. And I know what I'm talking about, for around the main mirror frame he's started to carve by hand that sentence of Li Po's from Messer Marco Polo: 'There is beauty in a running horse and beauty in a running stream, but there is no beauty like the beauty of a young woman and she letting down her hair.' And if that isn't the outcry of a lonely and love-hungry mortal, I'll eat my hat."

I backed up and dropped into a chair, feeling about as tottery as a newborn calf being overvigorously licked by its mother.

"Oh, Hughie," I cried, "you shouldn't have told me."

"It was a secret, of course," acknowledged Hugh, "but there are some secrets that are best known."

I sat silent for what seemed a very long time.

"What am I to do, Hugh?" I asked in my helplessness.

"Be good to him," answered Hugh. "For goodness never seems to be wasted."

xxiv

YESTERDAY was one of those white-hot prairie days that dry your skin and make your eyes ache and set you to dreaming about tree-shadowed rivers and long green Cornish combers breaking on wave-swept sand.

And Jamie, as usual, has been worrying about his wheat. He even reminded me of a caged panther as he prowled about after supper, from fence line to fence line, studying the sky, staring at my parched garden and listening to the lowing of his equally restive cattle.

But about an hour after sunset, there was a growl of thunder out of the southwest, followed by a sweep of cooler wind. Those thunder growls came closer and died away and started up again a little while after I'd gone to bed, as limp and wilted as Jamie's wheat from the long day's heat. When I woke up, about midnight, and most unmistakably heard the lyric patter of raindrops on the shack roof, I felt as though that falling rain were washing some slow accumulation of dust from my soul. It sounded like dancing feet. It was such music to my ears, as it came heavier and heavier, that I slipped out of bed, ostensibly to set two tubs under the back eaves to catch enough rain water for my next week's washing, but actually to feel the cooling pelt of water once more against my heat-wearied body. I remembered, in feeling those falling drops on my nightie-clad shoulders, that rain was the renewer of the world, that, like laughter, it could make life over for anxious-minded mortals. And I felt young again.

Then, as I dodged back under cover, I all but bumped into Jamie, standing silent and ghostlike in the shack door.

"Oh, Jamie, it's raining," I cried out in my foolish relief.

"So I see," announced Jamie. And a caustic note in his voice intimated that he was quite conscious of a fact already clearly observed.

"It'll help your wheat," I reminded him.

"It'll help everything," he agreed. He stood staring out through the darkness. "I was afraid of hail," he acknowledged, with an audible sigh of relief.

And I remembered that his beloved grain had been rescued from ruin. The most important thing in his life had been delivered from peril. During a lull in the rain I could even sniff a vague aroma from that mistress of his, a soft and earthy and seminal smell from the sleeping acres of green that stirred and swayed voluptuously in the humid darkness. It made me feel lonely and a little envious. I shivered, without quite knowing I was doing it, as I groped my way to my bald little cubby-hole of a bedroom. But as I lay waiting for some shadow of warmth to come back to my rain-chilled body, I remembered that Jamie had entirely forgotten my birthday. His intentions had been good, but wheat seed apparently can prove as effective an opiate as poppy seed. And that little altar of vanity in the form of a three-paneled dressing table, so carefully fashioned and carved, still reposed out in the tool shed, cheek by jowl with the necessary harmless grindstone.

But time, I realize, disregards our trivial heartaches. And a little sand in an hourglass can cut deeper than a great sword. School has closed for the summer, and Hugh is now helping Jamie with his haying. Nannie Denholm rides over occasionally and has a noonday lunch with us out on the open range. My thick-headed old Jamie, in fact, has just awakened to the meaning of Nannie's shadow across our doorsill. And he doesn't entirely disapprove of the arrangement.

"It looks as though you were going to lose your Hugh," he observed after one of our slough-side meals.

"Are you sorry?" I asked as I disregarded the possessive pronoun and gathered up my dishes.

"What difference would it make?" he countered as his gaze rested on the happy pair wandering off between the scrub willow. Then, obviously piqued by the envious light in my eye, he proclaimed that Hugh should make a pretty successful lover, being always so able to express himself. And as I rode home across the sunlit prairie I couldn't help wondering why some men should have to shelter themselves behind a coat of harshness, which they take off only now and then as a tired knight doffs his mail armor. I also wondered why women, to keep out the cold, had to bank their hearts with patience, just as Jamie banks our winter shack with stable manure.

But my lord and master, I'm afraid, has troubles enough to keep him preoccupied. For only yesterday morning he made a strange discovery. He found a gap cut in the barbed-wire fence between our farther wheat field and the grazing land where he keeps his summer cattle. It was merely luck, blind luck, that they hadn't stumbled on that inviting open doorway in the barbed strands of metal that kept them where they belonged. If they had, besides rampaging ruinously through Jamie's standing grain, they would probably have died from overgorging on such overluscious green feed.

The fence was soon repaired, and Jamie said little about it. But I could see that he was worried. He mulled over the ground for footprints, quartered back and forth like a beagle, and even followed up an abortive trail or two. Then he finally went careening off to Elk Crossing. What he did there remained unknown to me, but from Hugh I later learned of his stumbling on an unconfirmed rumor that Spike Forgan had been seen on the open range, halfway between the McDoel ranch and Graveyard Coulee.

That rumor, of course, could mean little or much. But it disturbed me to see Jamie, after his return, so quietly and grimly going over his firearms, cleaning and oiling and reloading them and even giving attention to an ugly and short-barreled revolver that was new to me. It seemed to throw a shadow once more over our otherwise peaceful acres. It suggested a threat of violence, of lawless and unpredictable combats. And Jamie, I noticed, watched his wheat with a jealous eye. Sometimes in the night he would slip out in the darkness and stay away for an hour or two. And it seemed like an added strain imposed on a spirit already too tense with anxiety.

Sometimes, in fact, that nocturnal restlessness of his impressed me as foolish. It seemed to imply an overstrained state of nerves in which the true perspective of things had got twisted. For we lived in a land of law and order. And we were confronted by bigger issues than the thought of a shadowy prowler about the fringes of our fields of toil. We had, before everything else, a bumper crop to harvest.

For the wheat itself, as the long hot days went by, basked serenely in the flat sunlight and whispered peacefully with every changing breeze. I never tired of watching it. I even saw its dark, thrifty green take on a lighter shade along the higher stretches of ground, though the darker green lingered longer in the lower places where moisture was more plentiful.

The days have been hot and dry again, but Jamie seems undisturbed

by this, proclaiming that there is enough moisture to carry him through. The one thing he is afraid of apparently is hail; and day by day he studies the horizon and looks for wind clouds and makes note of the evening temperature and methodically marks off another numeral on the little calendar above his work desk. And it won't be long now before harvest is upon us. For I have seen Jamie's grain grow paler and paler, until the nearer and earlier field just beyond my kitchen garden has turned almost to a creamy shade. And the creamy shade is slowly turning to a yellow, a slowly deepening yellow that seems to catch the color from the perpetual sunlight in which it is bathed. Here and there, in fact, I can see a hint of gold in that wavering sea where the great heads are heavy with milk. As that milk turns to sugar, I know, the gold will become more burnished and brilliant.

But always, I realize, it has been beautiful to the eye, with its every shade and tint a lovely one, from the delicate pale green of the newly sprouted blades to the full gold of the tall and stately stalks that sway and bend and whisper together with every changing breeze. Sometimes, just skimming along the floorlike surface of pale gold, I can see a huge hawk go like a drifting sail, pioneering along in search of rodents in the depth of that whispering forest of stalks. And sometimes I can see the dark shadow of a cloud, clear-cut as an island in motion, drift slowly across that sea of whispering yellow, taking the shimmer out of the plumed heads, intensifying the glow of the Roman gold just beyond its floating fringes of shadow. And now that the cropped pasture land looks so parched and pallid, and even the roadside growth seems so stunted and faded, I can understand why one's eye instinctively turns to the wheat fields. They lie before one so opulent and regal, so valiant and full of promise, so epic in their immensity. They are the world's bread, waiting to be garnered. And there is a touch of glory, no matter how meager our days of toil may seem, in taking part in that movement. Jamie may not wear his heart on his sleeve and slip Rupert Brooke love sonnets under my door; but, in a way entirely his own, he is proving himself a poet. And if frost should come along and freeze the milk in those swelling kernels of grain I should refuse to believe in God. Or if hail should beat malignantly down from His heavens and flail my Jamie's crop to pieces, I should simply curl up and die.

xxv

IT CONTINUES hot and dry, but Jamie claims we have moisture enough to carry us through. And harvest time draws closer. All I can see, to the south and east of us, is wheat, waving wheat, rippling wheat, an ever-changing ocean of wheat. For these fields, after England, look immeasurably big to me. Yet our ranch is reckoned a small one, so small, in fact, we can't think of using a combine. Instead, we'll use what at home is called a string binder, hauled by Jamie's dependable old tractor. And I'm to be a helper in the harvest work.

I begin to realize how husbandry has changed since our ancestors garnered their pittance of grain with little hand sickles of flint and bronze. Today it's a gigantic drama frenziedly enacted on a gigantic stage. And the thrill of the thing has a trick of getting into your blood. More and more I can understand why Jamie, on getting up from

his midday meal, can move so dreamily to the door and stand staring out over his yellowing acres of grain land whispering and wavering like an uneasy sea in the flat white heat of noon. I begin to know now how he feels when he stops on his weary way in to supper and studies the deepening gold of his prize-wheat plot, where the maturing stalks and the heavy-plumed heads rustle and bow and whisper together. For it's far from child's play, this battling for the stuff that feeds the world. There's bigness in it. And there's beauty in it, and pride, and an engrossing sense of power. And I'm glad to be part of it, even though the open sun has brought a runway of turkey-egg freckles across my nose and I look rather like an undersized engine wiper in my dusty and oil-stained overalls. But Jamie's eye, I notice, never dwells long on my diminishing curves. And Hugh blinks less and less disapprovingly at my open-fronted shirt. Outside in our dooryard, which has no trees and no shrubbery, thoughtful old Hughie has set me up a humble little baldachin, made from an ancient binder carrier stretched between four posts, where presumably I can sit in the shade at my ease. But I seldom recline under that canopy of weather-stained canvas. Last Sunday, however, during the heat of high noon, Jamie, on his way out to salt his cattle, joined me there long enough to pack and light his pipe.

"Feel the heat?" he asked, rather brusquely, after a sidelong glance at my face.

"A little," I acknowledged, "but I know it's good for your wheat." And I wondered why he winced.

"Ever homesick for England?" he questioned, still with the same defensive brusqueness.

"Why?" I countered, puzzled by that unexpected query.

"Because I'm counting on having you go home for the Christmas holidays," Jamie startled me by saying. "It's what your high rollers out here do most every year, just as my people, when they can afford it, slip down to California."

"But we're not high rollers," I reminded him when I had digested my shock.

"Well, we may be," he proclaimed with a morose sort of pride as his eye turned approvingly to the yellow quadrangle where his prize wheat drank the sun that streamed down from the unbroken blue dome of heaven.

"No, Jamie," I said when I was able to speak with the required composure, "I'm not asking for any such holiday or any such sacrifice. For I know it would be a sacrifice. And I wouldn't go home to England if the lord mayor of London sent me a free ticket."

The cavernous brown eyes, I knew, were studying my slightly averted face.

"I don't seem to understand you," he said, his frown deepening.

"No, I don't think you do," I quietly admitted.

He stood for a moment silent and ill at ease. "I guess I'm not much good," he finally admitted, "at understanding women."

"Have you ever tried?" I asked, doing my best to swallow the lump that had come into my throat.

But Jamie apparently didn't know what I was driving at. He merely stood there, awkward and perplexed, until his joyless glance happened to wander on to his dreaming quadrangle of gold. Then his eye slowly softened.

"She's sure ripening up," he said, obviously feeling for some escape from the emotional to the actual.

Yet, when I was alone again, I couldn't altogether blame him for that preoccupation with his crop. It's his one big note in the chorus of life. It endures no rivalry. And it purges away the smaller worries. I myself, in fact, seem to have been tarred by the same brush. This wheat obsession apparently has extended its spell over me. For today when I spotted a stranger strolling about the stable yard, and then circling the corral, I promptly saw red. Jamie, I remembered, had teamed in to town after binder twine and supplies. And I for the time being was the custodian of that crop.

So when I observed this stranger climb the fence and invade our field of prize wheat, where he stood studying the thick-clustered heads, I promptly possessed myself of Jamie's rifle and marched out toward the trespasser. I could feel as I went little feral tangles pirouetting up and down my spine, and my voice was no gentle one as I accosted that intruder and demanded his business.

It wasn't until he turned, with a broad smile at my belligerency, that I recognized him as the seed buyer named Crummer.

"Just having a look at this wheat of yours, lady," he suavely informed me. "And it's sure worth looking at."

But my suspicions were by no means allayed. And my rifle was still well in front of me. "What right have you in this field?" I demanded.

"None at all, I guess," conceded the intruder. "But I can't see as there's any harm done."

"There will be if you're not off this land in two minutes' time," I announced with what seemed to impress him as a somewhat absurd parade of ferocity. For he laughed again, studying me with rather a quizzical eye. Then he slowly swung back across the barbed-wire fence.

"All right, little fire eater," he proclaimed. "I'm on my way. But you mustn't fool around with firearms like that, young lady. You might get yourself hurt. And then your husband wouldn't want to talk business with me after this seed grain goes through a separator."

"He has no wish to talk business with you," I affirmed.

"We'll see about that later," said my visitor as he climbed into his car. But I stood watching him, with my rifle still in my hands, until he turned into the open trail and disappeared in a derisive cloud of dust.

Jamie, on his return home, laughed dourly when I told him of that encounter, and declared that I was doing pretty well for a rector's daughter. He also observed, when I asked why that seed man should be so interested in his wheat, something about the world wearing a path to your door if you happened to be making the right sort of mousetrap. But I couldn't quite see what he was getting at.

xxvi

HARVEST is here. The stage is set for the final act. The big moment in this breadwinner's drama is about to arrive. The racers are entering the home stretch and a season of toil is ripening into fulfillment. And in the midst of tumult and hurry and the clang and rattle of machinery, I'm doing what I can to help.

For Jamie needs all the help he can get. It's very dry, and there's always danger, in dry weather, of grain shelling

as it stands. So he's busy cutting his prize wheat, which, as he foretold, was far and away the earliest to ripen. Not a kernel of that crop must be lost. So Jamie himself is doing the cutting, after first scything a swath, wide enough for a three-horse team to pass entirely around that fenced-in quadrangle. As he swings about the field, high on the seat of his self-binder, he reminds me of a king on his throne. And Diana in her starry chariot of gold could scarcely hold a candle to him. But there's nothing very celestial, I'm afraid, about his conduct. For his crop's so heavy he's having trouble in handling it. Hugh and I follow the binder along the yellow stubble streaked with the marks of the great bull wheel, gathering up the sheaves dropped by the carrier and standing them together in stooks. It's not easy work, but I keep at it until I'm ready to drop. Then, having gathered my breath, I hurry back to my sadly neglected shack and prepare food for my two tired and dusty field workers.

Jamie, I can see, is dumbly satisfied with that prize wheat of his. He says little about it, but I can detect a contented sort of pride in his eye as he studies those stooks of heavy gold. He has even carried one huge sheaf into the living room, where it stands enthroned in his homemade arm chair. I could overlook the anxiety with which he counted the kernels in several heads, but when he bends so lovingly over that sheaf of gold, and touches it with such triumphant tenderness, I still feel a ghostly sort of jealousy shoot through my tired body. It's beautiful to him, of course, but no woman likes to feel that something else is the big noise about her home. And I can't go out and turn cart wheels just because my kulak husband has invented a new kind of wheat.

All we think of these days is wheat. Nothing else seems to count. When our windmill went out of kilter, with no time for repairing it, we reverted meekly to hand pumping. When we ran out of coffee the other morning, with no chance of a trip in to the Crossing, we remained satisfied with tea. When letters came from home, after lying for three days in our overlooked mail box, they remained unread for still another long and toil-burdened day. When I burned my forearm in my hurry while handling a pan of roast pork, Jamie, as he gulped down his dinner before hastening back to the fields, abstractedly advised me to cover the wound with egg white and soda, and held out his cup for a second ration of tea. When I learned that Bull McDoel had a new housekeeper, a dehydrated lady who never wore oil-stained khaki and had once been a spaghetti slinger in a Winnipeg restaurant, it seemed of much less moment than the fact that Jamie had been disappointed in dating up his threshing gang and would now have to wait until the Wylie outfit worked their way northward into our district. And when night came and darkness put an end to our labor, we tumbled into our beds and slept like the tired animals we were, with no thought as to enemies near or far and no regret for the narrowing interests of life.

But deep as my sleep usually was, one clear and starlit night after Jamie had frowningly proclaimed that an early frost would play hob with his unripened oats, I awakened in the wee sma' hours, perplexed by a faint and flickering glow against my inner room wall. I tried to persuade myself in my

drowsiness that it was merely the earliest light of sunrise falling through my window.

But the sun, I remembered, never shone from that particular quarter. And an unnatural darkness still lay over the earth. And I realized a moment later that there was a smell of smoke on the air. That discovery electrified me into life. I was wide enough awake as I tumbled out of bed and ran to the shack window, where I could hear Terry whimpering outside in the darkness.

Then my blood chilled. For along the vague rim of the prairie I could see a wavering line of flame, punctured by periodic higher blazes crowned with pennons of gray-black smoke. And I knew it was Jamie's farther field of wheat on fire.

It sickened me for a moment into utter helplessness. I could hear faint crackling sounds break through the steady hiss of the burning straw. There was little wind, but the fire ran across the dried stubble with incredible quickness, pyramiding into higher flames as it crept from stook to stook.

"Jamie's wheat!" I croaked, wondering at the wave of benumbing pain that surged through my body. Then, feeling sharp little hammers against my throat, where the blood pulsed hard and thick, I turned and ran toward my husband's bed, calling out to him as I went.

"What is it?" asked Jamie, already on his feet.

"Our wheat's on fire," I gasped as Hugh joined me in a race for the door. Jamie pushed between us a moment later, looked out, and then dodged back to jerk a blanket from his bed, shouting for Hugh to do the same as he ran toward the water trough.

But Hugh apparently didn't understand that order. What he was groping about in the darkness for I couldn't at the time discern. He called to me, asking where the milk pails were. But I was too busy, catching up shoes and dressing gown and snatching a blanket from my own bed, to answer him. I could hear Jamie, at the water trough, telling me to wet my blanket. I pretty well soaked myself, in the excitement, but that calamity, I later discovered, was a lucky one. Then I raced after Jamie, following him out to where the line of fire was creeping closer and closer toward his prize-wheat plot.

There, doing as I saw him do, I flailed and slapped with my wet blanket against that ever-advancing fringe of blood-colored flames. I pounded them out, foot by foot, until I worked my way close to the panting Jamie and our arc of obliterated light was a complete one. But while we were busy beating out that central section the line of fire had advanced on either wing and swept past us. I followed Jamie as he ran back and circled about to attack that more advanced triangle of licking red tongues, on which Hugh was frantically flinging his foolish pails of water. But still the widening peninsula of fire crept on.

"This is too slow," shouted Jamie as Hugh came panting up with two fresh pails. He took my scorched and smoking blanket and flung it over his own. Then snatching a final pail of water from Hugh, he soaked them both.

"Now, take a corner," he called out. He meant that command for Hugh, but Hugh, not understanding, was already running with his empty pails back to the water trough. And every moment was precious. So I caught up the wet blanket corners, and with the heavy

wool held taut between us we bridged the irregular lines of fire, with the dragging wet folds sweeping out the flames as we went. Jamie, who had taken time to pull on boots and overalls, stepped over to the burnt side and I took the stubble side. But the smoke stung my throat and the heat dried my skin. My heart pounded and my breath came in gasps. Yet I did my utmost to keep up with Jamie, who ran faster and faster as he realized we were conquering that withering phalanx of flames, to where Hugh, when he saw a stook stood in our line of advance, flung the smoking sheaves back on the already charred ground.

The fire on the other wing, however, had crept on unchecked. Its foremost point, before we could swing about and face it, was within a hundred yards of our prize-wheat plot. And Hugh seemed maddeningly slow in bringing fresh water to wet down our scorched and smoldering blankets.

"Can you keep it up?" asked Jamie, mopping the sweat from his face.

"Yes," I gasped, steadying myself for a moment on his arm. And once more we fought our way along that smoke-crowned fringe of flame, smothering it out as we went. Where it started up again, here and there, Hugh flailed it down with his water-soaked dressing gown. Where it advanced on our right, while we fought it on the left, we staggered to the newer apex of peril and renewed the battle against those groping fingers of red that were reaching out closer and closer toward the heavier-stooked quadrangle—where they must never go.

But even our blankets were afire by this time, and the last of our water was gone. My ears were ringing and my knees, I noticed, betrayed a tendency to collapse under me. But I took what was left of my blanket, as Jamie did with his, and beat at the diminishing line of fire where it advanced to the dried prairie grass along the fence line and flared up again with a renewed small fierceness. I flailed until my arms ached. When my knees gave way beneath me and I could no longer stand, I crawled from spot to spot, dabbing weakly at the last of the little red flickers that coiled like adders between the yellow stubble ends. And when the last flame was beaten out I found the world suddenly go black about me and lay luxuriously back on the prairie sod and imagined I was floating in the blue-green surf somewhere off the Isle of Wight.

When I opened my eyes Jamie had my head in his lap, with a pail of water beside him, into which he was dipping what afterward proved to be a portion of his pajama jacket, with which he was quietly mopping my smoke-stained face. It seemed very comfortable, having him bending over me that way. So I promptly closed my eyes again. And he surprised me, as I lay there in the thinning starlight, by stooping down and kissing me. And he might have done it a second time, only, in spite of myself, I sighed both deeply and audibly.

"Is your wheat all right?" I asked as he leaned over me.

But he didn't answer that question. "Are you all right?" he asked, holding me a little closer to him.

"I was never happier in my life," I told him. "But have we saved your prize wheat, Jamie?"

"Thanks to you, it's saved," he said as he made me take a drink of water.

"Where's Hugh?" I asked as I settled down in my husband's arms again.

"He's back at the shack," answered Jamie, "making a pot of tea for us. And I'm going to carry you in now."

"Let's stay here," I said, smiling at the thought of being carried in and smiling still again as Jamie's smoky-smelling arms tightened about me. "You know, I'm never again going to be jealous of that wheat of yours."

"You've no need to," responded Jamie.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because from now on you're always going to come first," said the solemn slow voice so close to me. I lay silent a moment, thinking this over. Then, for the second time in my life, I found the courage to draw my granitic old Jamie down to me and kiss him.

XXVII

I SLEPT late the next morning, and Jamie himself brought me my breakfast about ten. He was a bit awkward about it, and he looked bony and tired and haggard, as though the burden he'd been carrying was a trifle too heavy for even his broad shoulders. But there was a light in his eye, as he sat down on the bed beside me, that I'd never seen before.

"You're a brick," he said, rather shamefacedly. But the unlooked-for tenderness of his big bony hand as he stroked my hair brought a fluttery little ache somewhere under my breastbone. And when he held me close, with a hunger that rather took my breath away, I knew that he didn't altogether hate his grab-bag wife. "It's funny," he said, "how you get jolted out of your furrow now and then."

"But the fall plowing," I reminded him, "must still go on." For Jamie, I knew, would always be Jamie. He wasn't, and never would be, a seraph in chocolate. No overnight miracle would keep him from being a hard-sinewed and hard-driving toiler with his first thoughts always turned toward the sterner issues in life. But there were certain things, I remembered, that I still might teach him.

"You once told me something," he was saying, "that I didn't have the sense to understand. You said I was so mixed up with wheat that I was buried in it. And I've been pulling so hard for just one end that I plumb lost my perspective."

"But you were growing the best wheat in the world," I reminded him.

"Well, I've grown it," proclaimed Jamie. "And now I've done it, it doesn't seem as important as I imagined. I don't mean that I'm not proud of my wheat. Wheat growing, I guess, is bred right in my bones. And it's the one thing that's going to make life worth living for me. But —"

"No, Jamie," I interrupted, "you're wrong there. There's something more important than wheat."

"What is it?" he asked.

"This," I answered. And he was still locked in my arms when a pater of horse hoofs broke in on us and my handsome Mountie and a cowboy in chaps and a five-gallon hat came prancing up to our doorstep. Jamie, with a disturbingly hardening face, went out to them, and the three men talked together for several minutes before Jamie returned to me.

"What's happened?" I asked, realizing that something had both shocked and sobered him.

"Bull McDoel's been shot," he said with a quietness purely coerced.

"You don't mean killed?" I cried, finding it hard to think of that ruddy and robust figure relinquishing any jot of its vigor.

Jamie shook his head. "A bullet plowed up eight or nine inches of arm flesh. But they've got it out and given him serum. Oh, he'll be all right. But the police want me over there. And I guess I'd better go."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it was Forgan did the shooting. He was seen last night, after he set that fire, and trailed back to the McDoel ranch. There, according to Spike's story, McDoel tried to keep his own skirts clean by declining to help Forgan get away when he was cornered. And in the mix-up a gun went off."

"And Forgan got away," I cried, chilled by the shadow of old hatreds.

"Oh, no, they're holding him," explained my grim-eyed Jamie. "And that's why I've got to get over there."

But I called after Jamie as he was hurrying away.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" "What?" he asked, turning.

"To kiss your wife," I reminded him. And he did so, several times, before putting on his sombrero and faring forth to his world of men and tumult.

It's autumn again, and the wild geese will soon be flying southward. The nights are colder, and in the air is a feeling of completion, not untouched by sadness. All the sheaves of gold have been gathered from the prairie floor, and the russet stubble, lovely as it is in the slanting sunlight, has an empty and lonely look. The threshing gangs have come and gone, the grain bins are filled, and we had two Mounties to manage the crowd when Jamie's prize wheat went through the separator and three press photographers tried to lure me out in their midst. But across that trampled stubble now, where the quiet sunlight gives a feeling of richness to the autumn afternoon, only compact flocks of wild ducks come in search of scattered seed. The open range, to the northwest, is brown and dry, the only visible green lying about the fringes of marsh and muskeg, where the red-winged blackbirds rise in companionable groups to fly south.

Jamie is out on his land again, deep in his task of fall plowing. For life must go on, and the soil must be got ready for another season, for another seeding. Terry, like a true philosopher, is making the best of the more and more meager sunlight, asleep on my clean-swept doorstep. The air is cool and crystalline under a high-arching dome of blue flecked with white-topped cumulus clouds that remind me of yacht sails in the Solent. Along the sky line, here and there, I can see drifting plumes of smoke, where the grain ranchers are burning their straw. They are clearing the stage for another act of the wide and ancient drama, the drama that moves so slowly. But the soil, I remember, teaches one to be patient.

I realize that truth as I stand in the doorway, watching Jamie and his gang plow as they drift along the dark line of the horizon. They move slowly, a patient black silhouette against a receding and opaline background. And remembering that I have something to tell that black-figured king of toil, so high on his iron plow seat, something that will link him still closer to the amber-toned acres over which he so solemnly cruises, I realize that I, too, am like the soil. I feel the old and timeless bond that exists between Mother Earth, so patient and passive and willing to give, and the rapture-torn heart of womanhood itself.

(THE END)

SINCLAIR LEWIS VS. HIS EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 21)

Sauk Center—Chips From a German Workshop by Max Müller, the Orientalist and philologist. It would astonish some of Lewis' critics to read over his boyish diaries with their excited references to highbrow volumes of this sort.

He had the idea that somewhere there were perfect schools that could give him what he wanted, and he wanted more and better education. His brother had gone to the University of Minnesota, and this would have been the normal thing to do; but just because it was normal and imperfect, it was not what Lewis wanted. Among other things, he had read Charles Flandrau's Harvard Episodes. He decided to go to Harvard, where college life was different, where it had old customs and was romantic. This was an almost unheard-of leap for a boy from Sauk Center. His father objected. Sinclair insisted upon Harvard. As a young man, Doctor Lewis had lived in New Haven, and to him Yale, therefore, seemed a little less exotic. He finally agreed that his son might go to Yale if he passed his examinations. As young Lewis was more anxious to get away from Minnesota than to go even to Harvard, he accepted the substitution, particularly as it gave his good father the satisfaction of feeling later that it was he who had sent his son East to college. To enter Yale, Lewis would need Greek and further preparation; so, after delivering a ringing commencement oration on *The Puritans Criticized*, at the Sauk Center High School, he spent six months at Oberlin Academy.

shoddy building processes struck the cathedral builder.

Lewis came east hunting spiritual adventure. Sauk Center and Harry Sinclair Lewis had not hit it off, and having accepted Yale as a substitute for Harvard, he arrived at New Haven in September, 1903.

Getting Acquainted With Words

Any stranger who has ever, on a glorious autumn morning, wandered along the streets of New Haven and out under the great graceful elms into the wide Yale campus will remember his privilege with a thrill. Lewis was not an utter stranger; he had worked hard, had passed his examinations, had been accepted as a member of the class of 1907, and for once had the triumphant sense of belonging. If the stranger will multiply his sense of satisfaction by ten, he will have some idea of the exaltation of this imaginative Sauk Center high-school boy who had never yet been allowed to spread his wings. There was the sense of history behind this old New England town. Only a little way from the campus he had for the first time seen the breakers roll in from the sea which the poets loved. Here, too, were young men such as he had never known, but such as he had read about in Flandrau. Bells chimed through the swaying elms. This was heaven; he was entranced.

Lewis was not one of those who had come to college for the life; he was enchanted even by his professors. Sauk Center High School was not geared to preparing boys for Yale, and Lewis willingly spent four contented hours a day on every lesson in Latin or Greek. Those who have read Lewis' strictures on the academic fraternity may be taken aback to learn that college and professors did much for him, had a hand in one side of his literary education. He loved words—they were to be his stock in trade—and one of the first things that struck him about most of his professors was that they used them with a fastidious precision which he had never known before. Even in talks to the class they employed words which he had encountered previously only in books, and to hear them spoken made them more intimately his. During his years at Yale he again spent long hours in the library and drew more of his education from his reading there than from his classes. If the commencement oration on *The Puritans* looked ominous, with the happy change in environment Lewis had been saved as a poet for a little while longer. For his training as a writer the important thing is that he wrote. It cannot be repeated too frequently that one learns to write by writing. He was the first man in his class to have anything accepted by the *Yale Literary Magazine* and was later one of its editors. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Lit's* more up-to-date rival, the *Yale Courant*. Though he wrote some prose, most of these contributions were in verse. He wrote reams of it, and, as we shall see, it was largely this proficiency in verse that kept the wolf from his door in the hungry, early years of his free-lancing. Do not imagine that this verse was satirical or that he was a pupil of Juvenal's or Pope's. It was more often tender and wistful, on classical themes

From Sauk Center to New Haven

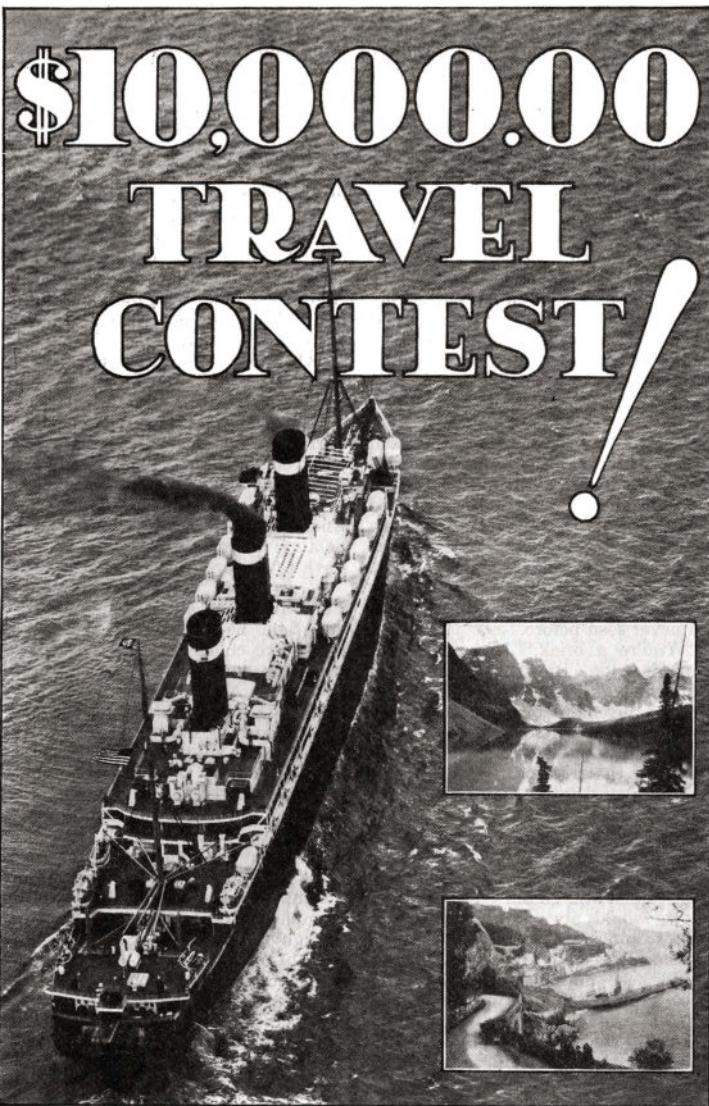
The effect of Lewis' life and reading upon him in high school may be gathered from an entry in his diary the winter before he entered college. He had been spending an afternoon looking up references for a composition on Macaulay, one of his favorites.

All such work as looking up these references gives me a desire to be a master of some subject—say of ancient Egyptian religion or ancient Egyptian history or the geography of the Ancient World or Sanskrit or the Hist. of Rome from 500 B. C. to Birth of Christ; or the History, Literature and Language of Phoenicia—touching specially or rather studying especially Astarte, a favorite topic of mine.

A little later, baffled by the many possible subjects open, he concludes:

A boy—nay a child of 18, knowing or expecting to know anything. I must wait 50 years to begin to learn.

A satirist is a man who fights back against life. From the standpoint of the ordinary person, his demands upon it are excessive. The critic who is sympathetic with Lewis will find that his work affords a new perspective against which to judge the American scene, and may call this discontent divine. Others more conservative or self-satisfied will use less flattering adjectives, and the George Babbitts dismiss him quite simply as a "sore-head." This is all a matter of taste. Such a refusal to accept life as it is, or as the Philistines make it, however, frequently lies at the heart of the artistic temperament. This is because the essence of art is the hunger for perfection. Makeshifts will not satisfy the true architect, and shoddy or pretentious living will strike Sinclair Lewis as



U. S. S. B. Leviathan. Photo. U. S. Army Air Service



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with an elegiac turn, in the manner of Tennyson, or in complicated riming schemes with lush words and rhythms, like Swinburne. Odysseus at Ogygia and a Rondeau of Farewell are fair samples of those poetic contributions signed Harry Sinclair Lewis which dot the pages of the Yale undergraduate magazines of his time. With that unnecessary roughness, against which Lewis' victims have so often protested, Lewis calls his poetry. "Tennyson and water, and Swinburne and water." The judgment is harsh, for his poetry is certainly up to the level of good undergraduate verse.

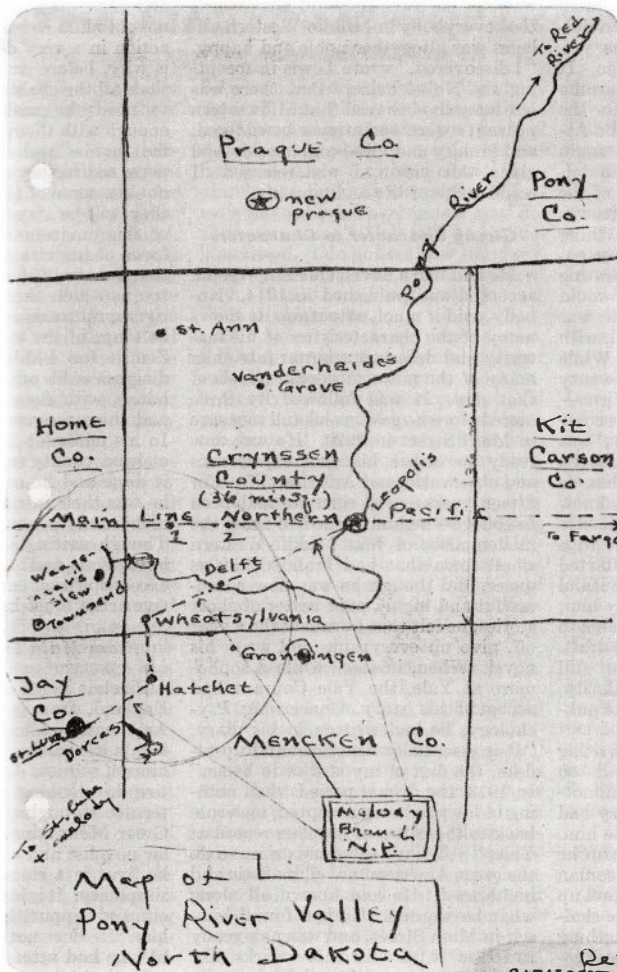
The later man-eating satirist came by his cannibalistic vocation naturally. He never writes a line of verse today and dislikes reading it. In the process of his own education he has devoured the poet who was once himself. But we must not run ahead of our story. Life is complicated and the gaunt conventions of society rise up to challenge the inquiring spirit everywhere. There are sacred cows even on the best-regulated campus and there are some things that every Yale man should know. The poetic haze in which young Lewis had wandered about in his first days at New Haven lifted all too soon and the town and campus started to glare at him out of their thousand imperfections.

In the Spirit of Sophocles

To have something real to do, he had very soon taken a job on a New Haven newspaper and spent alternate evenings there. In the spring of his first year the editor asked him to write an advance story on Tap Day. Lewis did not know what this was, so he rushed back to the campus and into the office of the Yale News to ask Assistant Editor Thacher, now Solicitor General of the United States, "What is this Tap Day anyway?" The editor called in his associates from the adjoining rooms and had the innocent, red-headed freshman repeat his question. These heartless and sophisticated undergraduates answered with a guffaw. Lewis thinks it was this incident that queered him at Yale. He does not recall whether he told all his friends that all along he preferred Harvard to Yale. However that may be, there can be no doubt that his classmates came to regard him as odd, and, worse luck, so too did at least one of his professors.

Two Leaves From the Notebook of Sinclair Lewis, Showing the Infinite Care and Attention to Detail Involved in the Preparation of His Manuscripts

In the fall of his sophomore year he had more nearly caught up with his class. During the course of the year they read, in Greek, Sophocles' Oedipus Rex. Lewis was enchanted by it and one day, at one of the most dramatic passages, was called upon to translate. He had no idea of being discourteous or shocking. "I completely forgot," he says, "that I was translating Greek. I thought Sophocles had written a great show, and I must have translated it as if it were a great show and not an exercise in translation. I was just getting into the full swing of it. My professor stopped me. 'Mr. Lewis, will you please try to translate like a gentleman and not like a cheap actor?'" That ended it for Lewis. He had never used trots before; he had worked out his Greek laboriously, but contentedly, for himself. He now went out and bought one of these forbidden aids to the student of the classics; for he realized that the makers of trots translated like gentlemen and he was satisfied thereafter to meet



only the professor's requirements and not his own. Even at Yale the world had a way of throwing cold water into his face. For a man like Lewis, one of the difficulties is that many professors wish to make professional scholars of all their pupils. He had some leaning this way, as we have seen from his schoolboy diary; and though his standing was never high, some of his teachers recognized this aptitude of his and were willing to encourage it. Lewis' bent, however, was toward the creative side, which, in general, receives less encouragement in academic circles than it should. So, somehow, as the years wore on, the glamour of Yale wore off. It had ceased to be real and exciting. There were no spiritual adventures here either. There were only football games and Tap Days. Merely to answer questions put to you in recitations was not life. To do this day after day and year after year was routine and repetitious. Having worn out this second environment, Lewis wanted something more thrilling and vital. Bored to death at the beginning of his senior year, he withdrew from Yale with one of his friends,

Allen Updegraff, and signed up as janitor at Upton [Sinclair's Socialist community, Helicon Hall]. He did not do this, as is generally imagined, because he himself was a Socialist; he did it because he needed something more lively than classroom recitations. It was characteristic of his thirst for adventure that in the summer after his freshman year, he worked his way to Europe on a cattle boat. He admits that a trip to the Mediterranean would have done quite as well as joining a Socialist community.

Janitor at Helicon Hall

As a matter of fact, being a janitor, even at Helicon Hall, did not come up to expectations. He had signed with enthusiasm because he understood that although everyone would do some work, they would also have a lot of leisure. He would, besides, be thrown into intimate association with mature men and women who wrote. This would provide him with valuable experience. In this he was quite right; particularly as these writing persons were all cooped up together just a little like Browning's "wild cats in a heated cage," and soon began to get violently on one another's nerves. But the hours for janitors were long and these literary people exacting. Every day they wanted the furniture moved or a new shelf put up, and Lewis feels that he would have had more leisure to write his own poems had he taken a straight honest-to-goodness job as regular janitor in some apartment house where the inmates were less artistic. After two months he came down with an attack of jaundice and

was sent to a hospital. When he recovered, janitorships no longer attracted him. For a time he was an editor on Transatlantic Tales, and then shipped steerage to Panama, expecting to find a job in the Canal Zone. There were no jobs—at least none for him. He found that the big world outside could be disappointing and uninteresting, too, and after having been out of college for a year, decided to go back and finish up.

That last year at Yale he looks back upon with satisfaction. He feels there should be a law to compel every bored undergraduate to leave college and work for a year as a janitor. It makes college, the campus, books, and even recitations, come to life. This was true in his own case. He came

Retain in Dome!!

CATALOGUE OF NAMES IN BABBITT A - C
(Names in brackets, maiden names of women given elsewhere, also, by married names).

pinr - pioneer
ymfash - young blood

ANGUS, Dr. J.T. oculist	BLAHA, Peter, storage
A MSTRONG, Micajah, pioner	BOOS, Albert, tailor
ALLEN, r. road. burger	BONNEAU, Hilaire, pinr
ARNOLD, May, conc.	BOSTWICK, detec, Avery bldg
friend of Riebling	BROWN, Otto Leland, dent
	BUNDY, Victor, lawyer
	BUTTERBAUGH, Grover plumbers' supplies
	BYWATERS, Thomas, st car conductor in r. est.
	BUNYARD, Lulu, author
	BEMIS, Fulton - friend
	↑ Tavis
BABBITT, Martin	BROCKBANK, Prot -
George (G's bro)	all. read hist. def. -
" James, grfather	sses U. - radica
" Katherine, daugh	
" Myra, wife	SAVY, Bonny, p. st.
" Verona, daughter	CAVANAUGH, Andrew
" Mrs. Wm., mothr	r. r. supt.
BALDRIDGE	CHILTON, Stuart, prof.
PIONEER	CHUBBUCK, Rufus, pinr
BALLARD, C.T. off. furnit	
BALMER, shoes	COATES, pinr
BANNIGAN, Wilberta, acct.	
BATES, Elnora Pearl, rep.	CODNER, J. Jay, pub acct
BENNER, Saltonstall, pion	(COLEBECK, Zilla - Rieag)
(BENSON, Lucile)	COPLINSKY, Maurice
" Simeon, dept st.	printer - socialist
BERKEY, Ben photo-engrav	COUPPAS, J.I., furrier
(BLACK, Delphine (Paulhan))	COWX, Pemberton, ymfash
" Septimus, sof drnk	
" Phillip, ym of fash	C ABTREE, Jared, r. est.
	CRANDALL, Jas. N., cop.

back no longer with a boy's perspective on things, but with a man's, and did his best work in this last year.

Lewis was now, in 1908, a graduate of Yale, but he never for a moment dreamed that his education was completed. Few undergraduates had read more widely than he, and he had followed Stevenson's advice about playing the sedulous ape to great writers and had imitated the processes of poets like Tennyson and Swinburne. This sedulous-ape advice has often done more harm than good, and this was true in his case. The one indispensable requisite for the writer of fiction is an independent understanding of characters; and such imitation could not give him this.

A Marathon of Incompetence

He had exhausted two environments and had harvested only discontents. That riper experience of life which would give him a deeper insight into men and their motives would come painfully during the next seven or eight years, in a dizzying succession of jobs. He had to earn his living, and in this period of his final apprenticeship he was repeatedly dismissed, as he frankly admits, for incompetence. He did not fit in. His first attempt was as proofreader, editorial writer, telegraph editor and dramatic critic on a paper in Waterloo, Iowa. On Wednesday of his seventh week the owner came in and showed him a message. "I have just had this telegram from your successor. He is on the train." Lewis came back to New York and for a time worked for the Charity Organization Society. What other young men might have regarded as their leisure hours he put in at writing. The notebook in which he kept the record of his work and the whereabouts of his manuscripts would stagger many a young aspirant for literary fame. At a given time he often had as many as forty of these manuscripts in the hands of various editors. Nearly all of them came back. The only things they accepted were verses for children's magazines. In his first year out, he had one piece of good luck; a story—*They That Take the Sword*—was accepted by a magazine and brought him a check for seventy-five dollars. He had previously sold two for seven dollars apiece.

He felt now that success had come, threw up his job, went to California by day coach, and out there sat down to write. He made a humiliating discovery; he found that he really had nothing to write about. The next year he was a reporter on the *San Francisco Bulletin*, where he lasted three months. He served a similar period as desk man for the Associated Press. Lewis, never soft in his judgments on himself or others, insists that his superiors were long-suffering and that in those years he broke all records. It was a Marathon of incompetence. He is not surprised that he lost his jobs, but only that he got new ones. If he was to learn to write, he was never to learn to re-write other men's stuff. It had to be his own. For the next eight months he tried free-lancing again, with William Rose Benét at Carmel.

He had cut his living expenses to the bone, but even so, this free-lancing lasted as long as it did only through the generosity of Jack London. Jack liked to freshen up his own ideas by suggestions from outside. When the larder was empty and the mails heavy with rejection slips, Lewis would sit down and excogitate situations or embryo plots that might interest Jack

London, and when London found them interesting he would give him ten dollars apiece for them. Lewis, as yet, could not make his own ideas go. It was discouraging. He had been earning thirty-five dollars a week with the *Bulletin* and twenty-five with the *Associated Press*. He came East again and accepted a further cut of ten dollars a week to become an editor of the *Volta Review* for the Deaf. He was beginning to be fed up on this thing called life. He had worn out three environments now. He was generating heat. They were wearing, but he would not let them wear him out. He was going to get even, and, first of all, with that first one in old Sauk Center. While still in college he had written twenty thousand words on *The Village Virus*—the theme that was later to become *Main Street*. This, incidentally, was before he had ever read Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, to which it has so frequently been compared. He knew it was not good and burned it. He would wait until he could do it to a turn. In this later period he started again and wrote twenty-five thousand words. This again did not satisfy him; though it was better and he was able to salvage a little of it for his final draft. The other stories that he sent out still came back with distressing regularity, and he took a job as reader for the publishing house of Stokes.

Lewis' appetite for life and writing was, however, too voracious and too keen to be dulled by this long, monotonous succession of failures. They had their effect and helped to educate him. To gain freedom for his sword arm he had killed the elegiac Tennysonian poet in him, and we might as well set up his tombstone here. To meet the challenge of life you had to have something stiffer than soft verses. If you were going to fight back—and Lewis certainly was—you had to stand up and slug. He realized that the editors were right—that the things he wrote had not deserved acceptance. The idea so frequently held, that there is a conspiracy on the part of editors to keep the new writer down, is to him stuff and nonsense. He had himself been an editor and a publisher's reader, and knew that the exact contrary was the truth. To have discovered a new talent or a new writer is the proudest feather in a publisher's cap.

One Sale in Seven Years

After seven years of drilling dry holes, at last one of his stories, *Nature Incorporated*, was accepted by *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* and he received an encouraging note from the editor and a highly gratifying check. This was not just luck. Looking back, Lewis recognizes the nature of the progress he had made. His other story—*They That Take the Sword*—had been a plot, merely a situation in which the characters were only lay figures. Beginning with *Nature Incorporated*, his later stories will be fuller-bodied; they will be presentations of real characters who find themselves involved in actual situations. In these intervening years he had followed the works of contemporary novelists, and books like Wells' *Tono-Bungay* and *The History of Mr. Polly* had fascinated him. The man who was to mean most to him, however, was Hamlin Garland and his *Main Traveled Roads* and the *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. These struck fire in Lewis' mind, for they presented American life, not as it had been presented in the genteel tradition of our fiction, but from a point of view that

was like his own; they did not assume that everybody in Middle-Western villages was altogether noble and happy. "I discovered," wrote Lewis in accepting the Nobel Prize, "that there was one man who believed that Midwestern peasants were sometimes bewildered, and hungry and vile—and heroic. And given this vision, I was released; I could write of life as living life."

Giving Character to Characters

He had had a novel, *Our Mr. Wrenn*, accepted and published in 1914. Nobody paid it much attention. It shows many of the characteristics of his maturity and deserved a better fate than many of the more successful novels of that day. It was followed by three more before he gave us his full measure in *Main Street* in 1920. He was now ready to utilize his own experiences and observations of American life. For fifteen years—ever since he had been in college—he had wished to show the inadequacies of that Middle-Western small town that had branded him as queer, and though he was now a successful and highly paid writer of short stories, he felt that he must take a year off, give up everything and write his novel. When, in 1905, while a sophomore at Yale, the *Yale Courant* had accepted his story, *Concerning Psychology*, he had written in his diary, "It is essentially American and up-to-date, the first of my stories to be so." In 1913, the dismal period when nothing of his was being accepted, he wrote back to the editor of his class record at Yale, "Still have the same desire to do the great American novel, realistic and highbrow." He had known all along what he wanted. He had found himself in *Main Street*, and was now ready to follow it up with those works, like *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith* and *Dodsworth*, which would finally win him the Nobel Prize.

It was not to be so easy as it sounds. His conscientious, laborious, almost scientific method of constructing his novels would astonish those who imagine that Sinclair Lewis is a temperamental person with a knack of hitting off the weaknesses of fellow Americans, and who, with his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," has had the luck to write novels which, through some weakness of the public, have become best sellers. It was not for nothing that as a school-boy he had dreamed of being a scholar. He begins work on a story in much the same way that a conscientious student attacks a problem in historical research. It has frequently been remarked that he seems to have a genius for picking the right name for his characters. This is only because here, as in other respects, he has the capacity for taking infinite pains. He is ever on the alert for significant names, in his reading of novels, magazines, telephone directories, newspapers, tombstones and street signs. He has collected them for years. On his working desk, at his elbow, he keeps a fat, loose-leafed notebook which is a directory of names. They are arranged in alphabetical order—American family names, men's first names, women's first names. There are sections of Swedish, Danish, French and German family names and first names. He scans the lists of graduates of colleges, lists of pupils at the *Conservatoire* at Paris, and notes all those that seem to have particular character. When he needs a name he goes through this volume to pick just the right one.

Having found his subject, he puts himself through a long period of documentation; he must know his people

and their way of life thoroughly. A novel to him consists of real persons in action in a very definite setting. That is why, before writing a line, he marshals all the characters that he is going to need; he makes himself familiar enough with them to call them by their first names and nicknames, and prepares a directory of them all. He may not use some of them in his story, but they will be there in his mind as part of this environment. To sharpen the focus of his vision, he then draws detailed maps of the section of the country in which they live, with its hills, rivers, railroads and roads. There will be maps of the streets and suburbs of Zenith for *Babbitt*, for instance; a diagram of his office building and of his house, with floor plans of each story and the arrangement of the furniture. In his notes for *Arrowsmith* there are at least twenty such maps. After this is done and he can see his characters, he sets them into their proper environment and has them live their lives. Though writing a novel is hard work, he enjoys it, and he throws into it all that excess spiritual energy which the creative artist must have.

From Main Street to Vermont

Sinclair Lewis is now living in New England, from which his thoroughly American ancestors sprang. His amusements are reading, writing and telling himself stories. He may spend the entire day looking out from his broad terrace through the long valley of the Green Mountains beyond. For a popular novelist and a Nobel Prize winner, he lives in a state of almost shocking simplicity. It is ideas rather than gadgets and appurtenances that interest him. He does not own a radio. In his life, he had attended four talkies: On reflection, he was inclined to think that this was an exaggeration by one. His home is an abandoned farmhouse. He admits that he suffers from the American tendency to overdo things, and it may be for this reason that he bought two abandoned farmhouses and lives in both of them. For adventure, he and his wife in the late afternoon go over and call on themselves in the other house. Though he renews his contacts with life by travel here and abroad, he has no hanker for the flesh-pots of Egypt or of Europe. His food is simple and he enjoys green peas grown in his own garden. He has reached the maturity of his talent and his hunt for an environment has, for the time being at least, been ended. There is a danger in this for one whose talent has been stimulated particularly by the irritations and annoyances of American life. He welcomes criticism, however, and has continued his education by forever criticizing himself.

To see him walking down the country road, carrying his kitten in his crooked elbow, except for his loose-fitting brown tweeds, the casual passer-by might very well take him for a native Vermonter of the Coolidge type. His loose-limbed, lanky figure and long face—long only in the literal sense—are distinctly New England.

His education has been successful, for it has stored his mind with human experience and taught him how to write about it in his own way. Having found himself in *Main Street* in 1920, he finally found his environment in 1929, when he settled happily upon his two abandoned farms in Vermont, where he, the landscape, the house and the neighbors, all reek of Yankee Americanism.

THE LIMITS OF GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 11)

could perform wise case work in every hamlet in this far-flung land is more than I can see.

Those who want the Federal Government not merely to aid the states financially but directly to provide for the unemployed have European rather than American conditions in mind. All the European countries except Russia are very small as compared with ours, most of them are far more homogeneous, and none of them have a system of balanced and distributed government powers like ours. It is natural to centralize functions in France or even in England; it is neither natural nor safe to do so in a country as large and diversified as this.

Our whole scheme of government reserves or leaves to the states, by basic constitutional enactment, all manner of local responsibilities. This was not merely a doctrinaire idea of the founding fathers, such as Madison and Jefferson; it is probably the only scheme of government which could have survived on this continent. We do not even yet possess sufficient uniformity nor are we closely enough knit together to operate a highly centralized form of government like the French or even the English. If the Federal Government were to supersede local welfare agencies at a time like this, or were even to superimpose upon them a great new central organization, the utmost confusion and disorganization would result.

It is easy to forget that one of the main elements of strength and wealth in this country is the great number and variety of local agencies for helpfulness, both voluntary and public. Here are both talent and resourcefulness. It is the ability of a democracy to create from the people themselves the agencies for their own service. It is the boast of the Red Cross that the workers in its many chapters are not paid but are volunteers and, in a sense, neighbors of the people they help. In the cities most of the welfare organizations employ paid or professional workers, but these agencies are of all descriptions, seeking to meet a great variety of needs and sponsored by all manner of both secular and nonsecular groups.

When We are Our Brothers' Keepers

European countries have gone in heavily for so-called social insurance and seek to meet all needs through government efforts supported by taxation. In this country, private philanthropy is still an enormous factor not only in relieving distress of every kind but in supporting art, education, libraries and scientific research. Sensible people certainly cannot advocate the destruction or even the reduction of the fine spirit behind these voluntary efforts. Certainly those who give freely feel a sense of responsibility and human brotherhood which is more precious to national ideals and spirit than a compulsory treasury appropriation.

Of course, if the voluntary agencies, together with the cities, counties and states, fail to relieve distress, it will be necessary to fall back upon the Federal Government. But it is a safe hazard that by the time winter is over it will be found that these agencies have not only done a splendid job but have thoroughly and effectively reached the individuals and corporations with large incomes. For one thing, it must

be remembered that many cities have more efficient public as well as private welfare agencies, the result of years of development, than it would be humanly possible for the Federal Government to build up overnight. Whatever the central Government may do, there are cities which will be several laps ahead. I do not see how standardizing or leveling the communities of such a large country as this can be other than unwholesome.

But there are many persons who, though granting that Federal doles or subsidies are unwise, insist most vehemently that the Government should provide employment by means of large programs of public works. This idea has quite a vogue at the present writing. Those who sponsor it propose bond issues, to be known as prosperity or relief loans, the suggested amounts ranging from \$1,000,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000. The idea is to use the money for reforestation, rivers and harbors, highways, public buildings and similar public works.

Limits Imposed by Nature

At first glance, there is plausibility in the idea that such forms of construction, on the stupendous scale suggested, would absorb the unemployed. It is true that expanded and advanced, or accelerated, public works do help in easing an emergency, but their usefulness is decidedly limited. Besides, it is probable that public works have been both expanded and accelerated already about all that is physically or economically possible. Therefore the plausibility of the \$5,000,000,000-loan idea vanishes before cold analysis like mist before the midday sun.

First as to reforestation, which everyone favors. Unfortunately, land cannot be reforested suddenly, just to make work for the unemployed. This is because trees grow in cycles or series. Reforestation is limited by the number of young trees or saplings available, and these in turn are limited by the capacity of existing nurseries. Given several years, nursery capacity can be expanded and vast numbers of young trees made ready for planting. It is unfortunate that young trees do not grow any faster when there are 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 unemployed than when there are only 1,000,000 or 2,000,000, but such is the case.

It is true that Federal and state forest bureaus can do a lot of work which they lack money for now. They can thin out trees and provide roads, trails, telephone lines, cabins, water supplies, drift fences, ranger stations and lookouts. In fact, the United States Forest Service spent \$6,000,000 this past year for such purposes over and above its usual appropriation. It is prepared to spend even more this coming year, but I am safe in stating that the largest amount which this enormous, growing and ambitious Government bureau is willing to spend is but the merest insignificant fraction of any \$1,000,000,000 or even \$500,000,000 loan.

We come now to highways. Most people agree that the Federal Government can spend large sums wisely upon roads, and prior to the depression it did aid state highway programs to the extent of \$75,000,000 a year. In April, 1930, Congress increased this sum to \$125,000,000. Normally two years would be required actually to spend the

first year's appropriation under the new rate, but the United States Bureau of Public Roads actually accelerated its expenditures during the past fiscal year up to \$133,000,000.

But this is by no means all the Government has done. Readers will, of course, remember that 1930 was an extraordinarily dry year, bad for farmers but marvelous for road builders. As a result, the states spent so much on highways that they outran their funds and lacked the means to meet or match later Federal appropriations. To help them out, the Federal Government has made the states an advance or loan of \$80,000,000, so that nothing might interfere with increased state and Federal-aid road programs. It is generally agreed that the state highway departments have done remarkable work in expanding their programs and using these moneys.

But all this is waved aside as mere chicken feed by the \$5,000,000,000-loan-and-cure-the-depression-easy boys. They say the Federal Government should go ahead on its own, free from any arrangements with the states, and build transcontinental or super highways. Even one of the engineering periodicals, which should know better, says that we could get along without relief and could banish unemployment if only the 2,000,000 miles of dirt roads were modernized.

Fallacies of Road-Building Plans

Now, I do not think anyone will accuse Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, of undue prejudice or animosity against highway building. Yet in a deliberately prepared address before a recent meeting of all the state highway officials, he said that "there has been much fantastic expectation and too many extreme remedies proposed for unemployment through the building of roads. A greatly exaggerated program of sound and enduring value cannot be turned on and off suddenly like water at a spigot, and any extreme attempts can only end in failure and waste, producing consequences worse than the situation sought to be cured."

Mr. MacDonald is correct, and for several reasons. In the first place, if the Federal Government should build great highway systems without arrangement with the states, it would be in competition with them and run up costs extravagantly. As for the building of express or super or transcontinental highways, it is evident that at least two years would be required even to prepare for such work. Besides, this type of highway requires relatively less labor than the ordinary road, and highway building uses a far smaller number of men in winter months, when unemployment is worst, than it does in the summer, when other jobs are easiest to get.

Then, too, aside from any question of the effect of such super highways upon the railroads, there is no economic need for them. Automobile traffic is primarily local or at least intrastate, only 10 per cent being interstate and a far smaller percentage transcontinental. In other words, very little traffic goes long distances. The primary and preponderant need in highway building is to care for local communities. For the Federal Government to spend hundreds of millions or billions in building super transcontinental highways



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would be sheer waste, even from the viewpoint of the technical road builder or highway official.

It is true that many of the 2,000,000 miles of dirt roads need improvement, but suddenly and radically to change the more or less normal rate of improvement involves a terrific and dangerous wrench in national economy. The rate of road building or improvement is fixed by many factors, such as the ability of taxpayers to meet the cost, the ratio of such costs to other improvements which governments must make, the capacity of asphalt and cement mills, the supply of contracting organizations, and the normal ratio of road labor to other classes of labor. Over any given period of time, this labor factor alone is a serious one. For example, following the war, farmers seriously resented the absorption of their labor into road building at harvest time.

It is the same with an exaggerated and abnormal expansion of the public-building program, which so many people rely upon as the main remedy for unemployment. It means the creation of specialized work and organizations to a point that assures serious damage to industry after normal conditions have been restored. What becomes of the organizations and men when the need for them no longer exists? It was the reaction, or aftermath, from a similar distorted and unnatural wartime expansion which is largely responsible for the present depression. What is the point in trying to produce another one?

Speeding Up the Building Program

People who keep urging a large building program as a way of taking up unemployment seem quite unaware of the fact that we are now rapidly prosecuting the greatest public-building program in peacetime in the history of the world. The total is about \$700,000,000, and even this does not include Army and Navy buildings or veterans' hospitals. It is a total which compares favorably even with the domestic Federal building construction in wartime. Post offices are the chief item, but in addition there are appraisers' stores, assay offices, border inspection stations, courthouses, customhouses, immigration stations, marine hospitals, general Federal office buildings and quarantine stations.

Congress intended, in the act of May 25, 1926, to rehabilitate Federal housing, but the present program contains an increase of \$330,000,000 over the original plan, this increase having been authorized since the depression began. The original act limited the amount which could be spent in any one year to \$25,000,000, but to accelerate the work this limit has been raised to \$65,000,000, and is likely to be raised again in the near future.

This building program is at least four years ahead of schedule and is being prosecuted, according to official statements, from six to ten times as fast as usual. Something like 200 firms of outside architects, throughout the country, have been employed to expedite the work, and a very large proportion of all the projects in the program are completed or under way. It is possible that even greater speed might be secured, but to a layman it seems that the inherent difficulties of Government work would make this most difficult.

Remember that nothing can be done until Congress not only appropriates the money but actually specifies in

statute form the localities in which buildings are to be placed. Then the sites must be openly and publicly selected. This method would horrify a private owner, who naturally gathers his land together as quietly and secretly as possible in order to avoid obstacles. Suppose the citizens of Blowhard City have been successful in their demands upon Congress for a new Federal building. They have been united in this demand, but the moment the request is granted they at once quarrel among themselves as to the site. Finally this row is settled and the architects are able to make plans. Naturally the designers must decide upon the type of material to be used, but after this is done it is not wholly unprecedented for the producers of other kinds of building material in that section of the country to set up an awful howl and to use political influence to get their product adopted.

Ultimately even this misunderstanding is ironed out and the Government is ready to build. But it cannot let the contract to the most capable builder, as any wise private owner would do, but to the "lowest responsible bidder," which does not necessarily mean the best. Yet the law must read that way, else disappointed site owners and unsuccessful or disgruntled bidders would at once accuse the Government officials of graft. Government construction, whether Federal, state or municipal, has to be hedged about with all manner of restrictions to prevent constant turmoil over the waste of public moneys.

But the real nub of the matter is still to be mentioned. Federal buildings are not necessarily required in places which have the most unemployment. By far the largest program is necessarily in the District of Columbia, which has less unemployment, from the nature of the case, than any city of its size. But this is only the beginning. The essential point is that the great army of the unemployed cannot be changed over into building tradesmen, no matter how much building there is.

Automobile mechanics, shop machinists, textile and garment workers, clerks and stenographers—these cannot become building craftsmen or, in more than a few cases, common laborers, like hod carriers, on building jobs. For a contractor to get a Government job he must be the lowest bidder, which means operating on a narrow margin of profit. He cannot afford to replace his normal following with inexperienced persons from other lines.

The Limitations of Trades

But even assuming that the contractors are altruists, the unions in the building trades are not going to throw open their doors to total outsiders who have never paid union dues or shown any interest in working conditions within the trade. The building-trades unions have struggled for years to build up their organizations, and they have quite enough unemployment in their own ranks as it is. To suppose that millions of outsiders can find work in this tightly organized game just because the Government is able to sell large bond issues is childish.

Possibly a Detroit automobile mechanic or a Lowell textile hand or a New York clerk might get into common labor on a building job if he knew where the work is to be found and has a sufficiently strong back to do it. Of course, the effect of employing a skilled bricklayer who has been out of

work is to stimulate other lines. Employment anywhere seeps favorably into other unemployment situations. But this is indirect and rather slow. Modern industry is based on minute specialization and division of labor. Government building activity cannot fill up a thousand other vacuums.

Then, too, no amount of expansion of Government construction can make up for lack of private building. By far the largest project in the Federal program is the Chicago post office, to cost \$16,000,000, and to contain sixty acres of floor space. It is probably the largest single building contract in the country at the present time. Yet this is small in comparison with a normal annual building construction in Cook County of \$500,000,000.

When it is Cheaper to Rent

Finally, people who thoughtlessly urge spending billions for public building forget that the need for such construction is strictly limited. At the beginning of the present program there were nearly 1400 Government-owned buildings of the classes enumerated in the act. When the program is completed the total number will approximate 2500.

This means that more than 1000 places are to be provided with buildings which did not have them before. It means also that something like 1000 places have been added to the list since the depression started. It means also that the Government is erecting buildings in every place with annual postal receipts of \$20,000 or more.

Sensible persons must realize that as the public-building program expands, the Government will carry a correspondingly heavier burden in interest payments and sinking funds, not to mention the steadily mounting bill for repairs, maintenance, depreciation, and the like. Huge buildings do not take care of themselves free of cost. Thus, as we go on down the line, it becomes wholly uneconomical for the Government to own buildings, and much cheaper for it to rent. This is true even in the case of revenue-producing buildings like post offices, if the annual receipts are less than \$10,000. Moreover, the smaller type of post offices are in places likely to vanish because of the failure of a single industry or the consolidation of several towns. Also, many of these smaller offices are branches or stations which change with the shift in neighborhood conditions.

People who talk in billions for public construction emit the sheerest nonsense. Beyond certain well-defined points expenditures for these purposes become just waste, for which public officials are likely to be indicted and tried when the depression, with its accompanying excitement, is over. Even \$1,000,000,000 would put a post office in every four corners where people congregate at all—an utterly wasteful proceeding. Beyond a certain point public officials might as well spend the taxpayers' money in hiring the unemployed to carry rubbish back and forth across the road as to put up more buildings.

The purpose of this article has been to show that there are very practical limitations to government. It is an excellent agency to lead, stimulate and encourage. But it cannot take the place of the normal activities of the people who support it, and the sooner that fact is realized the faster will be the process of business recovery.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood.

THE WAY TO GO HOME

(Continued from Page 13)

see it through the door of his private office. There would be nothing of the slightest importance.

"He isn't expected, sir," said Lino; "they haven't a reservation."

"Say, that's funny," Meade frowned. He paused, and out of him ran some sustaining warmth and cheerfulness. He felt the heat suddenly; he saw in prospect an intolerable day, beginning there in the letters on his desk and stretched out lifeless to improbably distant sundown.

"They think, sir," said Lino, "it might be the Alhambra." He made a conventional, elaborately courteous acknowledgment in Spanish, hung up.

"Get the Alhambra," said Meade. "Mr. Cowden checked in an hour ago," Lino announced a moment later.

"Right!" said Meade. He jerked a hand toward his office door. "Take care of that stuff. I'll try to get around this afternoon or telephone you. If Camagüey calls, tell them—well, tell them they can have a couple of stock cars; or else they can keep their shirts on. We can't send what we haven't got."

"The shipment got in last night, Mr. Pons. The brokers have it. If you could get a moment to go down, we might make tonight's train."

"Send Max down."

"They want you, sir," said Lino.

"Let 'em stew awhile," said Meade. "I've got to run."

The taxi dropped him in the shadowed side street at the wide doors of the Alhambra. He trotted up the steps. Once, when it was first built, he used to come here a lot. He had even taken Alice dancing on the roof—that couldn't have been more than seven or eight years ago. Johnny was either still in town, or had recently left, and Alice felt less secure in the saddle. She gave him a little rein, valorously feigning a taste for gayety herself. It hadn't been very convincing, he remembered; and she would not be long in thinking of the children. The fault, he saw, was probably his. What must have made a deep impression on him—for the atmosphere of the pale-colored, wicker-furnished lobby here brought it back complete—was that everyone else was either talking or drinking. Alice never drank much, and, naturally, there was little left to talk about. The essence of agreeable conversation is describing the many fascinating things about oneself to a person ignorant of them—a person who may, indeed, be able to credit statements which are little more than exhilarating wishes as facts.

Alice knew everything that was true about him, and could tell instantly what wasn't. Their comment must be mainly scraps elicited by people around them, with silences. Soon enough Alice would become restive, calculating with mute protest how much he was drinking. Her trained eye was alert for the inevitable signs of its effect. "We don't want another bottle," she would say; and he was pressed by her anxious assumption to agreement. Only he did want another bottle; he had no desire to get home.

The foregone futility of attempting to increase, or even to preserve, the moment's radiant content seemed to him aside from the point. He was perfectly prepared to exchange a bad head tomorrow for more of now. Now was what he wanted. It was not what Alice wanted. She was jumpy with

irritation and distaste. She was at mortal war with the entrancing liberty which he gave signs of attaining. She must get hold of him quickly, make him do what she wanted; or, presently, he would be beyond her reach, doing what he wanted.

At the desk he said, "Mr. Cowden?" "Room 1017," said the clerk promptly. "Oh! One moment, sir. Mr. Cowden just went out. He'll return shortly. Are you Mr. Durland?" "No," said Meade.

The clerk had started to reach for an envelope in a mail box. "Sorry, sir," he nodded. "Mr. Cowden left a message for Mr. Durland."

That was dumb, thought Meade. He should have had Lino put the call through, instead of dropping it and running over. Durland; he thought. No one he knew in Havana. An idea came to him, and he grinned, going around to a telephone booth, but he was wrong, he found. "Well, I think maybe he will," Meade told Lino. "If he does come in, tell him I'm up here at the Alhambra."

"Yes, sir," said Lino. "Oh, Mr. Pons. Camagüey has called. They are rather upset, but I told them. And a man has been up from the brokers. He wanted you to come down. He says your supervision is necessary if the shipments are to be delivered today."

"He can go to hell," said Meade, recognizing with impotent annoyance the conventional form of a threat, a promise of what he would find if he did not show a little more alacrity. He was not going to devote half this day to that dirty wrangle. Lino's pause of anxiety came to him—a subservient, phraseless exhortation not to neglect the firm's interests. It made him angrier. He was going to take today off; his own interests weren't remotely concerned with automobile shipments, the red tape of customs brokers, the qualms of a subordinate, the problems of the Camagüey branch over filling an order or two, probably on time payments and to be defaulted anyway. He added, sharp with this resentment, "That all?" and hung up. Passing the desk, he said, "If you see Mr. Cowden and I don't, tell him Mr. Pons is in the bar."

He crossed the lobby, went through the door. Two elderly men in tight white flannels striped with black—obvious tourists—were sitting over a bottle of Tropical in the corner. Otherwise that side of the room held only morning shadows. Against the mirrors leaned a patient barkeep, his few thin brown hairs laid level on his shining skull.

"Hello, Paul," Meade nodded.

The man's eyes went over to him, flickered an instant. "Why, Mr. Pons!" he said. "Haven't seen you for a long time! Just get back?"

Meade overlooked the implications. "You'll see a lot of me," he promised. "You remember Mr. Cowden?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!"

"Well, he's stopping upstairs here. You better take on a couple of extra hands."

He slid onto a stool and selected a potato chip. "What'll it be, Mr. Pons?" said Paul.

"I'm waiting for Mr. Cowden," Meade said, "but since you mention it, it will be a *daiquiri*. Have something?"

Paul lifted his eyebrow slightly toward the old men in the corner. "If

they get out," he murmured. "It's fine to see you back, Mr. Pons."

The *daiquiri* stood presently in front of him and Meade moistened his lips with it. Paul observed, "I heard Mr. Cowden inherited quite a little money when his father died."

"I guess he did," Meade admitted, "and he's been doing mighty well on his own, by all accounts. He's about as smart as they make 'em." He raised the glass and returned it half empty to the dark wood.

"Mr. Cowden certainly used to give wonderful parties," said Paul. "I can remember one or two when he had me down to mix the drinks."

That was a fact that Meade had forgotten. Paul would be in a white coat behind an improvised bar. Often there would also be three or four men with homely stringed instruments, the pebble-filled gourds which marked out the sweet, melancholy measures of the *danzon*, not then revised for the elaborate orchestras nurtured on jazz. He saw faces, heard voices, long out of mind.

"It's not the same," Paul decided, shaking his head. "Nothing like it any more. I never see any of those people. Not since I don't know when. Remember Mr. Delano? I heard he's dead."

"No!" said Meade, shocked, though he hadn't thought of Freddy Delano for years. "He was a fine fellow."

"People settle down or go away," said Paul. "There'll be a mob in here at noon, but I doubt if you'd see anyone you used to know."

"Fix me another of these," requested Meade; "I want to see if Mr. Cowden came in."

The process of that general change absorbed him. If he wondered what had become of this man or that, some of them had no doubt wondered what had become of Meade Pons. Since he knew that, he knew what became of them all. You reached a point where peace seemed more important than gayety; there was nothing more to celebrate, only things to fear. Most of those good fellows had finally to see that they would never be rich, nor greatly successful, nor the free masters of their happy lives. Their aspirations, going out unfounded, came home empty; they must learn to be satisfied with the monotony of mere existence. They must keep their money, guard their health, employ their time to please the people who let them live at all. Apprehensive; with ambitions small enough to be plausible; with pleasures kept small, quiet, unexceptionable; they were said to have settled down. It was spoken of as a virtue, with an approving inflection, but the word, he saw, did no more than give a shoddy gilding to necessity. He had, for instance, in his own experience to get rid of his Cienfuegos manager. That man didn't settle down. He was a good fellow; he had very little time for business. The figures were eloquent, and Meade, in self-defense, had to fire him, get somebody who thought that selling automobiles was joy enough; somebody born to plod, or soundly scared into acquiescence. Burke had been that man's name. Meade never knew whether he learned wisdom, got virtue, or not. At any rate, Burke had roistered himself out of a position whose level he would be a long time regaining.

No, they said at the desk, Mr. Cowden hadn't come in.



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Breathe your cold away



Wake with a clear head. Put Vapex on your pillow at night





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You never can tell about seasonal weather changes nor the aftermath of catching cold. Be prepared! Carry the handy package of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. At the first sign of a cough, slip one into the mouth. Feel how quickly Luden's Menthol Action eases that hoarseness—soothes and cools the rasped tissues—relieves coughing.

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Meade was still thinking of this Burke as he went back to the bar. Burke had been very much of his own sort, he knew; they had always got on well together. It might easily, in the realm of probabilities, have been himself who was fired at Cienfuegos, instead of Burke. That it wasn't, could, in one way, be laid precisely to Alice's credit. Her money had made it possible for him to stay on in Havana, refusing the deceptive advance of a branch managership. The ceaseless pressure of her opposition had made him seem sober, careful, hardworking—the sort of man who satisfied his lords in Detroit with the promise he gave of making money for them. He owed a lot to Alice—all the things about him which she liked, which they liked in Detroit. Perhaps he ought not to grumble because no one of those things happened to be what he himself liked.

The old gentlemen in the corner had gone; Paul had stepped out a moment. Meade slid onto the stool, sitting alone, his solitary drink before him. It seemed unpleasantly symbolic; everyone was gone, everyone was engaged in whatever way circumstances had taught him he would better be; Meade, startled, recognized the sensation. Infinitely long ago he had felt that same dismay, that growing loneliness; and he grinned a little, for he placed it on one bright morning of his childhood. He had left for school, but, unexpectedly moved, had not gone; he simply went his own way, amazed at the simplicity of thus obtaining freedom. The morning grew less bright; his own pleasure had faded with it before an hour ended. It was no good without companions. He had been, he recalled, spanked; promised more spanking if it happened again. As he remembered, it hadn't happened again, though he had always been ready to risk punishment in a good cause. He raised the glass, drinking slowly, and as he drank, his eye caught a movement at the door. Turning, he saw Johnny Cowden.

"Meade!" said Johnny, and his voice was just as Meade remembered it. "You old rounder! What are you up to now?"

His happiness was so sudden and so strong that Meade Pons found he literally could not speak. He got off the stool and, still trying to find words, took Johnny's hand.

The wrinkles were deeper around Johnny's eyes. Johnny's hair was thinned, definitely gray at the sides, but in his linen suit he looked as big, as red-brown-faced as ever. Meade saw then that he was not alone.

"Mr. Durland," he said, "meet Mr. Pons." His hand fell affectionately on Meade's shoulder. "Pete and I are going down to Oriente to look at some mines," he said, "but I guess we could have a drink." Paul had come through a door behind the bar. "Hello, Paul," nodded Johnny.

"I'm the best speller who ever came out of Missouri," Hearst told him.

"Well, I'll bet you fifty dollars I know a four-letter word you can't spell."

"It's a bet," said Hearst. "What's the word?"

"Bird," the gambler told him. "How do you spell bird?"

"B-i-r-d," spelled Hearst. "Gimme the fifty."

"Why, Mr. Cowden!" said Paul. "Haven't seen you for a long time!"

"Take a good look," said Johnny. "I'm going down the island tonight."

"What'll it be, sir?"

"Make it a bottle of Tropical," said Johnny. "How about you, Pete?"

"Not for me," said Mr. Durland. "Fix me up a lemonade."

"You don't want beer, Johnny," protested Meade. "Have a daiquiri. I'm going to."

"Wish I could," said Johnny, "but they won't let me drink cocktails. Sit down, Meade. Let's hear about everything. How are Alice and the kids?"

"All right," said Meade.

"Johnny tells me you're in the automobile business," said Mr. Durland.

"How is it here?"

"So-so," answered Meade. "It could be worse, though I don't know how."

"What line do you handle?"

Meade told him. "I guess they're having pretty hard sledding," said Mr. Durland.

"One of my best friends is connected with an automobile concern, and he told me —"

Meade waited until he had finished, and then he said, "Listen, Johnny; what do you have to go away tonight for? Boy, you just got here —"

"Johnny and I have got to be in Santiago tomorrow," said Mr. Durland.

"A lot may depend on it."

Johnny said regretfully, "I hate to have to do it, but it's a chance we can't miss. I'd certainly like to look around here again, but not this trip, I'm afraid." He put out a hand and grasped Meade's shoulder.

"It's good to see you," he said. "Believe me, I've thought of you a lot! We used to have pretty good times here eight or nine years back," he told Mr. Durland.

"You'd be surprised. Wouldn't he, Meade?"

"Best time I ever had was in Paris," said Mr. Durland.

"I was over on business, and I guess I'd have better sense now, but it was some show while it lasted."

"I guess that's when I first met you," said Johnny.

"That's right," agreed Mr. Durland.

"Do you remember the night —"

Meade sat silent. The drinks had been brought and he took the daiquiri, tasted it, and set it down. He didn't want to hear what they did in Paris, but he couldn't very well help it, and it was, he saw, pretty stupid.

"I guess we could eat after this," said Johnny. "Where'll we go?"

Meade spoke suddenly:

"Johnny, it can't be done. I didn't know you were going out. I wanted to come over and fix up something for tonight. Got a man I simply have to see at lunch."

"Say, isn't that rotten?" Johnny said. "I certainly wanted to have a good talk. What about this afternoon? Got any time?"

"I haven't, Johnny," Meade said.

"Got a shipment, and those lazy devils

who do our customs brokerage want me to do all the work for them." Meade managed a bleak smile. "So I've got to run," he said. "Johnny, it's fine to have seen you. Next time —" he left it.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Durland."

"Gosh, it's a shame!" said Johnny. They shook hands. "Well, take care of yourself, boy. Don't let water get in the gin."

Meade stopped at the bar, dropping money on it. "Say, this is on me!" called Johnny.

"Thanks, Paul," Meade said. "Not much," he called back. "It's on me."

Lino and Max went down at five o'clock to see that the cars for Camaguey got off. The porter was shutting up, and Meade, easing the brilliant car across the curblike sidewalk of San Ignacio, said good night to him. He worked his way up Obispo Street, slid around the Park and down the Prado. Along the Malecon the sea was marvelous, immeasurable deep blue. He turned west, the rich sun flashing off his windshield. He drove at ease. He had made the customs brokers play ball.

He turned into his own drive finally, ran the car straight back to its place in the garage. Now that the direct sun was gone, Luis, in his gardening capacity, was sprinkling a flower bed. Alice, he saw, was standing in the path, watching this operation, and he walked down. She had, of course, seen him come in, but she ignored his approach until he was within a couple of yards. She turned then, looked at him in acute appraisal.

She said, "Oh, I didn't expect you." She looked at him again. "What's the trouble? Didn't Johnny get here?"

"Yes, I saw him," Meade answered. "He's on his way to Santiago."

"Well, I suppose you expect me to thank you for managing to stay sober."

"Now," he said placatingly, "it's a long time since I've been on a bat."

"Oh, I know you," she answered. Though she kept it in hand, spoke with grudging scorn, she was gratified; crediting herself with an accomplishment. This morning it would have been true; she knew him then. He was different now. At the end of the path Judith and Richard appeared, quarreling about something. He had those, and Alice, to see that he behaved himself, and today he had saved the company five hundred dollars at least. Many men of forty-five had less, could not do so well. He was lucky, he guessed, that he had anyone or anything, for this road was one way—not back—and had one end. In spite of everything, he liked now, the present, better than he would like that end; it was a progression, hopeless and natural. He would never meet the bunch at Johnny's again, nor Johnny himself, probably; but he had still a roof over his head, and he would better be careful, for soon enough he would have only earth there.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 24)

"But you didn't spell it that way down at Dutch Flat," protested the gambler as he paid over the fifty.

"There wasn't any money in it at Dutch Flat," said Hearst.

To the New Year

LISTEN, 1932—
No shenanigans from you!
Get this straight and get this clear—

We await a top-notch year.
If our rosy dreams you wreck,
Back you go for a credit check!

Listen, 1932—
From your midnight entrance cue
Use some tact, precocious elf,
Do your act and be yourself!
For a long, successful run
Don't ape 1931!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

OUT - OF - D O O R S

Touring With Jack Frost

A GROUP of summertime sportsmen sat in John Brown's den, smoking their pipes and reminiscing as they watched the glowing logs in the fireplace. Outside lay several inches of snow, and the thermometer's mercury had shrunk to ten or twelve degrees above zero.

"I saw a place last summer," Mr. Brown ventured, "that would be the most gorgeous spot in this end of the country about this time of year. Snow among the pines, ice on the streams—sheer beauty everywhere. But there isn't a hotel or a garage within forty miles. And I guess that lets me out."

All agreed. They might go on long canoe trips or drive halfway across the continent in the summer, with only a strip of canvas for shelter, but the minute they had to put winter fronts on their motor cars they holed up in the city and wished for June and July.

This attitude has puzzled me for years, ever since my first—and forced—snow-time excursion in an automobile. Since then, over a period of about fifteen years, scarcely a winter has passed without my taking a pleasure jaunt into the snow country with only a tent for a shelter and my little gasoline stove for a kitchen.

Winter-auto camping isn't near the hardship most people believe. And the rewards in the way of unusual scenery far overbalance what discomforts one finds on such a trip. I shall never forget my first sight of Yosemite—in November! Many of the frost-tinted leaves still clung to the trees and bushes, every spring had its fringe of fairy ice, every waterfall its scintillating cluster of icicles. And the air, always a bracer in that natural haven, outdid any illegal draught as an eyepener.

When we left the lower California valleys—my wife has accompanied me on all these snow-time jaunts for the last seven years—we knew what weather we would encounter at the resort, and we dressed accordingly. Light woollens next to our skin, woolen socks, high boots, corduroy riding breeches, flannel shirts, woolen slip-over sweaters and short, warm top-coats, sheep-lined leather for her, an old Navy pea-coat for me.

Preparing a Cold-Weather Bed

In the tonneau of our open car we had stowed our smallest tent, a seven by seven miner's, a two-burner folding gasoline stove, frying pan, stew kettle, coffeepot, six blankets, hand ax, week's supply of grub, and had covered it all with the old tarpaulin.

After one night's camp in the lower mountains where the temperature was about like early April in Pennsylvania, we reached the gorgeous valley. Frost everywhere, ice, the brisk color of the oaks against the dark pines and spruces, air clear as spring water. I never saw the valley more beautiful in mid-season; no, not half so beautiful.

We had taken the day's trip leisurely and reached the valley floor just before dusk. Choosing a smooth spot protected by the trees, we had the tent up in a jiffy. Iron tent pins will go into ground frozen hard enough to splinter the best wooden stake ever turned. The tarpaulin was the first installment of

our bed. Over that went three blankets, doubled. In winter camp I have found that a good quality horse blanket—with straps removed, of course—beats anything else I've seen at its price. Fine-textured woolen blankets are hard to beat next to one's body, but over and under them give me the horse blankets every time. Well, anyway, on top of the ground blankets went the body blanket, and over that went the other two horse blankets. Note that we do not use cots in winter. In summer it's all right to have your bed up off the ground, if you particularly like it. But in winter it's positively essential that you get right next to Mother Earth. Suspended in air on a cot, you have to put more blankets under you than over you to keep your spine free of frostbite.

All the Comforts of Home

The bed finished, the little gasoline stove, set up just outside the tent flaps, had water boiling in no time. A cup of strong, steaming tea took the chill out of our bones in a jiffy, and the soup that followed almost brought out the sweat. Beans and spaghetti on top of that made everything under the belt snug for the night.

Side curtains on the car insured against possible snowdrifts during the night, and draining the radiator guaranteed against a cracked cylinder head; nowadays a dose of anti-freeze mixture would do as much. On the winter trail, however, I prefer plain water. An empty radiator seems to help in starting the motor in the morning after a night in the open and there's always water available, even if one has to melt ice to get it.

Then the twenty-foot extension that we carry to plug into the dash lamp was hooked up and its glow lighted up the inside of the little tent. The gasoline stove was moved inside, the flaps were closed except for a one-foot opening at the bottom, and we were settled for an hour's reading or writing before turning in. Fifteen minutes and we turned out the stove's flames. It was comfortable even without sweaters. That's the big advantage of little tents. They heat quickly. Their chief disadvantage is lack of room, and our miner's tent, a perfect pyramid in which a person could stand upright only in the center, was lacking in convenience at times. The tent used by so many motor tourists today, the square umbrella tent, is to my notion the most unsightly thing ever devised to house man under canvas—but at the same time it is about the most convenient, with its uniformly high ceiling, its single pole and its small bulk. And it is fairly easy to heat too. After a night of better sleep than I ever had in a steam-heated hotel, we awoke about dawn. Without leaving my warm covers, I reached over and turned on the gasoline stove. A flare, a few flickers and it settled down to business. Ten minutes and we dressed in a cozy canvas room, and were ready for a day of winter sight-seeing, unhampered by crowds of tourists, invigorated by the crisp air, rewarded with photographs none of our friends could duplicate.

We stayed in the valley four days on that trip. One morning we had to heat water and warm up the carburetor before the car would kick off, but—well,

I've done that here in town; haven't you? We returned to the warmth of the lower valleys without a trace of a cold, without a frostbite, without a debit against the trip except its brevity.

That was one ordinary winter trip under canvas. Conditions were average, or better. The year before that we had been buried under a six-inch fall of snow at Lake Tahoe, also in our miner's tent, and had survived. In fact, we enjoyed it. On that trip we didn't have the gasoline stove, cooking over an open fire and sleeping in an utterly cold tent. Even that wasn't half bad.

We've winter-camped in ten or twelve states, all told—not counting the South, where winter conditions generally are not so very different from summer. No summer visitor to the Snake River valley of Idaho can ever get the thrill we got from those snow-covered mountains and the icy Snake. And there are spots in Colorado whose winter beauty can't even be imagined under an August sun. Northwestern New Mexico under a blanket of snow is a totally different country from the desert and mountain district summer visitors see. You may think North Carolina's Blue Ridge is hard to beat in summer, but try it in winter once, as we did, and you'll get altogether new ideas of Southern mountain beauty. Even Pennsylvania's mountains take on a new, and to me a greater, beauty under a few inches of snow.

I think the only really uncomfortable winter camp we ever made was down near Lordsburg, New Mexico. We were on a flying trip East, in January. An unusually cold wave had swept that end of the country just before we arrived. On the very road we were traveling, four cars of flivver tourists had been trapped in a blizzard a week before. Panic-stricken, they had sat and shivered. No organized camp ground was near, and they didn't even pull up a fence post to build a life-preserving fire. They finally burned one of the automobiles to keep warm! And before they were rescued, three of them were fatally frozen.

Sleeping Out in Zero Weather

Most of the snow was gone when we got there, but the temperature was well below zero. The nearest thing to shelter we could find was one of those accursed billboards. But by the time we had pulled in behind it, the wind shifted and a fence post would have given as much shelter. However, we began unpacking. Out came the tent, the stove, the blankets—but no tent pole. It had been lost in the shuffle somewhere, perhaps left three hundred miles back at the last camp site. But there was no time to weep. The wind was rising and the temperature dropping. I drained the radiator, brought the water bag to the lee side of the car. Then I improvised a windbreak with a blanket tied between the car and the billboard, and the cook got the kettle on to boil. While supper was heating, I shifted the luggage in the tonneau and built up a more or less smooth bed five feet long, spread the blankets and rubbed my ears to keep them from the nip that I felt was almost inevitable.

The wind whipped around the flapping blanket and under the car as we sat down on the running board for supper. And despite every effort on the

cook's part, every spoonful of soup was quite chilled on the trip from bowl to mouth. At last, toes atingle, fingers numb, noses stinging, we crawled inside. Throughout the night the wind howled, the side curtains flapped, the temperature sank, and we lay huddled beneath five blankets and our coats.

Next morning we pulled on our boots and thrust our noses outside. Brr-r-r! I kicked the water bag, one of those two-gallon canvas affairs. Frozen solid as a brick. Water for coffee or tea? None. Only one thing to do; pack up and drive to the nearest town for a restaurant breakfast. We packed quickly. Now, how about the radiator? Water for it? None. Well, we'd start it—maybe—and go down the road a piece. Might find a pond before the engine got hot. By the time the combined efforts of the starter and my good right arm had the motor popping regularly, I was pretty well warmed up. But we drove more than two miles down the road before the first puff of steam came from that waterless radiator. Cold? More or less. We found the pond, all right, and I finally got the water, a bootful as well as a pailful. Then on into Deming, Pershing's one-time headquarters, where we got a tent pole and two breakfasts. And the temperature when we pulled into Deming was fourteen degrees below zero.

Tips for Winter Tourists

Therefore, advice for wintertime motor campers should include: Don't mislay your tent pole. It means the difference between comfort and discomfort. Such advice should also include:

Be sure your tires are in good shape. It's no fun changing tires in a snowdrift in zero weather.

Have a good set of chains, two sets if you are going into mountain country, one set for front, the other for rear. Chains cost less than skids down mountainsides.

If your car has a heater inside, use it sparingly and always keep the windows open at least a little way. A day in an overheated car followed by a night in a tent might produce an annoying cold.

Take as small a tent as practicable, and be sure it has a sewed-in floor cloth. That keeps out drafts, and the small tent is much easier to heat.

When using the stove inside the tent always leave the flap part way open, at the bottom. The stove burns oxygen as well as gasoline and can soon exhaust the air supply in a tightly closed tent, possibly with serious results to the human occupants. Also keep the stove on the floor of the tent where it will not set fire to the canvas if it flares up. I once set my stove on a camp chair and nearly paid for it with my life when the flame flared and the tent caught fire.

Most important of all, don't be afraid of cold weather and frost-flushed cheeks; don't have a distaste for black coffee or strong tea or soup; don't expect a cold motor to start at the first trial; don't expect a winter trip to be anything but a brisk, blood-tingling tussle between yourself and Jack Frost. If you dislike tussles, or strong tea or soup or frosty washbasins, stick to your home fireside until July, and then eat the dust of 2,000,000 other tourists.

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AMBASSADOR FOR A DAY

(Continued from Page 5)

attractive as an onlooker, and, on the other hand, I cannot understand any American caring to be educated there rather than in one of his own universities. In one of the colleges the head, who was called "Provost," or "Dean," or something of the kind, at first blush seemed a learned, precise, rather dry and anything but humorous little fellow. However, in looking at the pictures of former members of the college, I commented upon the unattractive aspect of some dead man of note, whereupon he remarked: "Yes, he certainly looks as if he were mimsy."

This opened a window into his character, and I at once responded that he had established much the same kind of bond with me that the Literary Ladies sought to establish with Sen. Elijah Pogram by sending the message that they were "both transcendental"; and that the man in question certainly looked altogether as if he were a borogove. He then showed me the picture of Lewis Carroll himself, who, it appeared, had been a member of the college, and we got on famously for some minutes, until another incident occurred which showed that I had been altogether too rash in assuming that because we had the same sense of humor on certain subjects, therefore our minds would meet on all subjects. In a room where we went for tea, after showing me pictures of various very, very ancient members of the college, he suddenly showed me the plaque of an Assyrian king, a plaque which no child of six could have failed to recognize as an Assyrian king. I looked solemnly at it, and said: "Ah! This graduate was obviously very early English." To my intense amusement, my good host became much embarrassed, and hastily changed the subject, obviously under the impression that I really did think that the Assyrian king was some Anglo-Saxon or other personage who had been connected with the college!

In Cambridge everything was more informal, and it was largely a reception by the students themselves. They greeted me just as the students of our own colleges would have greeted me. On my arrival they had formed in two long ranks, leaving a pathway for me to walk between them, and at the final turn in this pathway they had a Teddy bear seated on the pavement with outstretched paw to greet me; and when I was given my degree in the chapel the students had rigged a kind of pulley arrangement by which they tried to let down a very large Teddy bear upon me as I took the degree—I was told that when Kitchener was given his degree they let down a Mahdi upon him, and a monkey on Darwin under similar circumstances. I spoke in the Union to the students, and it was exactly and precisely as if I had been speaking to the Harvard students in the Harvard Union. They understood everything I said and every allusion with exactly the same quickness that the Harvard boys would have shown, and responded to precisely the same appeals. Indeed, I was interested to find that there was such exact similarity. And how beautiful Cambridge is! Moreover, as I have a taste for ghost stories, I enjoyed meeting the head of one of the colleges—King's—whose Ghost Stories of an Antiquary make, I think, the best volume of ghost stories I have ever read. At lunch I was much interested in meeting Mrs. Sidgwick, Balfour's

sister, the head of Girton, and also Butcher, the Greek scholar.

My failure to establish a common basis of humor with my Oxford friend reminds me of an experience I had with Punch. I like Punch. It is almost the only humorous paper I know where the humor does not leave a bad taste in one's mouth; almost the only comic paper that is a gentleman's paper. They had a number of most amusing cartoons about me. Their letterpress was less successful. Once Mrs. Roosevelt and I got three or four hours to ourselves and visited the National Gallery. The London newspapers, while not so vicious and degraded as ours, are at least as fatuous, and within an hour of my reaching the gallery they had three or four poor, seedy, foolish reporters following me around and trying to hear what I said. One of them, a reporter, I think, of the Daily Chronicle, wrote among other things that, after looking at the picture of Derby Day, I remarked, "Tempora mutantur." Now, I had never even seen the picture in question, and whatever I might have said I would not have said anything as inconceivably flat. However, Punch accepted it as true, and wrote a rather dreary, would-be-funny article upon it as a text. They were then told that it was not true, and while I was at Arthur Lee's country place, I received a telegram from Owen Seaman asking me if the statement that I had made such a remark was incorrect. It never occurred to me that he was serious, so I telegraphed back, "Statement incorrect. In commenting on pictures I never use any language as modern as Latin. On the occasion in question my quotations were from cuneiform script, and the particular sentence referred to was the pre-Ninevite phrase 'Hully gee.'" Seaman was immensely puzzled by the telegram, and finally concluded to accept it as a denial couched in queer language!

I had another funny experience, on this occasion with the editor of The Times. A number of editors were invited to meet me at lunch. The first five or six spoke to me with the utmost solemnity, and by the time the editor of The Times had come up, I felt that the occasion had grown too funereal, and so I said to him, "It does not seem to me that you and I ought to waste our time in talking of merely frivolous subjects, and I should like to discuss with you the possible outcome of the controversy between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jeffries." He looked at me perfectly solemnly, muttered something, and went on. Some months afterward Sydney Brooks wrote me that this same editor had remarked to him after the Nevada prize-ring fiasco that he had always been much puzzled by my remark, and thought I must have been laboring under some delusion, because he did not know whether I referred to Doctor Johnson or Ben Jonson, and to Lord Jeffreys or the editor of the Quarterly, and anyhow they were not any of them contemporaries; but he was now much struck by the coincidence that a Negro and a white man who possessed the names I had mentioned had been engaged in a prize fight in America, and it was such an odd coincidence that he really thought he would have to write to me about it!

There was much that was both amusing and interesting in connection with my being special ambassador to

the funeral of poor King Edward. All the special ambassadors were, of course, treated with much ceremony and pomp, and I was given a special carriage of state and a guard of six magnificent grenadiers in bearskins, who lined up and saluted me whenever I left or entered the embassy, while the bugler sounded off—or whatever the technical expression is. Whitelaw Reid is thoroughly at home in all such matters, and was both dignified and efficient, and Harry White and my two special aides, Lord Cochrane and Captain Cunningham, R. N., accompanied me on all my formal calls. Not only all the kings I had met but the two or three I had not previously met were more than courteous, and the Kaiser made a point of showing his intimacy with me and of discriminating in my favor over all his fellow sovereigns. The only man among the royalties who obviously did not like me was the Archduke Ferdinand, who is an ultramontane, and at bottom a furious reactionary in every way, political and ecclesiastical both. All of the special ambassadors were either sovereigns or princes of the blood royal, excepting Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and myself.

The night before the funeral there was a veritable wake—I hardly know what else to call it. King George gave a dinner to the special ambassadors in Buckingham Palace, the palace in which the dead king, his father, was lying in state. There were some seventy of us all told. Each man as he arrived said some word of perfunctory condolence to the King, our host. It was not possible to keep up an artificial pretense of grief any longer, and nobody tried. The King sat in the middle of one side of the table, and the Emperor opposite him, and the rest of us were arranged elsewhere without, as far as I could judge, much attention being paid to rank. I sat with Prince Henry of Prussia on my right hand, and on my left a tall, shambling young man in a light blue uniform, whose card proclaimed him to be the Prince of Cumberland, or Prince Somebody of Cumberland—I forget which. For lack of other subjects of conversation I said to him that although his title was English, yet that he himself seemed to be German; and with a melancholy glance at the very vivacious Emperor, who was diagonally opposite us, he answered that he ought to be Prince of Brunswick and King of Hanover, and would be "if it were not for him," nodding his head to indicate the Emperor. I felt like suggesting to him to relieve his feelings by throwing a carafe at the usurper.

As soon as I entered the room the Bulgarian Czar came up to speak to me and to thank me for various things I had done for the Bulgarians, a people who have always interested me and in whom I have always believed. He is a very competent fellow, but with some unattractive traits, and at the moment all the other sovereigns were angry with him because he had suddenly christened himself Czar instead of King, which they regarded as bumpitious.

Moreover, he had had an intricate row about precedence with the Archduke Ferdinand on the way to the funeral. The Archduke Ferdinand does not like Bulgaria or its Czar, and insisted that as the heir apparent to a real and big empire he was entitled to precedence, which the Czar, of course, flatly denied; and they had a delightful row over the matter, as complicated and involved, and as utterly

childish, as the rows in Washington, when it used to be a matter of no small engineering skill to have Dewey, Cannon, Frye, and the Chief Justice, all dine at the White House and yet never meet—the Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate, and the Chief Justice each pointing to the Constitution as giving him precedence, while my beloved Dewey triumphantly based his own claims on the number of guns fired for him when he went aboard ship. With a fine sense of military subordination, by the way, the good admiral insisted that he would walk behind the Secretary of the Navy, but ahead of all the other cabinet officers; and as several of the latter went ahead of the naval secretary, this meant that Dewey would have been sandwiched into a kind of dodo race.

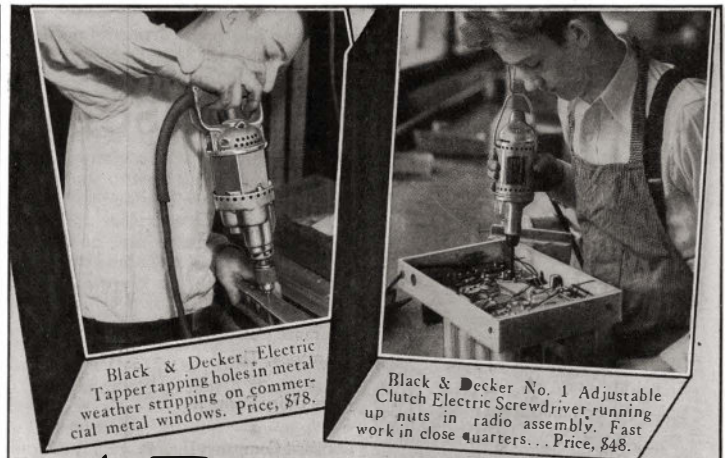
Well, the Czar and the Archduke came to London on the same express train. The Czar's private carriage was already on it, and the Archduke had his put on at Vienna. Each wished to have his carriage ahead of the other, but the Archduke triumphed and had his placed nearest the engine, the Czar's carriage coming next, and then the dining carriage. The Archduke was much pleased at his success, and rode next the engine in purple splendor; and all went well until dinnertime, when he sent word to the Czar saying that he should like to walk through his carriage to the dining saloon, and the Czar sent back word that he could not! Accordingly, breathing stertorously, he had to wait until a station came, get out and get into the dining saloon, and after eating his dinner wait until another station was reached, get out again, and pop back into his own carriage. This struck all his brother royalties as a most serious matter, and the German Emperor had heatedly sided with the Austrians. Accordingly, while I was talking to the Czar, the Emperor suddenly walked up to us, thrust himself in ahead of the Czar, turned his back square to him and said to me: "Roosevelt, my friend, I want to introduce you to the King of Spain." Then, with a sudden ferocious glance over his shoulder at the Czar: "He is worth while talking to!"

The King of Spain, by the way, was worth while talking to. I was much impressed by him. He at first thanked me for having behaved with such courtesy and consideration to Spain while I was President, and I told him, of course, that I had simply done my duty, for which I deserved no thanks, and that, anyhow, it was a real pleasure for me to do anything I could for Spain.

He then said, looking me straight in the face, "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt; I have admired your public career, and I have also admired your military career—though I am sorry that your honors should have been won at the expense of my countrymen."

I bowed and said: "Your Majesty, I have always borne testimony, and I always shall bear testimony, to the gallantry and courage your countrymen showed in battle; although, frankly, I cannot speak as highly of their leadership."

To which he responded: "I should think not! I should think not! But I am glad to have you speak thus of the courage of the soldiers"; to which I answered that I could not speak too highly of the courage that the Spanish soldiers had shown under very depressing circumstances. He then went on to say that he wished personally to thank me for what I had done at the



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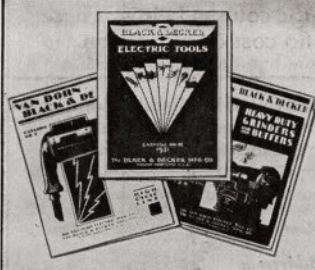
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Vatican, because it had rendered his task in Spain much easier, as the attempted encroachments of the Vatican had become intolerable. He continued: "You will readily understand that I am not in favor of the anarchists, but I assure you that much though I object to the anarchists, I do not regard them as more dangerous to my country than are the ultraclericals; of the two, I mind the extreme right even more than I mind the extreme left." This struck me as significant.

The unfortunate Prince Consort of Holland was at the dinner. He came up and began to talk with me, but the Emperor pounced on me again for some purpose, paying not the slightest heed to the wretched prince, who drifted off with fat meekness, and evidently was not regarded as of the slightest consequence by anyone. The King of Denmark, a nice old boy, after greeting me, introduced his brother, the King of Greece, also a nice old boy, but a preposterous character as a king. He was feebly clamoring that something ought to be done for Greece, in Crete and in Thessaly, by the Powers, and on a later day saw me for an hour, begging me to say something for Greece against Turkey, and repeating his complaints and requests over and over and over again, in response to my equally often reiterated statement that it was not a matter with which I could possibly interfere or about which I could possibly say anything. My Guildhall speech, and the speech I had already made at Cairo, had evidently made him, and some other people, believe that I might as well keep my hand in by interfering with every conceivable matter which was none of my business.

Among those present at the dinner were various representatives of the royal family of France, all of whom came up and were more than polite, partly on the strength of my having met the daughter of the Comte de Paris, the wife of an Italian duke, at Naples—a really charming woman, who had hunted in Africa, and got our ambassador to bring me out to tea—and partly on the strength of the Comte de Paris' presence with the Army of the Potomac. I think the consideration they were shown at the funeral was one of the reasons why Pichon was irritated. He is a queer-looking creature at best, but on this particular evening anger made him look a gargoyle. His clothes were stiff with gold lace and he wore sashes and orders; for I was the only man present in ordinary evening dress. He had all along held me as his natural companion and ally, because we represented the two republics and were the only people present who were not royalties. Before dinner he got me aside and asked me in French, as he did not speak English, what colored coat my coachman had worn that evening. I told him I did not know; whereupon he answered that his coachman had a black coat. I nodded and said, yes, I thought mine had a black coat also. He responded with much violence that this was an outrage, a slight upon the two great republics, as all the royalties' coachmen wore red coats, and that he would at once make a protest on behalf of us both. I told him to hold on, that he must not make any protest on my behalf, that I did not care what kind of coat my coachman wore, and would be perfectly willing to see him wear a green coat with yellow splashes—"un paletot vert avec des taches jaunes," being my effort at idiomatic rendering of the idea, for I speak French, I am

sorry to say, as if it were a non-Aryan tongue, without tense or gender, although with agglutinative vividness and fluency. My incautious incursion into levity in a foreign tongue met appropriate punishment, for I spent the next fifteen minutes in eradicating from Pichon's mind the belief that I was demanding these colors as my livery. However, I think it had the effect of diverting him from his own woe, and nothing more happened that evening.

But the next morning, when, at eight o'clock, in evening dress, I turned up at the palace to go to Windsor, I found Pichon waiting for me more angry than ever. He was to go in the same carriage with me; and walking hastily up, and his voice shaking, he pointed out the very gorgeous-looking carriage in which we were to go, and said that it was an outrage, that all the royalties had glass coaches and we did not. As I had never heard of a glass coach excepting in connection with Cinderella, I was less impressed by the omission than he was; and he continued that "*ces Chinois*" were put ahead of us. To this I answered that any people dressed as gorgeously as "*ces Chinois*" ought to go ahead of us, but he responded that it was not a laughing matter. Then he added that "*ce Perse*" had been put in with us, pointing out a Persian prince of the blood royal, a deprecatory, inoffensive-looking Levantine of Parisian education, who was obviously ill at ease, but whom Pichon insisted upon regarding as somebody who wanted to be offensive. At this moment our coach drove up, and Pichon bounced into it. I supposed he had got in to take the right-hand rear seat; as to which I was totally indifferent, for my experiences at the White House had given me a horror of squabbles over precedence, and the one thing upon which I had insisted with our ambassadors was that I should sit or walk or stand wherever any of my hosts wished me to. But Pichon was scrupulous in giving me precedence, although I have no idea whether I was entitled to it or not. He sat on the left rear seat himself, stretched his arm across the right seat and motioned me to get in so that "*ce Perse*" should not himself take the place of honor! Accordingly I got in, and the unfortunate Persian followed, looking about as unaggressive as a rabbit in a cage with two boa constrictors. As soon as we had started, Pichon's feelings overcame him again, and he pointed out the fact that we were following "*toutes ces petites royautés*," even "*le roi du Portugal*." I then spoke to him seriously, and said that in my judgment France and the United States were so important that it was of no earthly consequence whether their representatives went before or behind the representatives of utterly insignificant little states like Portugal, and that I thought it a great mistake to make a fuss about it, because it showed a lack of self-confidence. He shook his head and said that in Europe they regarded these things as of real importance, and that if I would not join him in a protest, he would make one on his own account. I answered that I very earnestly hoped he would not make a row at a funeral—my French failed me at this point, and I tried alternately "*funéraille*" and "*pompe funèbre*"—that it would be sure to have a bad effect, and that if he was discontented, the proper thing to do was to wait until the coronation and then have France stipulate in advance how her special ambassador should



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rank. He asked if I would join in such a proposal; and I answered that, in the first place, I should not be special ambassador, and, in the next place, that if I were I most emphatically would not care a rap where I was placed any more than I did at the moment, for I was merely trying on behalf of the American people to show in courteous fashion their sympathy for the British people, that I wanted to do whatever the British people wished done, and did not in the least care where I was placed. I also told him to wait and see how we were treated at Windsor Castle, for I believed he would find that every effort would be made to be more than attentive to us.

Sure enough, after the funeral, when we had lunch at Windsor Castle, I was at the King's table and he was at the Queen's. I think my advice had a sedative effect: it certainly prevented any public explosion.

Some days after the funeral Mrs. Roosevelt and I were sent for separately to visit the Queen Mother, Queen Alexandra. I felt great sympathy for her. When Mrs. Roosevelt called upon her, her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, was there. Both were very friendly, and at the end of the call solemnly asked Mrs. Roosevelt if they could kiss her—Mrs. Roosevelt, being half of New England blood, is not of an expansive temperament, and endured rather than enjoyed the ceremony. With me the poor lady was most pathetic. With an almost childlike pathos, she kept telling me how she had hated to leave Marlborough House for Buckingham Palace when her husband became king, and now how she hated having to leave Buckingham Palace after having grown accustomed to it; and she was very emotional and almost hysterical, repeating, "Yes, they took him away from me; they took him away from me. They left him with me for nearly ten days, and then they took him away from me. . . ."

On another occasion Mrs. Roosevelt and I took lunch with King George

and Queen Mary. It was the day after the King's birthday, and his presents were all on a table in the corner, and by it another table with a cake. They were thoroughly pleasant, homelike people—and I was much amused, by the way, to find that his sympathy went out to me because he knew that I had a horror of the type of American who wishes to hang around a foreign court, particularly the English court, and get social recognition. This is the type of American who, when wealthy enough—and the type is even more objectionable when wealthy than when poor—uses his money to marry his daughter to a foreigner of title, and it is a type which, unlike his father, he thoroughly abhors, I am glad to say. Toward the end of lunch the children came in.

He was telling me about them in advance. "They are all obedient except John"—the youngest. "I don't understand it. He is not obedient at all. Now you watch him when he comes in. He will go straight for that cake. You watch him." In came the children, made their manners prettily, and then sure enough, John, a nice, solid-looking little boy, made a beeline for the cake. The king turned to me with an air of pride in the way the event had justified the prophecy. "There, didn't I tell you so? Now you listen to the way he answers me. He isn't like any of the other children. You just listen." Then to John: "John!"

John: "What?"
The king: "Don't say 'What' when I speak to you. Come here." Turning to me: "Didn't I tell you so? He is not obedient, and all the other children are so obedient."

John started solemnly toward us, and on the way he met a rather hairless little dog called Happy, which he stooped over and began to pat, at the same time saying something to his father.

The latter turned to me with another smile of triumph. "Did you hear that? 'Appy is 'airy.' Not an h to him! I

don't know where he gets it from; it must be his nurse!"

I thoroughly liked the king. He had been much bothered over the accusations brought against him that he was already secretly married and that he drank to excess, and wanted to know what I would advise his doing. I told him that unless the accusation appeared in public, I would take no notice of it; that, of course, if any public accusation was made, it should be promptly and effectively met, but that it was always a mistake to refute private slander by a public statement.

I managed to visit two or three of my old friends, spending either a weekend or a night at their houses—Trevelyan, Edward North Buxton and Selous.

I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in England. The men I met were delightful, and I felt at home with them. As a whole, they had my ideals and ways of looking at life. But the twenty-four hours I really most enjoyed not only in England but in all Europe were those I spent with Edward Grey the last twenty-four hours I was in England. He is very fond of birds, and I had been anxious to hear and see the English birds which I knew so well in the books. He took me down to the valley of the Itchen, which we tramped along, and then motored to an inn near the New Forest where we took tea—having already eaten our lunch on a bank—and then tramped through the New Forest, reaching the inn on the other side of it about nine in the evening, tired and happy and ready for a warm bath, a hot supper, and bed. Grey is not a brilliant man like Balfour, or a born leader like Lloyd George, but he is the kind of high-minded public servant, as straight in all private as in all public relations, whom it is essential for a country to have, and I do not remember ever meeting anyone else except Leonard Wood to whom I took so strong a fancy on such short acquaintance.

Always yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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THE POETS' CORNER

White Woods

THE winter's woods are bowed with snow;
The emerald boughs of hemlocks blow
Showers of whiteness through the deep
Silence, while young rabbits sleep
Under the silver rust and under
The crushed dark leaves, whose fragile
thunder
Of falling burned the autumn air.
Blackberry brambles huddle where
The woods climb upward to the sky;
The slow wings of a crow beat by
And shake a torn, black, ragged note
Out of a harsh and lonely throat.
The thickets are frozen blue with cold.
Here the white hill pockets hold
Wood mice, curled beneath the breast
Of earth; and here the fox has pressed
His dusky heart against the dim
Burrow that leans to cover him.

The winter's woods are heaped with
snow.
Go gently, wind! Dark hemlocks, blow
Softly, softly, not to wake
Small wildness sheltered in the brake!
Bend drowsily and make no sound
To quicken the slight hearts
underground!
Let them dream of stream and grass,



Of summers when the hours pass
Heavy and sweet with the flakes of sun:
Let them sleep till the cold is done.
They are too young to face the storm
Of glitter, but earth is deep and warm
And kind to creatures who cannot bear
This weight of sharp and perilous air!
—Frances M. Frost.

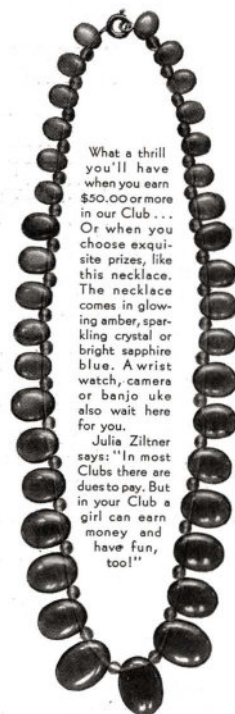
Ghosts

I AM the Ghost of Fear; by day and
night
I haunt the living world and hold it
back;
I check the game charge in a gallant
fight,
I break the glory of a bold attack;
I crush all weaklings as they start to
rise,
And hold the valiant from their
topmost flights,
Save for the few who look into my eyes
And laugh at shadows as they scale
the heights.

I am the Ghost of Love; from
yesterdays
Of moonlight and old gardens and
dim lanes,
Of songs that come from far,
remembered ways
That call across the sun drifts and
the rains;
Of soft hands, vanished voices and the
sighs
Of whispered prayers we knew so
long ago,
Of shining star dust and of summer
skies
And the lost smile from one we used
to know.

I am the Ghost of Dreams, that comes
at last
When the dim fire is low, and night
is near;
When the mad glory of the charge is past,
And one can smile again at love and
fear;
Where only shadows of old friends
drift by
As the gray light of fading sunset
burns,
And then—lost moonlight from a
summer's sky,
The breath of roses—and a song
returns.
—Grantland Rice.

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prizes, like this
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money and
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NEXT WEEK

MISS PINKERTON

By *Mary Roberts Rinehart*

Some people maintain Mrs. Rinehart is at her best in her mystery stories, and others prefer her hospital romances. But everyone will be happy over her delightful new mystery romance, in which an attractive young trained nurse, who works as a detective, is placed in a home where there has been a sudden mysterious death. Love in every installment, and humor and horror.

ANIACHAK, THE MOON CRATER EXPLODES

By *Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J.*

Once again the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will have the opportunity of following Father Hubbard on a volcanic adventure. This time through his eyes they will see the vivid, terrifying spectacle of the Moon Crater in eruption, with him they will climb through the Valley of Death to the crater's rim, and advancing to the edge, view the abomination of desolation that follows a major eruption.

EPISODE MAURE

By *Eleanor Mercein*

Augustus Hopkins, of Elm Grove, a bachelor of over forty with a heart of gold and unshattered illusions, goes abroad for the first vacation in a lifetime. At Morocco he leaves the ship to look for romance, and finds it through an Irish girl in a Moorish harem. A story told with the charm and romanticism that are so characteristic of the author's work.

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES by J. C. Grimstad, James Warner Bellah, Joseph Hergesheimer, Guy Gilpatric, C. E. Scoggins, O. Max Gardner, Margaret Culkin Banning, Frank Condon and Will Payne.

GLADWIN IS WILLING TO
ACCEPT A POSITION

(Continued from Page 15)

"You really want me to tell you?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Henderson."

"All right then, Mrs. Piper. Since you are so insistent, you might as well know that your husband is not the type of man I want to employ. I don't want any tractor driver who knocks over porches and runs his machine into swimming pools. And I don't like the way he talks. I don't want him. At the moment I'm very much in need of a competent, reliable driver. But your husband does not get the job. That is absolutely final. Do I make myself clear?"

"Why, Mr. Henderson, I can't imagine what makes you talk this way. Have you been having a hard morning at the office?"

"As a matter of fact, I have."

"I knew it, Mr. Henderson. My woman's intuition told me that you were not yourself this morning. When you have had time to think this over at leisure, I'm sure that you will feel very differently about Gladwin. So I won't bother you any more right now, Mr. Henderson. I'll call you up some other day when you are feeling better."

"It won't do you any good."

"I'll try, anyway. Good-by, Mr. Henderson. And good luck to you."

After this conversation, Henderson sat in deep thought for several minutes. Then he called up Mr. Terence O'Leary of the O'Leary Grading and Construction Company. This company was building a large dam for a reservoir about five miles from Kerrstown. They were using several Earthworm tractors on the job. Mr. O'Leary himself was superintending the work, and was living at the construction camp near the dam.

"Hello," said Henderson. "Is this you, O'Leary?"

"It is."

"This is Gilbert Henderson speaking. How's the work getting along?"

"Can't complain."

"Tractors running all right?"

"Fine."

"I suppose you have some good operators for your tractors?"

"Yes, they seem to be all right."

"I wonder if I could borrow one of them this afternoon."

"You want to borrow one of my tractor operators?"

"Yes. It's like this, O'Leary: I have a machine at Kerrstown that I have to demonstrate to the Kerr County road commissioners this afternoon at three o'clock. They changed the date of the demonstration on me, so I'm caught without any service man available to send down. I thought maybe you could lend me a man for the afternoon."

"Always glad to help you out, Henderson. But I only have three operators to run my three tractors. If I stop one of my machines, it would slow down the whole job."

"Oh, I wouldn't want you to do that. I just thought you might have some extra man you could spare—not just anybody, of course, but a man that really understands tractors."

"Well, I might be able to work it, at that. Is this demonstration very important?"

"Yes, it is. If it goes off all right we'll probably sell them a tractor. If it doesn't, we won't."

"All right, Henderson. I'll see if I can arrange it so I can send you a good man."

"Thanks a lot, O'Leary. The tractor is in the county garage at Kerrstown. Just have your man go down there and take charge of it, and be ready at three o'clock to do whatever work the commissioners have lined out."

"Very good, Henderson. I'll see what I can do, and I'll let you know."

Half an hour later, Mr. O'Leary's stenographer called Mr. Henderson.

"Mr. O'Leary is very busy out on the job," she said, "so he didn't have time to call you back himself. He wanted me to tell you that he will arrange to send a tractor operator down to Kerrstown for you."

"Thank you very much," said Henderson.

For the rest of the morning and more than half of the afternoon, Henderson devoted himself to other work. At four o'clock Mr. Terence O'Leary called up from his camp.

"I have been so busy," he said, "that I didn't have time to call you before. I wanted to tell you what I did about this tractor-operator business."

"Your stenographer called me," said Henderson, "and said you were going to fix it up."

"Yes, but I wanted to explain exactly what I did. I found that I couldn't very well spare any of my own men, after all, so I sent word over to a young chap that wrote to me last week asking for a job. From what he said in his letter, it seems that he's an experienced man with tractors. That was all right, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I guess so. This man lives at Kerrstown?"

"No, he lives at Blakesville."

"Where?"

"Blakesville. It's a little town about fifteen miles from here."

"Yes, yes, O'Leary, I know where it is. But I was hoping maybe I had misunderstood you. So you got an operator for me from Blakesville?"

"Yes. Is there anything the matter with the place?"

"No. I guess the town as a whole is all right. But a horrible thought has just entered my mind. I'm almost afraid to ask you this, but just what is the name of the operator you so kindly got for me?"

"He's a young fellow by the name of Gladwin Piper."

"It can't be. It can't be."

"That's what he told me—Gladwin Piper."

"And you actually told this man to go down to Kerrstown and put on a demonstration with my tractor?"

"Yes. One of my foremen was just starting for Blakesville to buy some supplies, so I told him to look up this man and tell him to be at Kerrstown by three o'clock, without fail."

"And this man of yours found him and gave him the message?"

"He hasn't come back yet, but he must have found him. The address he gave me was right in town, and easy to find."

"Yes, I guess he found him all right. This just seems to be my unlucky day. Let me see. Gladwin was supposed to get to Kerrstown at three. It's now after four. So it's too late to head him off."

"Say, what's the matter, Henderson? I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Well, never mind, O'Leary. Maybe it will turn out all right, after all. You

meant well, and you did the best you could. So I thank you. And if you'll excuse me, I think I'll call up Kerrstown and find out what's going on down there. Good-by."

Henderson began jiggling the hook and asking for long distance.

"Just a minute, Mr. Henderson," said the operator. "Here's a local call for you."

Then a man's voice came over the wire: "Is this Mr. Gilbert Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Sales and service manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company?"

"The same."

"Well, this is the city editor of the Earthworm City Times-Chronicle. I wondered if you could give us any information about the accident down at Kerrstown."

"Accident?" asked Henderson stupidly.

"Yeah. The big explosion and fire."

"Explosion? Fire?"

"Yeah. Our representative down there just phoned us that a tractor blew up and set fire to a garage belonging to the county road commission. Tractor and garage totally destroyed. Hadn't you heard about it?"

"No. When did it happen?"

"About three o'clock this afternoon."

"And did your correspondent state what was the cause of this explosion?"

"Yeah. I got it all written down right here. It seems the operator of this tractor—Gladwin Piper, age twenty-two, Blakesville, Illinois—discovered a small leak in the gasoline tank. Started to solder it, using blow torch. Sudden deafening explosion. Followed by fire. Garage and tractor destroyed. Value of garage, \$20,000; partly covered by insurance."

"Was anybody injured?"

"No. It says the guy was working on the front end of the tank, and the explosion tore out the rear end, spraying the wall of the garage with burning gasoline."

"What else does your dispatch say?" asked Henderson.

"It says that Mr. Piper, when interviewed after the accident, stated that the cause was a mystery. He claimed he had drained practically all the gasoline out of the tank before turning his blow torch on it. And now that I have given you the main points, Mr. Henderson, I would like very much to have your comments on this thing. I take it this Gladwin Piper is one of your employees?"

"He was," said Mr. Henderson, "but he's not any more."

"Aha! He's being fired! Wait till I get that down. And this tractor—what model was it?"

"It was one of our latest-type sixty-horse-power machines; the best and most expensive model we make."

"That's fine, Mr. Henderson. And there's one thing more. The dispatch says there was another tractor in the garage. Was that one of your machines too?"

"No, that was made by another company. You see, we were going to put on a competitive demonstration, so that the Kerr County road commissioners could make up their minds which machine was the best for their purposes."

"I see, Mr. Henderson. That explains this last statement that was telephoned in. It says that the other tractor was run out of the garage and saved, and that the road commissioners held a brief meeting and decided to buy it."

"What? They actually bought that other piece of junk without waiting to see a demonstration of our machine?"

"Yeah. One of the commissioners is quoted here as saying that they had demonstration enough. He says that a tractor which would blow up as easy as this one did is too dangerous a machine for them to consider."

"Haven't they got any sense at all?" moaned Henderson. "This incredible saphead drains 'practically all the gasoline' out of the tank, and puts a blow torch on it. And then, when it explodes, these commissioners think it's the fault of the tractor."

"Then you believe it was the fault of the operator after all?"

"Do I think so? I know it."

"That's fine, Mr. Henderson. That's exactly what I wanted to know. Is there anything more you'd like to say about this?"

"No," said Henderson. "The only way I could really express my feelings would be in words that you could not print in your paper. But thanks for giving me the news, anyway."

"You are entirely welcome, Mr. Henderson, and thanks for your comments. Good afternoon."

As Henderson sat back in his chair the telephone rang again. Dutifully he picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Mr. Henderson," said a gay and sprightly feminine voice. "This is Pansy Piper—Mrs. Gladwin Piper, you know—and I just wanted to call up to thank you. I just knew you were not really yourself this morning, and I was sure that as soon as you got over your grouchy spell you would see things in their proper light and would agree with me that Gladwin was just the man you needed. But I never expected you would change your mind so quickly. When that man arrived a little before lunch and I found out that you were so anxious to use Gladwin that you couldn't even wait until tomorrow, and that you wanted him to rush down to Kerrstown to take charge of the machine right away—when I heard this, I was so pleased I just burst out in song and began dancing about the house."

"Well, it's nice that at least one person managed to extract a little enjoyment from this day's proceedings."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Henderson, I was simply delighted. But you don't sound very enthusiastic, Mr. Henderson. You're not sore at me, are you, for being so pleased, and for calling you up to thank you?"

"No, I haven't anything against you personally, Mrs. Piper. And as long as you are married to Mr. Piper, perhaps it's just as well that you should be enthusiastic about him. But after everything that has happened today, it beats me why you should be rejoicing in this blithe and carefree manner. By the way, you have heard, haven't you, that your husband had a little accident at Kerrstown this afternoon?"

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"Oh, yes, Mr. Henderson, I was simply delighted. But you don't sound very enthusiastic, Mr. Henderson. You're not sore at me, are you, for being so pleased, and for calling you up to thank you?"

"Yes. Quite marvelous. He turns a blow torch onto a gasoline tank that's almost empty, and hours later he goes into conference with some scientist in a garage, and they finally figure out what made the tank blow up."

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, isn't it, fascinating? But I must stop now because Gladwin is right here and he wants to talk to you. He thinks you might be interested in knowing the scientific facts about the explosion, and also he wants to consult with you as to whether he should take a permanent position in your organization."

"Well, that's interesting. So Gladwin is actually considering taking a permanent position with us?"

"He's considering it. But don't get the idea, just because I was so happy over your offer, that Gladwin has to take a job with you. I was pleased, largely because your offer was such a splendid tribute to Gladwin's ability. As a matter of fact, when the man came with your message, Gladwin didn't think he could even consider it, because, just half an hour before, he had accepted another job. But later this other job turned out to be no good. So now he is free to work for you—that is, unless he decides to accept some of the other offers he's had. But Gladwin will discuss that with you himself. Here he is."

A moment later Mr. Gladwin Piper's voice was heard over the wire. "Hello, Mr. Henderson," he said. "I wanted to talk to you about this job you offered me. Also, I thought you might be interested in hearing about a little accident I had this afternoon. A gasoline tank blew up."

"I've already heard about it," said Mr. Henderson.

"Yes, but you probably didn't hear the most interesting part—the scientific explanation of why it happened. You see, before I started to solder the tank, I drained out almost all the gasoline. Naturally, anybody would suppose that this would make it perfectly safe. But it appears I was wrong."

"You don't say! How amazing!"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, I put a blow torch on it, and the first thing I knew, it blew up. I never was so surprised in my life, and I couldn't figure out the reason for the explosion."

"Of course you couldn't—not with a mind like yours."

"But finally, Mr. Henderson, I got talking with a guy in a garage down there, and he told me the most interesting thing. He said that it isn't the gasoline that explodes; it's gasoline vapor mixed with air. So, before you solder a gasoline tank, you should do more than just drain out the gasoline. After you've drained it, you should fill it up with water to expel the vapor. Then you can let the water out and go ahead. Did you ever hear of such a thing, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes, it seems to me I have heard vague rumors to that effect."

"Well, it was all news to me, Mr. Henderson. But now that I know it, I'll never forget it. That's one good thing about me; I'm a great hand to pick up useful information here and there. I'm always ready to learn. And that ought to make me a pretty valuable man for you, Mr. Henderson, in case I have a steady job with your company."

"You seem to talk very confidently, Mr. Piper. Hasn't it entered your

mind that possibly the Earthworm Tractor Company might be able to get along without your services from now on?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, it is possible that you may have to get along without me. And that's what I wanted to talk to you about. You see, about a week ago I wrote to a jewelry store in Chicago that was advertising for an expert watch-repair man, and I applied for the job. Pansy helped me with my letter, and it must have been very convincing, because they have just notified me that they will give me a job. So I'm in a quandary. In some ways it might be better for me to work for you, because I have had a certain amount of experience with tractors. And the watch business might be a little difficult at first. In order to get the job I had to tell the guy that I was an expert. And, as I don't know anything at all about it, I would be put to a lot of trouble covering up my mistakes until I got the hang of the thing. You see how that would be, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes, I see."

"On the other hand, the watch business sounds like nice clean work, and fairly safe. There wouldn't be much danger of a watch blowing up in your face, would there, Mr. Henderson?"

"No, I guess not."

"So I'm still undecided. And I thought maybe you could give me your frank, honest opinion. Do you think there would be more of a future for me in the tractor business or in the watch-repair business? I hope you don't think it's nifty of me to ask you this, Mr. Henderson. You ought to be willing to help me, because I certainly helped you a whole lot this afternoon. Of course, it was an accident, but you got the benefit of it, just the same."

"What do you mean? Just how did I get the benefit of what?"

"Well, you got to admit, Mr. Henderson, that the explosion was a splendid thing for you."

"A splendid thing to have my tractor burned up?"

"But your tractor wasn't burned up."

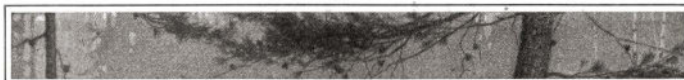
"What do you mean?"

"It was the other machine. Didn't Pansy tell you that just before the man from the O'Leary Construction Company arrived, I had accepted another job with the Leviathan Tractor Company?"

"She said you had accepted another job, but she didn't say what."

"Well, it was with the Leviathan Company. They were one of the firms I had notified that I was willing to accept a position. And this morning they sent me word to rush down to Kerrstown and run their tractor in a demonstration. It seems their regular operator had been suddenly taken sick. So I went. And it was the Leviathan that exploded and burned up. And after the commissioners had bought the Earthworm—which had been saved—the Leviathan sales manager arrived, and he acted very unreasonable, and told me I was fired, and bawled me out in such a nasty way that I decided not to work for him any more. And that was what Pansy was talking about when she told you that this other job had gone bad. But you haven't answered my question yet, Mr. Henderson. Do you think I ought to work for you or go into the watch-repair business?"

"Well," said Mr. Henderson, "of course I have nothing against these jewelry-store people up in Chicago, but, on the whole, I should strongly advise you to try the watch repairing."



About Appendicitis

**In the presence
of unrelieved
abdominal pain**

- 1~ Give no food, water
or medicine**
- 2~ Never give laxatives**
- 3~ Call your Doctor**

Recently a letter came to us from a mother who had lost a fine, strong boy of twelve from acute appendicitis. She wrote, "If I had run across just one article on appendicitis I feel sure we would not have had this sorrow. An advertisement of yours would save many, many lives. Please give this your earnest consideration."

Because her request voices a widespread desire to know what to do when appendicitis attacks swiftly, this announcement is published.

The deathrate from appendicitis in the United States has steadily increased during the past ten years. But it will be reduced and reduced rapidly when people learn what to do and particularly what not to do in case of an attack.

The symptoms of appendicitis vary. But almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix.

There are two most important things to remember in event of an attack of acute appendicitis:

First:—Never use a laxative to relieve acute abdominal pain. If the pain means appendicitis, a laxative, instead of relieving the condition, is likely to spread the inflammation, to cause the appendix to burst or to induce peritonitis.

Second:—Send for your doctor immediately. In making his diagnosis he may decide that no harm will come from taking time to make a blood test to confirm his opinion. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating. Or he may order an operation in the shortest possible time.

Performed without delay, by an expert, an operation for appendicitis is almost always successful. Be sure to consult an experienced and skilful surgeon because many needless operations have been occasioned by incorrect diagnosis.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

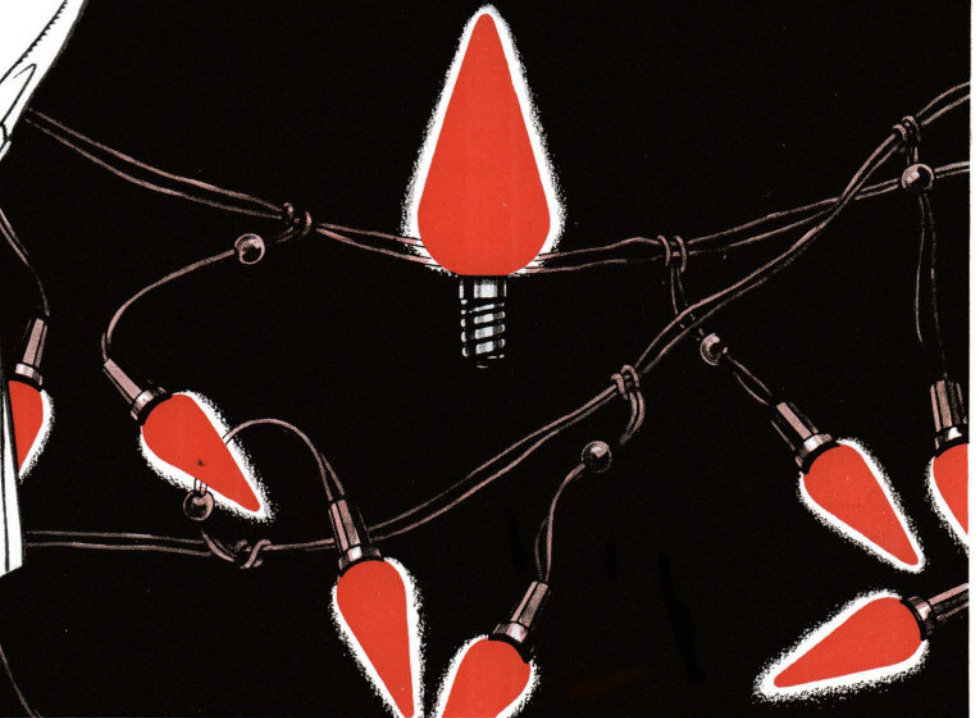
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*The White Fireman symbolizes the loss-prevention engineering service supported by insurance companies to reduce loss-hazards. It comprises consultation, inspection of property, testing by Underwriters' Laboratories, etc.



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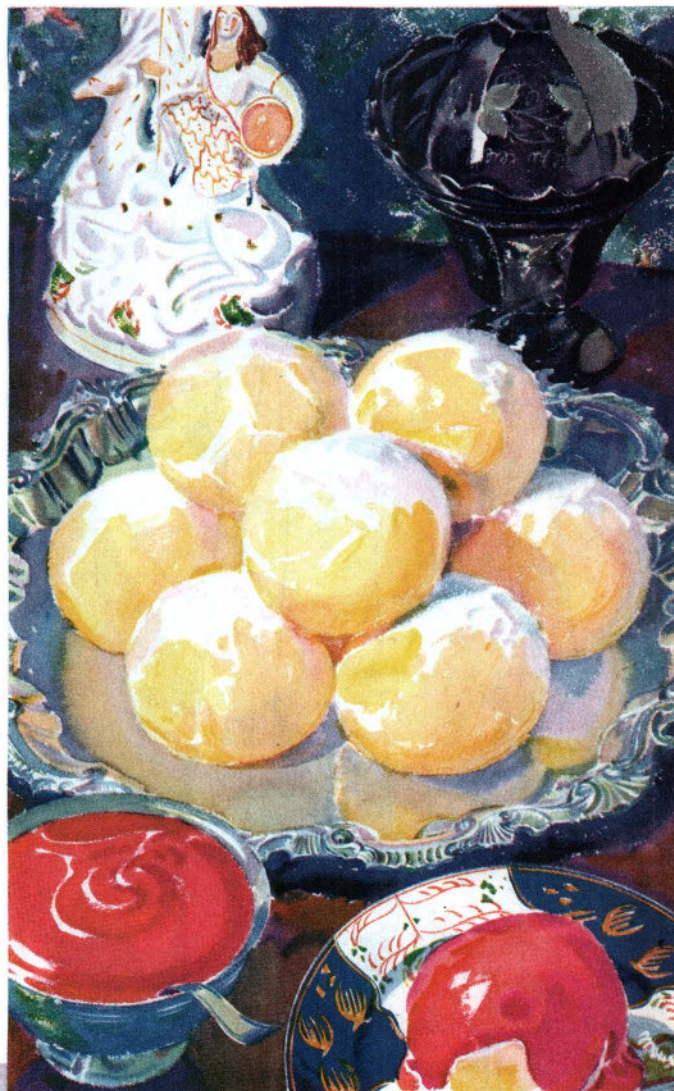
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A Prize Winner 3 Times

at the Famous Wolcott Fair



Mrs. Walter J. Oldroyd of Waterbury, Conn., Gives Her Favorite "Kitchen-tested" Recipe—Free With 14 Others In Every Sack of Gold Medal—For A Perfectly Marvelous Christmas Dessert—
SNOWBALL PUDDING



A New Development in Milling—
Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour
—Makes It Simple and Easy
To Make

LAST year, the most famous American Cookery experts advanced their ideas for baking the "Kitchen-tested" way and gave their most famous recipes to the readers of this magazine. Betty Crocker, Sarah Field Splint, Alice Bradley, and a dozen others.

Now, this season, comes the result as American women found when they adopted this far simpler, better and easier way in baking—women who won prizes at the most notable state and county fairs of the year.

Thousands of women won prizes this way. Many of them the most coveted baking prizes in this country. In Minnesota alone, at the famous State Fair, 66 awards were won with bakings made from GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

A notable winner was Mrs. Walter J. Oldroyd of Waterbury, Conn., who took 3 first prizes at the famous Wolcott Fair, in competition with many cooking authorities.

Her favorite "Kitchen-tested" recipe, along with 14 others from 12 other prize winners and from the famous Betty Crocker are now enclosed with every sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour. You'll find them all in any sack of this flour you buy. (Recipes changed every 3 months.)

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By the development of a new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. And the cause of most baking

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GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour means flour that has been tested in a home oven, just like yours, for uniformity of results, before it goes to you. Every batch tested for home baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads, by a number of experts directed by the noted cooking authority, Betty Crocker.

"Kitchen-tested" recipes are likewise "Kitchen-tested" scientifically, the same way. Thus, the flour acts the same way, the recipe the same way, every time you bake. No guesswork, no uncertainty. Results are unvarying. Baking simplified amazingly.

For the Great Kitchen Thrill, try this way today. Get GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour at any grocery store. The "Kitchen-tested" recipes—including the one pictured here—are inside the sack.

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